HEROES OF THE BOER WAR

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BY

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WITH AN INTRODUCTION

BY

MAJOR-GENERAL ALBERT PFISTER

AND A PREFACE

BY

W. T. STEAD

WITH ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY FOUR ILLUSTRATIONS AND TWO MAPS

LONDON
"REVIEW OF REVIEWS" OFFICE

THE HAGUE AND PRETORIA
THE "NEDERLAND" PUBLISHING CO.

MCMIII

PREFACE.

THIS book is one which ought to form part of every collection of the literature of the South African War.

For several reasons:

First, because it gives more fully than any other book yet published an account of the Boers and their leaders as they appear in the eyes of the Dutch of South Africa. Hitherto with few exceptions our public has had to form its opinion about the Boer Generals and Statesmen from the narratives of their enemies. In this book we have the Heroes of the War painted by one who is one of their own people, who shares their aspirations, who has lived their life and who therefore possesses the first essential for giving us an accurate portrait of the men of whom he writes.

Secondly, because it is only by reading this book that we English can understand how it was that the whole non-English world regarded with horror and indignation the British devastation of the two Republics. For this book, translated into many languages, has been the chief source from which the European peoples drew their ideas of the Boers and their leaders. It says little for our willingness to hear both sides that it was not until the close of the war that the book could be published in England. If our people had but seen the burghers as they may see them in the pages of this book, they would surely have recoiled from the perpetration of the crime against humanity with which the British Government stained the annals of the Empire at the dawn of the Twentieth Century.

Thirdly, and this is the most important reason of all, in this book we may refresh our souls and strengthen our hearts by looking once more upon the Heroes who have compelled a wondering world to recognize that the Heroic Age is not yet closed and that Nature's teeming womb is still producing sons

whose deeds of high emprise are worthy to rank with the most famous exploits recorded in the annals of classic Greece and Rome. The conduct of the British in devastating the Republics with a ruthlessness worthy of Hyder Ali and Genghis Khan has made us all ashamed of the race to which we belong. But the Boers from the highest to the lowest have restored our faith in mankind. Humanity, which has been disgraced by the policy of those who slew 20,000 children and 5,000 women in the concentration camps and then reduced the men to submission by exposing the remnants of their womenfolk to death by torture of starvation and outrage among the Kaffirs of the veldt, has been redeemed by the heroic constancy, the chivalrous magnanimity, the unconquerable devotion of the Boers.

A hundred years hence it is probable that, even in England, no one will remember the names of Kitchener, of Roberts and of Buller, excepting as men remember the name of Xerxes or of Cornwallis. As the fame of Leonidas preserves from oblivion the name of the Persian barbarian who sought to overwhelm Hellas by the immensity of his armaments, so Lord Milner will probably live in history by reason of the reflected refulgence of the heroic patriotism of President Steijn. Let no one say that this is to take too optimistic a view of the justice of history. It is not a hundred years since Andreas Hofer died. Every schoolboy is familiar with the exploits of that indomitable Boer of the Tyrol. Who is there even among our students that can recall without an effort the names of the generals who hunted him to death?

"Great wars come and great wars go
Wolf-tracks o'er new-fallen snow—"

and many a time and often in the annals of the past a nationality has been brought to birth by the labour pains of invasion and conquest. Before the war there were three sets of Dutch-speaking men in South Africa. They were divided politically and they were very far from recognizing each other as a brotherhood, members one of another by common sacrifices in the past and common aspirations in the future. To-day, in the fiery furnace of a devastating war, all differences have disappeared. Out of the dust and confusion of the three years' war there has emerged an Africander nation one and indivisible, baptized in the blood of heroes and consecrated by the nameless graves of thousands of women and little children, who died martyrs to the Fatherland. Once again, "Freedom doth forge her mail of adverse fates," and British ascendancy in South Africa will be found to have received its death-blow when British Ministers proclaimed the annexation of the Republics.

For my part, as a British Imperialist in the only true sense, I venture to hope that the British flag may wave long over South Africa. But the condition without which the permanent retention of the British flag becomes impossible is the recognition in South Africa, as in Canada and as in Australia, of the right of the Africanders to govern their own country in their own way, with an in-

dependence as absolute and unfettered as if these were Republics in name as well as in fact. If, in the days to come, a Boer Prime Minister occupies Mr. Rhodes's house at Groote Schuur, as the first Premier of Federated South Africa, and if the permanent majority of white men in the new Commonwealth are left as free to shape their own destinies to their own liking as the Australians, without interference from Downing Street, then the British flag may be left flying over South Africa. If not, not. The issue rests with Britain. With the flag, if we are just and loyal to our old Liberal English principles; without the flag, if we continue to trample Liberty and Justice under foot, the Africanders will rule South Africa.

And when the United States of South Africa come into existence, both Briton and Boer will look back with honour and reverence and gratitude to the Founders of the New Commonwealth, the Heroes of the late War, whose story is told in this volume, which it is my privilege to commend to the attention of my countrymen.

January 1903.

WILLIAM T. STEAD.

PROEM.

THE deep silence which broods over the Veldt falls with a sense of oppression upon the heart, as though the soul, heavy with the spirit of prophecy, quailed before the awful presentiment of coming horror.

But as yet all is calm and peaceful.

As far as the eye can reach, the tall grasses wave in the breeze, here in golden radiance, reminding one of northern corn-fields, there, near some hidden stream, shimmering in emerald splendour. Above stretches the deep blue dome of heaven; on the far horizon, what is that? Clouds? Mountains? Neither: it is

THE TRANSVAAL.

A horseman, mounted on a small wiry-looking pony, canters lightly across the Veldt. His dress proclaims him half farmer, half hunter. Yellow riding-boots, tightly-fitting breeches, a simple grey jacket, his very business-like rifle his bandoleer amply supplied with ammunition give him a somewhat martial appearance. The bearded, sun-burnt face looks resolute, rugged, stern, and would be forbidding, but for the frank expression of the clear blue eyes:

THIS IS THE BOER.

He rides like one who knows every inch of the ground. No wonder, for it is his inheritance! Bright with the blood of his ancestors, wrested from wild beasts, wrested from savages wilder still, it is his! And he means to keep it and to hand on his inheritance to his children, as his father did before him, even at the price of his life.

The fathers conquered a wilderness; the sons by the sweat of their brow turned it into a garden. But not in agriculture alone have they succeeded. Their State, though young, is promising; their legislation is wise; they have done much for trade and education. In their determined efforts towards civil and intellectual progress, they have done bravely. At the Paris Exhibition of 1900, the Transvaal received special distinctions for her public schools, for both elementary and advanced education. Who dares dispute the Boer's rights? Examine and accept them, for he has paid his purchase-money in blood and tears, in endurance and heroism. He holds his own by right of humanity, justice and, if you will, sentiment; for he has planted the poetry of his simple Arcadian life into this new soil: the poetry that sings of the hero who fights not for honour and renown, but for the highest instinct that God has planted in the

human heart: the love of liberty; the love of wife and child; the love of house and home: the poetry of clean living and pure thinking. Then came the discovery of gold. And as the pure flame attracts the winged insects of the night, so the gleam of the precious metal drew the outcasts of the world and the greed of the Outlander speculator. Peace and calm have gone. Will they ever return? With good-natured hospitality, the Boer stood aside and allowed the stranger to plunder rich treasure hidden in his mountains. But, when, encouraged by this forbearance, the stranger insolently proclaimed himself lord of the soil, when he had worn out the Boer's patience with ever-increasing greed and new demands, then, at last, the Boer woke to the danger which threatened his independence, his liberty and his life. He resolved sternly that he would not let the stranger rob him of all that he holds most sacred, but that he would once and for all make a mighty effort to rid his country of these parasites. But now a mighty power is incensed against him. In London, the Stock Exchange, which buys where it cannot command, is an important factor in politics. And so regiment after regiment crosses the sea to fight the Boer:

THAT IS THE WAR.

With veiled face and a moan of anguish, idyllic poetry flees before the din of battle. Will she return, now that the rude dust of arms has subsided? Or will the hyenas of greed, the Cosmopolitan Parvenus, reign in the Land of the Lions?

WHO KNOWS?

What heroes our stalwarts proved themselves! All the world rings with their praises. Surely, surely, it cannot be that all this heroism will be in vain; that the whirlpool of might will draw them down into its black abyss!

Nations gazed with throbbing hearts upon the tragedy. Anxiously they watched the struggle; and to the love and sympathy of our kindred these sketches are dedicated. However imperfect and incomplete the picture, it shall attempt to place before them in a true light the iniquity of this unhappy war and to do justice to our brave brothers, who laid down their lives gladly that their children might be free.

Would to God that the author of these sketches might be able to revise and complete them on the soil of a happy South Africa!

The Hague.

P. A. NIERSTRASZ,
Managing Director "Nederland" Publishing Co.

INTRODUCTION.

HOW SOUTH AFRICA ROSE TO HER PLACE AMONG THE NATIONS.

By

MAJOR-GENERAL ALBERT PFISTER.

WHILE the north coast of Africa figures in history from the earliest times of antiquity, the interior and South remained long unexplored. Imagination, however, was busy with the Dark Continent, and it is needless to say that, in that age of ignorance and superstition, the most extraordinary fables prevailed regarding the land and people. Till then the adventurers had kept to the coast; but science came to their assistance with her new discoveries, and at length they ventured out upon the open sea. During those years, Christopher Columbus, with the help of Spain, was able to carry out his long-cherished plans, and started on his voyage of discovery to find a western passage to India. The Portuguese tried to reach the same goal by the south and east, and in this way Bartholomeo Dias arrived at the southern promontory in the commencement of 1486. The King of Portugal named it the Cape of Good Hope, for the dream of an ocean-route to the Far East seemed about to be realized. The Cape, as well as the whole of South Africa, was looked upon as a Portuguese possession. But no one troubled about the new acquisition, and it became No Man's Land. At the end of the sixteenth century, Spain and Portugal were no longer the great Powers that they once had been, but had handed over their commercial supremacy to England and the Netherlands. In several Dutch towns, and especially in Amsterdam, the trade in Indian spices became very important.

Dias rounds the southern-most point of Africa: 1486.

In March 1602, the Dutch East India Company first came into existence. It used to take many months to reach India by way of the Cape. Traders were always face to face with the danger that water and provisions might fail them before they came to the end of their journey. A station midway, where they might obtain water, vegetables and fresh meat, would be a most desirable acquisition. The Cape — No Man's Land — provided such a station. About 30 miles north of the Cape, they found a bay, providing

The origin of the Dutch East India Company: 1602.

a convenient landing-place. Here they laid the foundations of Cape Town; from here path-finders and pioneers started to explore the interior, bringing the surrounding country, where the Hottentots, Namaquas and Kaffirs were waging constant warfare, under subjection and cultivation. Religious and political persecution, want of elbow-room in the Old Country, love of adventure: these are the great factors in founding and filling colonies.

Van Riebeek lands at the Cape: 1652.

The first large batch of emigrants landed at the Cape in 1652, under the charge of the Dutch naval surgeon, Jan Anthonie van Riebeek. A gardener and his wife Annetje are specially mentioned as having been the first to put spade in South African soil. Soon other colonists followed, settled near Capetown and planted wheat, maize, tobacco and vegetables. To distinguish themselves from the townspeople, they called themselves Boers: farmers or planters. In the aggregate, however, they called themselves Burghers or *Vrije Burgers*. Up to this time, the colonists had come from Holland, but soon Germans and Danes joined them. Then came the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and 150 fugitives found a new home on African soil. The new-comers did not arrive empty handed, but brought with them many precious gifts, invaluable to the young community. Not the least amongst these was vine-culture. Soon the different nationalities amalgamated, split up again into groups forming small communities, and pressed forward into the interior, subjugating the natives and cultivating the wilderness. Meanwhile, Spanish and Portuguese adventurers, driven by the greed of gold, had crossed the Atlantic and settled in the New World. They had not the stamina of the hardy settlers at the Cape. More than half of them became merged in the native population and soon ceased to be the dominant race. A hardier race, strong and resolute like ourselves, the English Puritans, had settled in New England, during the ten years of South African colonization. These two groups of colonists, those of the Cape and New England, developed, as was but natural, into a powerful white aristocracy. Both possessed in the highest degree stern resolution and the governing instinct of the Germanic races. The passionate love of liberty was equally strong in either.

The Colonists call themselves "Boers."

Immigration of the Huguenots: 1688-1689.

When success crowned the efforts of the hard-working colonists, and their circumstances became easier, the population increased rapidly, and it became necessary to penetrate further and further inland, and to drive back the natives who opposed them. Small towns and villages sprang up to the east and north of Cape Town. The impulse to trek onward and ever onward impelled them to the same extent as it did their cousins in North America towards the Far West. In the year 1786, a great number of colonists crossed the Karoo, founded the town of Graaf Reinet, and opened up the great Fish River on the northern boundary of the Colony.

Foundation of Graaf Reinet: 1786.

Their chief mistress at the Cape, the Dutch East India Company, watched their progress with anything but sympathetic eyes. She looked upon the Boers as her subjects, who were not so difficult to govern so long as she kept them crowded together in a small station like Cape Town. But she had to realize, and she did not like it, that the young community had reached maturity, and that it would no longer remain attached to her apron-strings.

They had passed through invigorating perils with wild beasts and savages, and become what they were: strong, virtuous, self-reliant. Such men as

they cannot be kept in subjection. Again and again they felt that they had good cause of complaint against the tyrannical laws of the Company. In the year 1795, following the example of the seceding states of North America, the Boers of Graaf Reinet declared their independence, not, indeed, of Holland, but of the Dutch East India Company. By the end of the eighteenth century, Holland began to collect troops in Cape Colony; in all, three regiments: the Swiss, Wurtemberg and Luxemburg Regiments. The happy isolation of Cape Colony had come to an end. She began to take her place amongst the maritime nations, for her geographical position was a most important one. Over 100 ships entered Cape Town harbour during the year. The population was 15,000, of whom 6,000 were foreigners.

The Boers of Graaf Reinet declare their independence: 1795.

The principal trade with India had fallen into the hands of England. The flourishing Cape Colony would be an exceedingly valuable acquisition to her; and accordingly, when the French Republic in 1795 drove the House of Orange from Holland and founded the Batavian Republic, England claimed the right of succession to her foreign possessions. In the autumn of 1795, an English fleet appeared off Cape Town, landed troops and took formal possession. After the Peace of Amiens, in 1803, the Colony was handed back to Holland. But this peace, after all, was only an armistice, and, when the war recommenced in 1805, England retained the Colony. More troops were landed, and the Dutch were signally defeated at Blauwberg, on the 8th of January 1806. England obtained the whole Colony almost without a struggle, and the possession was ratified by the Congress of Vienna in 1815.

England defeats the Dutch and takes possession of Cape Colony: 1806.

Under the sovereignty of England, the life of the Boers, as well as that of the amalgamated colonists of different nations, assumed new proportions, not merely on account of the English government, though that brought many improvements with it, but on account of the innovations which followed in its train. In the effort at expansion in foreign countries, it follows that the colonists must come into frequent collision with the natives. When these natives are well armed and naturally brave, the task becomes a formidable one, and strong measures have to be put in requisition to acquire and retain new territories. Fierce enmity between conqueror and conquered is the natural result. Add racial antagonism to the above, and it is easily understood with what difficulties the pioneer in a new land has to contend. Now it is to the interest of a government that a colonist should remain a useful, obedient subject, and, in order that he may not outgrow this usefulness and become a power instead of a "means towards the end," the government is tempted to a certain extent to uphold the native interest. To do so creates a counterpoise to the growth of the colonist, which latter may become a danger to a weak government. That this is so was proved by the action of the Government in North America, when, during the revolt of the seceding states, in 1775, they found a powerful ally in the Indians, who destroyed the farms of the settlers and committed the most outrageous cruelties. The colonists at the Cape were forbidden to carry arms; consequently, they were quite unable to protect themselves efficiently against the predatory propensities of the natives. But what embittered them and offended them more than anything else was the fact that the police force was made up of Hottentots, a race which they considered inferior to their own slaves. To the free Africander, high-mettled and impatient of control, this appeared an unendurable insult.

Antagonism between natives and colonists.

A new grievance arose. As early as the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, England held a monopoly of the slave-trade. We learn from so reliable a source as the English historians themselves that it was of all their trades the most lucrative and important. The English traders flooded the colonies with slaves, in spite of the remonstrances of the settlers, as was shown in North America. During the wars that followed on 1792, almost the entire foreign trade passed into English hands; consequently, the importance of the slave-trade assumed a secondary consideration. Besides, important voices in Parliament were raised against it, and it had, of necessity, suffered greatly after the secession of the American Colonies. In 1808, a law was passed suppressing the slave-trade, and a certain sum was voted as compensation to planters and farmers. The number of slaves owned by the Boers was estimated at 35,000, the greater part of whom were imported by English traders, and the rest made up of Hottentots, Kaffirs and other natives.

English Missionaries and the Boers.

Up to this time, nobody had troubled about the religion of the native; but, under the British sovereignty, the London Missionary Society became exceedingly active. In India, where politics and religion go hand in hand, discretion is exacted from the missionaries, and thus an effective curb is put on extravagant religious zeal; but here, where they met with no resistance, except the reserve of the Boer and his strict supervision and discipline over his domestic slaves, they soon outran all discretion and became a most disturbing influence. Add to these conditions the Boer's objection to the English language, and you get a fair idea of the opposition and even enmity that was bound to be the result of the situation.

In order to increase their importance as against the Boers, and to ingratiate themselves with the authorities, the missionaries eagerly lent an ear to any idle gossip, in some instances going so far as to accuse the Boers of the most heartless cruelties towards the slaves: needless to say, without the slightest foundation. A great number of men and women were brought befor the circuit assizes. The charges were proved to be silly stories with no foundation on fact. But, for long years afterwards, colonists spoke of the indignity to which they had been subjected by being brought to trial on such flimsy pretexts, and these sessions come to be known as the "black circuit." Impressions are apt to be written in stone instead of sand when they fall upon natures of such depth as that of the Boer. And so it happened that he could never rid himself of the belief that the missionaries were spies and "unjust counsellors," where his interests were concerned, and that the Government always sided with them and always to his disadvantage. The mischief which these exaggerations, not to use a harder and less euphonious term, did in England is only now being realized.

Suppression of a Boer rising by England, attended with bloodshed: 1816.

The Boers of Graaf Reinet were possessed of the most invincible passion for independence. They rose in the year 1815. The punishment meted out to the rebels was unduly severe and exceedingly injudicious. The executions of six of them were carried out in a particularly cruel way, on the 9th of March 1817, at Slachter's Nek. This bloodshed helped to raise a barrier between the two nations, which will not easily be passed this side of Judgment Day. It had the same effect on the Boers as the so-called Boston slaughter on the Americans.

It became evident to the Governor that a counterpoise was needed to

keep the Boers in check; consequently, English emigrants were in every way encouraged to settle at the Cape. At the close of the year 1820, 5,000 new colonists had settled in South Africa. No doubt this influx of Britons was one of the chief reasons why, after 1825, English became the official language, although the old colonists had been allowed to retain theirs when they were handed over to England in 1806. The consequences of this measure were serious for the Boer, as, not being conversant with the English language, he was handicapped in defending his rights or watching over his interests.

Abolition of Slavery: 1834.

The most serious innovation occurred during the year 1834, namely, the abolition of slavery. Parliament passed a bill to the effect that all slaves should be liberated and their owners compensated. The Boers did not seriously oppose this measure; all they insisted on was a fair compensation. But the compensation was made payable in England. Fiscal matters were then managed in a peculiar way, to put it mildly, and so it happened that the middlemen were able to put large sums into their pockets, while the Boers received little or nothing. In many cases, those who had formerly been, if not wealthy, at least well-to-do, were threatened with absolute ruin. Still they were compelled to liberate their slaves. But for agriculture and for the breding of cattle native labour was absolutely necessary in this semi-tropical climate. This labour being set free, the country was overrun with idlers and vagabonds.

The Sixth Kaffi War: 1834-1835.

The most important of the so-called Kaffir wars broke out in 1834 to 1835, shortly after the abolition of slavery. The Kaffirs crossed the borders in thousands, robbing, burning and murdering. Sir Benjamin d'Urban drove them back with the assistance of the Boers. But this did not please the home Government. D'Urban was recalled, and the tract of country restored to the Kaffirs. Not only that, but the colonists had to pay the cost of the war, their complaints being entirely ignored. These flagrant injustices: Hottentot police; the bloodshed at Slachter's Nek; the official introduction of the English language; the abolition of slavery; the partisanship displayed in the Kaffir wars: all these irritated the colonists to the utmost. Nothing remained but to give way, to trek onward into a distant country, far from English territory, where the Boer might live as he chose to live and manage his domestic matters in a workmanlike and practical way. In their minds, no doubt, was the Biblical example, where the oppressed of old set out for the Promised Land to seek and find freedom.

Part of the Boers leave English territory; others remain at CapeTown: 1836.

A part of the Boer Colony, who had reconciled themselves to English law, remained in Cape Colony. So, from 1836, we have had two kinds of Boers: those who chose to sit still at Cape Town and those free Boers who were on the trek, but always hampered and persecuted by the British.

The "Great Trek:" 1836.

New-comers from Cape Colony joined the great caravan till it numbered 10,000 souls. Two small divisions, under van Rensburg and Trichardt, trekked northwest, but were nearly all murdered by the Kaffirs; the larger part passed over the Drakensberg, into the flowering garden of Natal. The leader of the Boers, Piet Retief, had obtained a formal concession of the country from the chief of the Kaffirs, Dingaan, who, however, treacherously attacked the caravan, cutting down the leaders and many women and children. This bloodshed was committed on the spot where now stands the village of Weenen, or "Tears."

Boer victory over the Zulu Kaffirs on Dingaan's Day: 16 December 1838.

The Boers concentrated, and gained a complete victory over the Zulus on the 16th of December 1838. This victory is celebrated every year on "Dingaan's Day." Pietermaritzburg was built on the spot on which it was won. The hopes of the Boers centred in this prospect of a new and safe home. Here they laid the foundation of their Republic. Only a few years afterwards, in 1842, the English Government took forcible possession of the territory. Again the Boers took up their pilgrim's staff and wandered forth in search of freedom, under the leadership of Andries Pretorius. They re-crossed the Drakensberg. Some remained there, founding the Orange Free State, between the Vaal and the Orange River, while others crossed the Vaal. But they were not left there in peace for long. On the 29th of August 1848, the Boers, consisting of 600 men, were attacked by an English force of 1200 and beaten at Boomplaats. England annexed the Orange Free State.

Boers found the Orange Free State under Pretorius: 1842.

England annexes the Orange Free State: 1848.

For a third time, Pretorius, on whose head a price, was set, started swith part of the wandering Boers to explore an unknown land toward the north. They joined the Boers already settled in the Transvaal, and founded four republics: Potschefstroom, Lijdenburg, Utrecht and Zoutpansberg.

Pretorius founds four republics in the Transvaal.

The Sand River Convention: 1852. The Transvaal obtains self-government.

For a time, English attention was diverted from South Africa by the course of events of the Crimean War, and she agreed to the Sand River Convention of 17 January 1852, granting self-government to the Boers who had settled across the Vaal. The only thing insisted on was that there should be no slavery. During the Crimean War, in 1854, the Orange Free State also obtained self-government by the Bloemfontein Convention.

Bloemfontein Convention: 1854; autonomy of the Orange Free State.

The four Transvaal Republics become one South African Republic: 1858.

The long desired goal seemed to have been attained at last! In 1857 the four republics of the Transvaal became one under the title of the South African Republic. The first President was young Martinus Wessel Pretorius.

The Boers were divided into several sections consisting of those who had quietly stayed in Cape Colony under British sovereignty; of those emigrants who had stayed in Natal, also under British government; and, lastly, of the free people of the Orange Free State, having Bloemfontein for their capital, and of the South African Republic, with Pretoria for their capital. England still continued to interfere with the internal expansion of both Republics; and the cultivation of the land, educational measures, and the hostile attitude of the Kaffirs greatly delayed their progress.

Discovery of diamond fields near Kimberley: 1869; they pass into English hands: 1876.

Diamonds were discovered near Kimberley, in the Orange Free State, in 1869. Attracted by greed, tens of thousands flowed to the spot, the majority of whom were English. The right of the Free State to this valuable land was disputed, and she was compelled to relinquish it in 1876, receiving very inadequate compensation from England.

In order to obtain a road to the coast, the South African Republic annexed the land at Delagoa Bay, which was unclaimed. But Portugal insisted that she had taken possession of it in 1546. The President of the French Republic was chosen as arbitrator; he decided in favour of Portugal in 1875.

Battle of the Transvaalers with the Kaffir Chief Secucuni: 1876.

Serious dangers were added to all this trouble. The Kaffir Chief Secucuni invaded the north of Natal. T. F. Burgers, who succeeded the popular Pretorius as President, marched against Secucuni in 1876. The Boers destroyed one of his forts, but were not strong enough to complete his punishment,

and were compelled to turn back. The treasury was empty, debts heavy, and there were no means of getting money; besides, the Boers were divided against themselves. The confusion in all parts of the South African Republic was indescribable. Meanwhile, Europe had given England a free hand. It began to be rumoured that there was gold in the Transvaal, and that President Burgers could not make himself obeyed. The time had come for England, it was said, to assert herself once and for all; the Boers themselves were in favour of her doing so. Indeed, the clever English agent succeeded in obtaining the signature of several hundred townspeople who were in favour of British supremacy. On the strength of this document, Sir Theophilus Shepstone, on the 12th of April 1877, proclaimed the incorporation of the South African Republic in the colonial possessions of England. British troops garrisoned Pretoria.

England annexes the South African Republic: 1877.

In vain the Republic sent envoy after envoy to London, Paul Kruger among their number, to protest against this arbitrary proceeding, this incorporation based merely on the signaure of a number of quite unimportant Boers. The war with Cetewayo supplied England with a pretext for sending more and more troops into the Transvaal. Liberty seemed gone. No representations could shake the ingenious belief in England that she had the reversion of these valuable countries, if the proprietors were unable to hold their own with or without foreign assistance.

Although the English rulers were liberal in promises to compensate the Boers for their loss of liberty with self-government and so forth, the position in the Transvaal soon became unendurable, by reason of the despotism of the rulers, who seemed to take a special delight in humiliating their subjects whenever occasion offered. The same consequences that followed a similar policy of exasperation, more than a century earlier, in North America and in Switzerland, now made themselves felt in the Transvaal. Despair broke down all barriers. A national meeting was held, on the 13th of December 1880, in the remote plain of Paardekraal, near Krugersdorp, which resolved upon the restoration of the South African Republic, and appointed Martinus Pretorius, Paul Kruger and Pieter Joubert as provisional administrators. More and more trusted Boers joined, and, on the 16th of December, "Dingaan's Day," the celebrated day which will for ever be green in the memory of Boers yet unborn, the day when the Zulus were so gloriously defeated, a large gathering, with hands uplifted to Heaven and hearts throbbing with heroic resolve, swore that they would set their country free once more, or die in its defence. In order to erect a monument to the vows that thrilled their hearts, each Boer took up a stone and solemnly added it to the gradually growing heap. To me there is something ineffably grand in this simple, yet powerful, display of the sentiment that filled each soul to over-flowing: it corresponds with the splendid, virile character of the men.

The Boers of the Transvaal decide to re-establish their Republic: 1880.

The Boers collected, 4,000 strong, on the road from Pretoria to Natal, near Heidelberg. Their plan was to cut off the English garrisons, and especially the road to Natal. The southern boundary was of no importance, the Orange Free State being neutral.

The first victory was gained as early as the 20th of December 1880, at Bronkhorst Spruit, under Frans Joubert, when the English garrison at Lijdenburg attempted to join the troops stationed at Pretoria.

The British found themselves in an ugly position. It was not safe to withdraw troops from Cape Colony, on account of the disaffection which existed there, and the army at home was not ready, so they could count only on India for reinforcements. With a force consisting of 4,500 men, General Colley attempted to invade the Transvaal from Natal. He marched through the pass of Laing's Nek. A thousand Boers lay in ambush and defeated the British, inflicting severe losses, on the 28th of January 1881. The English were again repulsed at Ingogo River. Without allowing himself to be discouraged, the general resolved to attack the Boer lager at Laing's Nek from Majuba Hill. The British succeeded in gaining the summit during the night of the 26th of February, 1881.

Decisive victory of the Boers over the British at Majuba Hill: 1881.

When the sun rose, the Boers saw that they must either retreat under the most difficult conditions, or storm the hill. They stormed. They climbed the three steep sides of the hill with surprising energy, and, inspired with a noble rage, fell upon the British division and drove it off with heavy losses.

In all these encounters, the Boers seem to have had no artillery. Their never-failing rifles did all the work, and their losses were very small; but, in the measure as they were victorious, so were they also humble: their jubilations consisted of a fervent prayer of thanksgiving to the God of Battles, and their pity was expressed in their careful attention to the wounded of the enemy of their country.

The victories gained by these death-defying farmers made an extraordinary impression in England. Public opinion became divided. One party insisted that a large army should be sent to punish the rebels; the other doubted if England would find it pay to continue the war. And Mr. Gladstone, the Prime Minister, had the courage to join the peace party.

Peace with England; Pretoria Convention: 1881.

The treaty was signed on the 3rd of August 1881, and was called the Pretoria Convention. In this treaty, the Transvaal accepted the supremacy of England concerning all foreign relations, and agreed to the presence of an English resident in Pretoria, thereby acknowledging England's suzerainty. England on her side annulled the annexation of 1877 and declared the South African Republic to be absolutely free and independent in home affairs. The Triumvirate of Kruger, Joubert and Pretorius was followed, in1883, by the presidency of Paul Kruger.

Paul Kruger chosen President of the new free South African Republic: 1883.

This treaty led to serious difficulties in the new Republic. Kruger, with Du Toit and Smit, went to London, at the end of 1883, to try to put matters on a right footing. They succeeded, on the 27th of February 1884, in concluding the London Convention, whereby England agreed that the Republic should be bound to the consent of the Queen only in its treaties with foreign States. At the same time, England recalled her resident from Pretoria. The suzerainty was abolished. In return, the Republic agreed to a reconstruction of the boundary in the west in favour of England. By garrisoning Bechuanaland and the desert of Kalahari, England placed a wedge between the possessions of Germany and the South African Republic. It was to England's interest to cut off the Boers from the sea on the east and from German South-West Africa in the west.

London Convention annuls the suzerainty: 1884.

Discovery of gold-fields in Witwatersrand: 1886. Acause of quarrel with England.

After the London Convention of 1884, the success of the Boer Republics seemed to be assured. And so it might have been, were Africa not the land of surprises. Some time before attention had been called to traces of gold. In 1886, the rich gold-fields of Witwatersrand were discovered, and it soon

became evident that the Transvaal was the richest gold country in the world. With surprising rapidity, the gold fever spread among foreign invaders and attracted large numbers of Outlanders to the Transvaal. The English element was predominant, not so much on account of its numbers, as of its constant pretences to constitute itself the leading power in South Africa, thereby threatening Boer interests.

The laws of the South African Republic were not prepared to grapple with this influx of exacting Outlanders of English extraction. To give them the franchise meant ruin. The authorities decided, in 1893, that they should be granted full burgher rights only after a residence of fourteen years. By that time it was hoped to secure the exclusiveness of the Republic. Unfortunately, it had already been lost by other means: the railroads. In 1895, the line between Pretoria and Delagoa Bay was thrown open to traffic; other lines went before or followed it. Johannesburg became the most important city in South Africa and, at the same time, a centre of English interests.

Cecil Rhodes, the son of a Hertfordshire clergyman, amalgamated the diamond quarries of Kimberley with the powerful De Beers Company in 1881. He had founded the Chartered Company in 1889 and taken possession of the land in the interior as far as the Equator. He rose to be Prime Minister of Cape Colony, and no doubt ambition whispered in his willing ear many a fanciful dream of a country stretching from the mouth of the Nile to the Cape, where his influence would be paramount, and where the fabulous riches of the land would be under his control. Already he was lord and master of the Kimberley diamond quarries. Why should not the gold of Witwatersrand, together with Johannesburg, be brought under his, and therefore under England's, dominion? All that was necessary was to tell abundant lies about the Boers; to represent them as hindering technical and industrial progress; and to surprise the world with an accomplished fact, a *coup d'État* in the mining interest.

Cecil Rhodes organizes the Jameson Raid; it miscarries: 1895.

The Chartered Company had a force of its own in the territories north and west of the Transvaal. At Christmas 1895, Cecil Rhodes assembled 800 of these men under Dr. Jameson at Mafeking, for an invasion into the Transvaal in the direction of Johannesburg, where a number of conspirators, who had secretly armed, were to join and assist in the downfall of the Republic. But the wary Boers were ready for them. They waylaid the freebooters at Krugersdorp and forced them to surrender unconditionally in the first days of January 1896. President Kruger showed a noble clemency in merely handing the peace-breakers over to England. However a different view was taken of this affair in England. Public opinion ranged itself without reservation on the side of the men who, it was said, were ready to do and dare for the honour of England, for the expansion of British supremacy, and for the opening up of new sources of wealth, as other daring Englishmen had done before them in various parts of the world, especially in India. At the head of the war party was Mr. Chamberlain, the Colonial Minister. The reasoning powers of England has lost their sense of proportion. Arguing from their easy victories over a few coloured races, they concluded that the oppression of the Boer would be an equally easy matter. They lived to learn their mistake.

Chamberlain intrigues against the Transvaal.

After the Jameson Raid, the intrigues of the Outlanders became

even more formidable. The South African League was founded and agitation kept alive by English capitalists and newspapers. Besides, all sorts of complaints were lodged with the Transvaal Government and disseminated by Mr. Chamberlain: complaints against the railway tariff; the dynamite concession; the liquor laws with regard to natives; the pass law; gold robberies; insecurity of life and property, and so forth. The universal cure for all these grievances was to be found in full burgher rights for the Outlanders. Mr. Chamberlain became the very willing medium of all these complaints, sent note after note complaining that the internal administration of the Transvaal was not in accordance with the Convention of 1884, and insisted on its being altered.

The Boers were warned; they knew what must follow. They prepared themselves for a serious emergency, and collected arms and ammunition. Cape Colony possessed in Lord, then Sir Alfred, Milner a High Commissioner after the heart of Mr. Chamberlain and the English Imperialists. In June 1899, he met President Kruger in Bloemfontein in order to demand full burgher rights for all Outlanders in the Transvaal after five years' residence. This concession, if it were made, would create a serious danger to the safety of the Republic, which was increased by the fact that the British Outlanders, and especially the inhabitants of Johannesburg, had petitioned the Queen for full burgher rights in the South African Republic. Kruger was quite ready to meet the concessionists, as far as was consistent with the interests of his country. Every Outlander in Johannesburg, without being naturalized, was granted an immediate vote for the Town Council. After two years' residence, he could, if he chose, become naturalized, when he would receive his vote for the Second Volksraad, to whose jurisdiction the mining, postal, telegraph and traffic interests were subject. Twelve years' residence after naturalization gave him full burgher rights, including a vote for the First Volksraad, election of President, etc. These twelve years were, in 1899, reduced to five, which, added to the two previous years of residence before naturalization, made seven years, instead of fourteen as formerly. However, the English Government insisted on five years. Following on this, Mr. Chamberlain formulated a new demand, namely England's right of suzerainty, which had been anulled in 1884.

Fruitless Conference at Bloemfontein between Kruger and Milner: 1899.

When the Boers realized that they had to deal not with just, but with arbitrary demands, their long-suffering patience was at last exhausted, especially as their ultimatum, concerning the withdrawal of reinforcements from the borders, had been contemptuously ignored in London. During the evening of the 11th of October 1899, the Boers crossed the frontier of Natal: those men of steel, whose duty it was to show that they were worthy descendants of their heroic fathers; that the hard school of invigorating danger and purifying fire through which they had passed had sown and fostered in them that spirit of unquenchable independence which only death itself could subdue.

Kruger's ultimatum: 9 October 1899.

Commencement of hostilities in Natal: 11 October 1899.

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ZOUTPANSBERG, IN THE EXTREME NORTH OF THE TRANSVAAL. 1. A view of Fort Hendrina, so-called after the wife of General Joubert, and built to restrain Magato's turbulent tribe of Kaffirs. Magato has now been dead some years, and on the occasion of the last expedition against his son, M'pefu, in 1898, the latter fled to Rhodesia. 2 and 3. Two photographs showing a missionary station in the midst of this wild region. Zoutpansberg is destined to become the granary of the Transvaal; it is an eminently fertile district.

HEROES OF THE BOER WAR.

CHAPTER I.

"IF YOUR QUEEN ONLY KNEW . . ."

AT Bloemfontein, a Canadian officer told me of one of his experiences in the war. A collision had taken place, in the Ladybrand District, with a small Boer force, which, after a tough contest, had been compelled to fall back before superior numbers. The order was given to burn down the house in the neighbourhood of which the short fight had taken place. The mounted infantry trotted up to the house and surrounded it, while the officer of the patrol dismounted and knocked at the door. A young married woman opened it and appeared on the threshold with a child in her arms. The general's orders were repeated to her, and the customary short interval was given her to remove some small portion of her belongings to a place of safety. At first, the Africander was silent, apparently not at once grasping the meaning of the unexpected communication. It is true, she had heard the firing, but the fighting had taken place far from her house. She wished to know why her home was to be destroyed, and what was to become of her; the officer was only able to shrug his shoulders and reply that he must execute the orders of his superior. The woman grew excited and defended her rights, her hearth and home in a tremor of vehement and passionate words. But at last she saw that she must bow before savage force, and, with the words welling up from the innermost recesses of her heart, she cried, full of passionate conviction:

"Ah, if your Queen only knew what was going on here . . . . . if your Queen only knew!"

That belief, that sympathetic belief among the Africanders that all would be different if Queen Victoria only knew of the struggle and suffering in South Africa was made manifest to me time after time during the war. Every man, woman and child respected the old, grey Sovereign and placed a firm and unshakable reliance in her sense of justice. No disappointments, no cruelties or acts of injustice committed in her name could destroy that belief. Far above their hatred for the Rand capitalists remained their belief in her whom they regarded as the lofty incarnation of the British sense of fairness.

When the war was fatally approaching, but one hope remained to the Africanders: the Queen; and, starting from Cape Town, a woman's movement spread over all South Africa. As women, they wanted to address the Gracious Lady in England, to speak of the suffering which would fall upon mothers and children, to appeal to her sense of pity and justice. Rapidly, enthusiastically, with a recrudescence of trust in the future, the petitions were signed. Even many men saw safety in the movement, encouraged their wives to take part in it, and thousands of signatures were collected.

At the same time, the late General Joubert, Vice-President of the Transvaal, wrote his well-known open letter to the Queen of England. To her, the highest, he carried his plaint for his people which was being wronged; to her he wished to depict the land in ashes and ruins, the Africanders in mourning and tears. And he, the man who had suffered, with his people, the persecution of British ministers, believed, as those women believed, that his last appeal to the highest authority would find a hearing in the royal palace. And the words came straight from his heart:

"It has perhaps never been brought to Your Majesty's notice why these people could not live peacefully in their land of adoption and birth."

He felt that this must be so. She, the noble Queen, could not have known of all the suffering of the Africanders, else she would never have permitted it; and the enthusiasm of his letter sounded powerfully and fervently:

"No, Your Majesty! Ever in supplication to the Almighty, Who ruleth over Kings and Princes, and inclineth all to His great will, I, Your Majesty's humble petitioner, will never believe that Your Majesty will suffer the sacred rights of a weak, peace-loving people to be violated in your name, and South Africa to be cast into grief and mourning."

A few weeks later, one Sunday, it was rumoured at Pretoria that Queen Victoria was for peace. There were numbers who believed it at once, and great joy arose. Many declared that they had expected nothing else: "If the Queen only knew." But the next day the papers appeared with long telegrams announcing new dispatches of troops to South Africa, foreshadowing new demands to which it would be impossible to assent.

All further hopes of better things were vain. The storm-clouds gathered ominously: no ray of light remained. Hatred and bitterness blazed out anew against Milner, Chamberlain, Rhodes and the many others who were bent upon the death of African liberty. Still, the idea remained unsullied which the Afrikanders had formed of Queen Victoria. The women's petition had not been laid before her, Joubert's open letter neither: thus argued the many. "If the Queen only knew," she would not have shown herself unrelenting. Of course, there were others who reasoned more clearly, who strove to explain that Queen Victoria was above all things a constitutional monarch and had to bow before the will of the people's representatives. But those others were rarely in the majority.

Slowly, bitterly, cruelly, the opinion of the minority became that of the whole nation; the savage warfare opened all eyes to the horrible truth. But every Africander, man or woman alike, retained the conviction that England's Queen did not approve of the war and would certainly not have approved of its conduct, "if the Queen only knew."

I have often tried to discover their grounds for this belief; I have repeatedly held long conversations with Boers and Boer women on the subject; but I have never been able to discover the cause. Call it childish, if you will, call

it foolish: yet there was something noble, something sympathetic in that conviction.

There was a pleasant familiarity, a childlike truthfulness in the way in which the Boers and their wives always spoke of the "Old Woman." The words, written down in cold blood, may appear disrespectful when applied to a queen-empress; many may think that they perceive some intention of sneering at the late Queen and her great age. But you must have heard the tone in which the words were uttered in order to be able to judge of the meaning.

Besides, a sneer of that sort is foreign to the Boer's nature; he entertains too sacred a respect for women, a respect which certainly does not decrease with the ascent of years. The cause of this probably lies in the Huguenot strain in his blood, of which the chivalry has been preserved by the Boer in so many noteworthy ways. And on this basis it was easy to lead the respect for the Queen of England to the childlike ideal standpoint which it occupied among the Africanders.

The Volksraad, in spite of all the complications with England, would never have thought of omitting to adjourn on the 24th of May. That homage was due to the aged Sovereign; even though the whole of England had turned against the Boers, they would not have deprived her of this significant homage, the homage which concerned her person, venerable in its grey old age. That was why the Volksraad adjourned on the 24th of May 1899, on the eve of the Bloemfontein Conference, and that was why everyone thought the adjournment the most natural thing on earth:

"If the Queen only knew!"

ONE OF THE NETHERLANDS SOUTH AFRICAN RAILWAY COMPANY'S TRAINS TRANSFORMED INTO AN AMBULANCE-TRAIN. At the commencement of the war, the Netherlands South African Railway fitted up several railway-carriages for the conveyance of the wounded with beds, drug-stores, and compartments for re-dressing wounds. The last carriage in particular, the large white ambulance-carriage, was a master-piece that did great credit to the ingenuity of the railway-officials at Pretoria.

THE CONFERENCE OF TEACHERS OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN REPUBLIC: JULY 1897. Although many ladies took part in the Conference, it happened that only one was present when this photograph was taken. The members of the group represent the peasant, village and municipal schools, and also the most varied nationalities: English, Transvaal, Africander, Dutch, German and English, These nationalities are not easily distinguished, as the photograph shows.

CHAPTER II.

MANNERS AND CHARACTER OF THE BOERS.

SHORTLY after the outbreak of the war, a lady of Africander birth found herself in English company. Motives of human curiosity prompted a circle of well-bred Englishwomen to form around her. An older lady, hearing of this strange event, hurried up, as fast as her dignity would permit her, to gaze upon the marvel. No sooner had she received a reply to her eager "Where is she?" than she exclaimed:

"But she's not a Boer; she's not black!"

And no one laughed but the Africander herself. A similar thought had clearly occurred to all the rest.

A non-commissioned officer of the Black Watch, the regiment which, at Magersfontein, on the 11th of December 1899, so heroically and undauntedly marched to certain death, was taken up by the Boer ambulance and carried to the field-hospital. The surgeon had noticed that, during the progress through the laager, the Highlander had opened wide eyes each time a Boer passed, on horseback or on foot, with a polite "Good-day, doctor." So soon as the man was comfortably in bed and well cared-for, the surgeon asked him the cause of his unconcealed surprise, and was told that the soldier had heard that the Boers were little stunted men, who lived in caves and wore long hair. It was the doctor's turn to be surprised, and his amazement in no way yielded to that of his patient.

During a sortie of the Ladysmith garrison, a number of soldiers fell into the hands of the Boers, who, as always, treated them very humanely. The majority of the prisoners, slow to accept the inevitable, sulked and stood aloof. One of them, however, kept up a lively conversation with his guards. Suddenly he asked:

"But where are the Boers now?"

"I am a Boer," was the answer.

This Tommy refused to believe. A man who talked English and who was dressed like everyone else could not be

AN OLD BOER HOMESTEAD IN THE INTERIOR OF THE TRANSVAAL.

a Boer; and, when at last he was no longer able to doubt the man's truthfulness, he exclaimed:

"But you're not a barbarian, you're quite an Englishman!"

History does not relate that the Boer took this as a compliment at that given moment.

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A whole series of humorous instances might be quoted to show the terrible misconception that prevailed among the English touching the South African Boers, and that, which is worse, still exists. People seem unable to comprehend the real nature and character of the Transvaaler and Free Stater. They seem unable to get away from the meaning attached to the Dutch word *Boeren*, and though the Frenchman writes *Boërs*, the German *Buren* and the Englishman Boers, they all continue to seek for some connection between the *Boeren* and the *paysans*, *Bauern* and peasants. The *Boeren* is the name of the Africander people, including those who do not practise husbandry. Men like Louis and Christian Botha, De la Rey, De Wet and Hertzog are proud to call themselves Boers, just as Presidents Steijn and Kruger take pride in being so styled.

They are a handsome, sturdy race. The men are tall and broad-shouldered. Their features are often clean-cut, noble and impressive and point in this distant generation to its descent from the best Huguenot families. Their hands are small and well-formed, their feet are shapely. Their whole appearance is at once impressive and sympathetic.

The Boer holds women in the highest respect, is always eager to show them every civility and ready to defend them against insult: and this from sheer chivalry, and not from love of fighting.

At home he leads a placid, calm and peaceful life. When, at five o'clock

in the morning, the daylight swiftly spreads over the open veldt and across the firmament, he is already out of bed, standing under his verandah, his trusty pipe in his mouth. Slowly he walks to the cattle-kraal and gives his instructions to the Kaffirs, who will presently drive the animals on to the veldt. He gives an eye to the preparations, has a look round the stud-farm and inspects the kitchen-garden. It is breakfast-time: till then he has only had a cup of hot coffee. The whole family sit down to breakfast, and, when the meal is over, there is work for all. There is butter or cheese to make, darning-work to do, soap to be prepared, an ox or sheep to kill, or meat to be salted or dried.

There are few things that the Boer requires which he is not able to make himself. Even his shoes are constructed out of leather which he himself has tanned. He dries and cuts his own tobacco; and the stables and cattle-kraals on his farm are erected under his personal supervision. There is no lack of work, therefore, at least in the morning.

In the afternoon, usually, the distant rattle of wheels, or the clatter of horses' hoofs, announces a visit. The family come outside and peer in the direction whence the sound comes. The speck on the horizon is sufficient to tell the Boer which of his neighbours is approaching. His sharp eyes at once recognize the horse or horses, for he is familiar with the appearance of all the beasts of draught or burden in the neighbourhood. Should the animals be unknown to him, then he watches with but the greater interest for the approach of the stranger.

For none who rides towards a Boer dwelling will easily pass by without alighting: he knows that he is welcome and that he will please the people by

BOER TRAVELLING WAGGONS. Harnessed with many oxen — a full team consists of sixteen — the Boer waggon goes slowly, growling, creaking and jolting over the uneven roads. At night it shelters the whole family. The Kaffirs sleep underneath, at least at the hours during which the oxen rest, for the journey is made for the most part at night: in the glowing heat of the day-time, the yoke scorches the hide from the oxen's necks. The household carries all cooking necessaries in the waggon, and, when moving, even the domestic furniture.

entering. The housewife at once offers him a cup of coffee, and the husband hands him his tobacco-pouch. Should the visitor stay longer, or ask for hospitality for the night, which is hardly ever refused, the Boer goes outside and himself sees that the horses are properly tended. The best of everything is set before the guest, the best bed-room is allotted to him, and everything is done to make his stay under the hospitable roof as pleasant as possible. And, in the morning, when he departs and his horses have had their fill of food, he owes his host nothing but thanks. The Boer will accept no money, and, when the stranger takes his leave, the whole family come out and shake his hand as though he were an old and tried friend. That is South African hospitality.

A TYPICAL TRANSVAAL BOER.

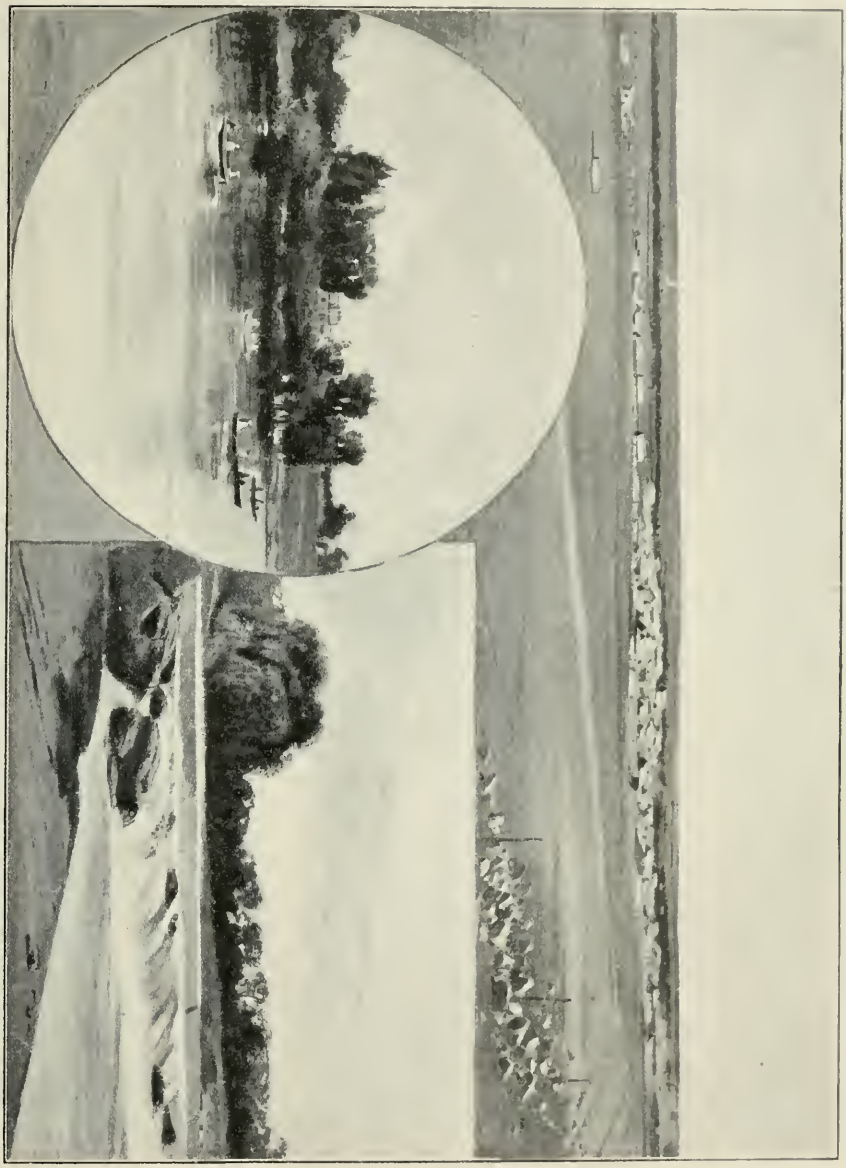
If the guest is an European and gifted with powers of observation, it is to be hoped that he has not neglected to talk at length with the Boer. The head of the house is fond of a chat and will try to make his visitor feel at home. National politics are a subject on which the Boer is particularly well-informed. He studies his political newspapers with an eagerness which makes it a pleasure for the editors to write for him. No neighbour can make a call but politics become the first and foremost subject of conversation. And in the higher politics, too, events do not escape him, even though he be not always quite up to date.

Should the European prove to be a well-educated man, who does not insist too much upon his knowledge, a proceeding which invariably puts the Boer off, the latter will turn the occasion to account to gain information on matters which were not quite clear to him.

I myself have often been asked questions by Boers which struck me as a proof of their desire for information:

"See, now you're a Hollander, now you must tell me a bit: how do they mean to drain the Zuider Zee?" was a question once put to me by a transport-rider on a subject touching my mother country.

In the course of conversation, it appeared that, years ago, the man had read of this plan in a paper. He had retained the subject in his memory until he should come into contact with a Netherlander. Indeed, it gradually became manifest to me that the Boer had read the article with great care,



KROONSTAD, AFTER THE OCCUPATION OF BLOEMFONTEIN, THE TEMPORARY CAPITAL OF THE ORANGE FREE STATE.

A VIEW ON THE VALSCH RIVER (Orange Free State). THE FALLS OF THE VALSCH RIVER (Orange Free State).

and had employed his brains upon it. The questions he put to me gave evidence of the correctness of his judgment. I was then struck with the Boer's great common-sense. Later, on commando, when I came more closely into contact with Transvaalers or Free Staters, I noticed that they all possessed this quality: and I observed that they always sought the company of men from whom they could learn something, and that they would sit listening with eager ears to the words of such men, interrupting them from time to time with pithy comments.

The old Boers, the *Takharen* or

Tanglehairs, as they are called in South Africa, because of their shaggy and neglected manes, used in old days to teach their children by candle-light, in the evening, to read and write, with the aid of the Bible, which no household is without. This was good enough for the old times. Before the war broke out, however, no large Boer homestead but had its teacher, and, where the Africanders were too poor to allow themselves the exclusive luxury of a tutor for their own children, they sent them to the national schools, which enjoyed a State subsidy and provided an excellent education, or else had them educated by travelling teachers.

In 1898, the South African Republic, with her few hundred thousand inhabitants, spent £226,416 4*s.* 8*d.* on educational purposes, and the attendance at the schools increased by 13,900 children between 1882 and 1898: a convincing proof that the Boer is alive to the value of good instruction.[1]

In general the Boer remains true to the simple traditions of his fathers. On Sunday, the Lord's Day, the day of rest, the Boer and his family and all the *volk* — the Africander expression for the Kaffirs of the homestead — meet in the great dining and reception room The Boer and the members of the family occupy the chairs and the natives squat respectfully on the floor, close together, against the wall. The old family Bible is laid on the table in front of the head of the house.

[1] When the schools of a State are in a flourishing condition, that State has reason to be proud of its intellectual development, and not even her most prejudiced detractors dared to accuse the South African Republic of vandalism, when it was once an established fact that she had obtained the highest possible distinction (*Grand prix*) at the Paris Exhibition of 1900 for elementary, as well as secondary and advanced education. We must look into the school statutes, Article 8, dating from 1892, which remained in operation until the commencement of the war, to learn how this success was obtained by a young and thinly-populated State. It laid special emphasis on the duties of parents towards their children regarding education, while the State was, first, to encourage the burghers in willing co-operation and private initiative, and, when necessary, to give them every assistance; secondly, to exercise supervision over the subsidized schools by watching the religious and secular training of the future burghers, as far as might seem advisable to the Government; thirdly, to found an institution for the higher branches of education, for the instruction of those who wished to become teachers, or were desirous of filling official posts.

The Government was exceedingly generous in the encouragement of these semi-self-supporting establishments, due to the initiative of the individual. It voted considerable grants for all sorts of practical purposes, such as assisting in the founding and equipment of school-buildings and houses for the teachers; paying the travelling expenses of those teachers coming from abroad; granting money rewards for special successes obtained in schools or classes at the yearly examinations; giving prizes for good school-books and school competitions; assisting every child over six who had attended a recognized school on so many days during the month; and helping to start village libraries. At Pretoria, the Government supported a State library, a State museum and the Zoological Gardens, and always had an open hand for the needs of children of poor parents. Special attention is to be drawn to the fact that Government was authorized in 1896 (Article 15) to build schools in the Gold Fields, wherever it seemed necessary and advisable, such buildings to be erected at the expense of the State; and to nominate and pay instructors, as in other State-supported schools. In these State schools of the Gold Fields, the children of Outlanders could receive instruction in their own language for a small extra charge, and it was decided in these cases to introduce the Dutch official language only very gradually, so as not to interfere with the steady progress and development of these Outlander pupils.

The Government showed the same conscientiousness with regard to the supervision of schools. Six inspectors, chosen from among the teachers as the most efficient, went on their appointed circuits during the year, examining the pupils in all branches, appointing the standard and, in this way, not only superintending the work of the teachers, but also giving valuable advice

A BOER SCHOOL AT VISSCHERSHOEK IN THE DISTRICT OF PRETORIA, IN USE TILL 1899. Before the State grants were passed for the erection of special buildings for schools and houses for the masters, it was characteristic of the Boer schools that they formed part the outbuildings of a farm. To either side of the bright-looking children stand Boer women. At the extreme left of the group is the Inspector of Schools, sent by the Government to take this photograph.

This Bible is dear to him. He has learnt to read and write out of it, and in hard times the Sacred Book has brought him consolation and renewed courage.

Opening the Bible with every mark of respect, he reads a chapter simply and with evident conviction, and then offers up a prayer. Generally, one or two psalms are next sung to the accompaniment of a seraphine organ, which almost every household possesses. This is the simple Sunday observance in the country, and it will be seen from this that the attitude of the Boers towards the natives is not exactly what it is represented to be by some writers.

The Boer allots to the Kaffirs who work on his farm a patch of ground on which the natives erect their clay *rondafel*. This is a hut with a flat thatched roof, and of circular shape, deriving its name from *ronde tafel*, or round table. Here the native lives

to them, as well as to the school authorities, where such was required. In the outlying districts, where there were as yet no schools, they did all in their power to stimulate the inhabitants to start them; and, as a rule, the visits of the school inspectors were looked forward to with pleasure, for the Boers began to show a growing interest in, and desire for, education.

With regard to the third object in view, the founding of an institute for higher education, the Government, with the sanction of the First Volksraad, went even further than their original proposals. Not only did they, in 1893, build a "State gymnasium" or college at Pretoria, containing both gymnasium and High School, where the results of the first final examination, held in 1898, gave absolute satisfaction to the Government delegates, but they added a "State Model School" and, in connection with this, a "Normal Training College," for those who wished to become teachers, and a State-supported girls' school, which also very shortly had a "Normal Training College" and High School added to it If it had not been for the war, the School of Mines, which was founded at the commencement of the year 1897, would have developed into an educational centre whose success was assured. Students, before entering, were to pass through the high school connected with the gymnasium A deaf-and-dumb and blind asylum was to have been founded when the number of afflicted children in the South African Republic demanded it; until then the deaf-and-dumb and blind were sent to Worcester, in Cape Colony, if the parents wished it, partly or entirely, as the case might demand, at the expense of the State.

The founding of these so-called State schools caused some divergence from the principle of private initiative; but the State confined itself to a small number of educational institutions, which were in reality centres for advanced education and served as models for other schools. Besides, it became necessary to put an end to the unjust accusations of negligence towards the Outlander children and to give the well-intentioned Outlanders an opportunity to have their children taught the national language by degrees, without interfering with the steady progress of education in their native tongue.

The expenses incurred by the Administration for Education, including staff, inspectors, etc., amounted, during the year 1898, to £226,416. This sum, voted exclusively for the purpose of education, proves the importance attached by the South African Republic to a sound national education.

We will now add some general information concerning facts which may interest the reader.

The majority of schools are situated on rivers, or streams which flow into those rivers.

Non-attendance in either town or village schools was not frequent (only 15 per cent), and rarer still (9 per cent) in the peasant schools, that is, in those schools which were held on the farms. Compared with the statistics of schools in other countries, this is very remarkable, considering the difficulties with which the Boers had to contend in sending their children to school, such as the scarcity of labourers, locusts, unfordable rivers, etc.

Attached to the State school for girls was a boarding-house, where those coming from the country might be lodged and boarded at a moderate charge.

At a similar economical rate, students attending the State gymnasium and model school were received in houses provided by the State and controlled by competent masters.

The buildings of the State gymnasium and School of Mines contained large lecture

A BOER SCHOOL AT SCHIETFONTEIN IN THE DISTRICT OF PRETORIA, USE IN SINCE 1898. During the last few years many similar schools have been erected with and without the aid of State grants. There are many others far prettier and more practical. Unfortunately, we were unable to obtain photographs of the latter on account of the war.

CENTRAL HALL OF THE STATE MUSEUM AT PRETORIA. On account of the war, it was found impossible to complete the building, although the work was never entirely discontinued.

with his wife and children. He saves the wages which he earns from the Boer until he is able to buy a horse or a piece of cattle, and slowly his property increases. When there is no work to be done for the Boer, he works on his allotment. His wife and children help the Boer's wife with the housekeeping, and, when the children grow big enough, they work with the others in the fields, or in minding the cattle. The Kaffir's cattle are allowed to graze on the Boer's pastures, and the herd has to be pretty large before the Boer thinks of charging his *volk* any hire.

So soon as the Boer's youngest child is able to walk, it receives a little Kaffir mite as a play-fellow. The piccaninny soon grows attached with all its heart to its *klein baas*, or little boss. Should the son take a wife and start on a farm of his own, his body-Kaffir accompanies him and at once assumes a certain authority over the other natives of the place. When the *baas* goes out with the waggon, the

rooms and laboratories, and abundant space was devoted to the collections and experiments of the State Geologist.

There were twelve State schools in the Gold Fields in 1898, numbering 1499 scholars and 49 teachers. A third part of the latter consisted of English men and women, who, although they did not understand a word of Dutch, had been appointed and were well paid. At Johannesburg there was a flourishing German educational establishment, supported by the State.

The number of teachers, male and female, trained in the South African Republic rose steadily every year, and had reached a total of 158.

There were hardly any schools to be found in the North-West, North and North-East of the Republic, for those districts were not inhabited, or only very sparsely. Numbers of parents living in districts on the Natal border sent their children to school in Natal, or employed English tutors and governesses. — *Publishers' Note.*

THE NEW BUILDING OF TE STATE GIRLS' SCHOOL AT PRETORIA. At the commencement of the war, the buildings had not yet been inaugurated or inhabited. Ather the fall of Pretoria, they were fitted up by the English as a hospital.

body-Kaffir is the one to accompany him, and it is an unwritten condition that one of the latter's children shall serve as the master's attendant when he goes on commando. This attendant carries the reserve of cartridges and looks to the horses.

When the Kaffir grows too old to work, no Boer will leave him to his fate. He is allowed to live peacefully on the farm to his last day. When he sees his *baas*, there is not only reverence in his salutation, but something of gratitude in his eye.

The Boer is uncommonly kind to animals. He will never torture a horse, nor injure any animal. It makes him furious to see anyone ride a horse with its back sore from the pressure of the saddle. He permits no cruelty to animals; and, keen sportsman though he be, he will never shoot a bird if he has reason to believe that it has young.

His whole appearance marks him down as something more than the average farmer that we know. There is something of the country squire in his manner, and one need but come into contact with him for a very short time to observe that he is a man of race. With his clear head and his tall, strong body, he is an example of the *mens sana in corpore sano* theory.

The clear landscape, full of dazzling light; the wide, open veldt; the general absence of care: these tend to make him an optimist. That is why he is the last to lose his faith in ultimate victory. "*Alles zal recht kom:* all will come right." the favourite maxim of President Brand of the Orange Free State, is an excellent motto for the Africanders. Their optimism is endowed with the unmovable faith that everything will come out right, however gloomy the future may seem. Both young republics have met with many calamities in past years, and the motto has always been verified.

FRONT VIEW OF THE STATE GYMNASIUM AT PRETORIA. One hardly expects to find so pretty and compact a building in a "peasant Republic." It bears ample testimony to the generosity of both the Government and Volksraad in matters of education. The interior corresponds in every respect with the exterior. The building contains both the High School and Gymnasium.

It must be admitted that the Boers' optimism often changes to thoughtlessness. They are easily dejected, but they as easily recover all their belief in the bright side of the case. Their optimism was the reason why they rested for weeks after their victories and gave the enemy time to concentrate his forces. It was their optimism that led them to see no danger in the smouldering fires at Johannesburg just before the Jameson Raid. Their optimism, too, is at the bottom of their overconfidence in men who know how to turn their own eloquence and powers of flattery to crafty account. The Boers' optimism unfits them for trade. They are liable at one moment too readily to accept a proffered price, at another to judge that they can demand more than is obtainable in the circumstances.

The fertility of the African soil, which requires little cultivation, the hail-storms, the locusts, which in a short time are able to destroy all the crops, without the Boer having it in his power to prevent it: these are all causes that tend to produce the spirit of resignation in the Africander.

The mutual relationship of the Boers is in general of a very friendly and companionable character. Quarrels and brawls are unknown plagues in South Africa, and, however violently Boers may often be opposed in politics, this is to them no reason to be anything but sincere friends in all other respects. Even adherence to opposed church parties, which was one of the chief points of difference in the two republics, would not lead to open or secret hostility between two Boers. And the Boer is as calm in the home circle as he is peaceable with his fellows. Peace and tranquillity reign in his household, where all respect the authority of the master of the house. He is moderate

THE CLASS ROOM FOR FREE-HAND DRAWING IN THE STATE GYMNASIUM AT PRETORIA.

in drinking; immoderate only in smoking. He puffs great clouds of smoke the whole day long. He takes up his pipe so soon as he dons his jacket in the morning, and does not put it down till he stands in his shirt-sleeves at night. At meals he deprives himself of his pet indulgence only long enough to fill his stomach. A Boer who does not smoke is as rare an exception as a Boer who is unmarried, or as one who is married and childless.

The Boer's house is generally spacious and airy. All the rooms are on one floor; attics and lofts exist only in his stables, as receptacles for fodder for horses and other cattle. His living-room mostly serves as dining and sitting-room in one. The floor is made of pressed cow-dung, which becomes as hard as stone. His hangings and carpets consist of the dressed skins of deer and roe-buck which he has shot, and sheep which he has killed. The many small tables are adorned by numerous framed family-portraits. The places of honour in the room are reserved for the English side-board with its bright mirrors, and the American seraphine organ, laden with piles of sacred music and English songs. The *répertoire* of original Africander songs is still lamentably small.

This picture of an Africander home is not, of course, a faithful reflection of every Boer dwelling. Some are simpler. Numbers are much more luxurious. On many farms, especially in the Orange Free State, the house is arranged in the modern European fashion, with a taste and richness free from all excess or violent contrasts. The place itself is a model farm, on which thousands of pounds have been spent on irrigation works, plantations and the newest American inventions in agricultural implements. Here the oxen and milch-cows have coats that gleam with well-being, the horses trample with good feeding, the sheep waddle in their thick and luxurious fleeces.

In the villages, the Boer remains

A PRIVATE HOUSE AT PRETORIA.

faithful to his customs. He is out of bed at the first sign of approaching dawn and enjoying the fresh morning breeze. He retires early in the evening, after spending the day in work and in digging his garden. His dress and manners differ in no way from those of the European: he is notable, however, for his broad and sturdy figure, his big beard and his firm and healthy tread. His wife and daughters dress tastefully: sometimes with a little excess of colour. In company he shows himself a lively talker, especially when relating personal experiences, which he excels in recounting without exaggeration.

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It has not been my intention in this chapter to give a comprehensive picture of the Africander Boer. That would require a volume of greater dimensions than this little work. I have only tried to sketch the Boer in a few lines. In so doing, I have had neither the Transvaaler nor the Free Stater more particularly in my mind's eye. Both nations are so closely akin in character that I have treated them as one. The Free Stater may be a litte more cosmopolitan than the Transvaaler, but this does not constitute a sufficient difference to warrant a separate delineation of character. Both have struggled for a sacred cause, both have fought with the same courage and perseverance, both have suffered equally. Both wish to be considered together as the representatives and combatants of the Young Africander race.

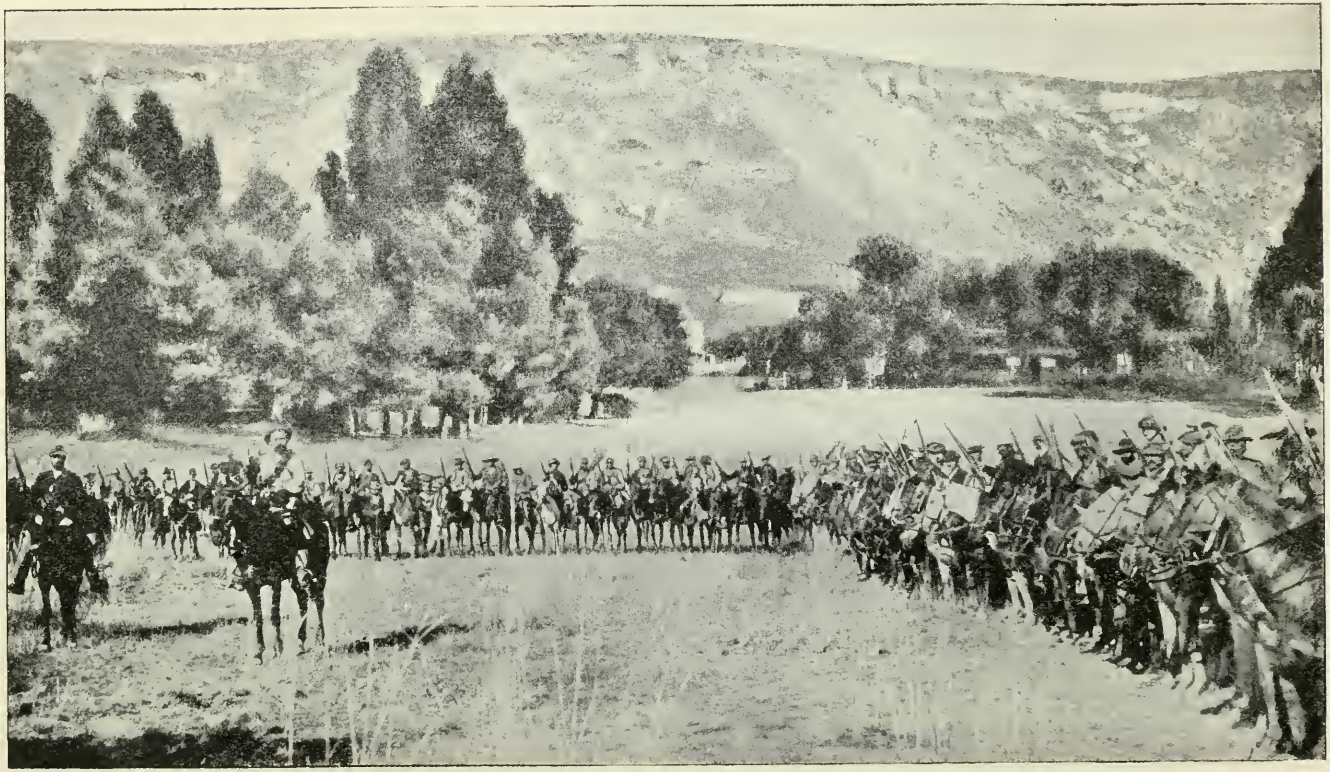
My pen-sketches of their leaders and generals, as I have known them, are no more than they pretend to be: swift, transitory sketches. They are

A PRIVATE HOUSE AT PRETORIA.

not the product of a life-long study of their lives, actions and aspirations. I learnt to know them in my capacity as a journalist, and as such I have drawn them: rapidly, briefly, trying to display the qualities in which they differ one from the other.

If this work should help to make the great men of this second struggle for liberty better known to the British people, then I shall have repaid some small part of the friendship which I have enjoyed at the hands of Africanders, and my sympathy for those gallant nations shall not have been in vain.

A TYPICAL BOER FAMILY.



INSPECTION OF A BOER COMMANDO, DRAWN UP IN SQUARE FORMATION.

CHAPTER III.

THE BOER IN WAR.

I remember reading an article in the *Daily Mail* in which its correspondent, the late Julian Ralph, considered the question of the value of the courage of the British troops. And the conclusion to which he came was that all the contempt of death displayed by the crack regiments had been of very little practical use. It is a very fine thing to march to a certain death with head erect and without hesitation, like the Highlanders at Magersfontein, on the 11th of December 1899, and the Canadians at the storming of Cronje's laager at Paardeberg, on the 18th of February 1900; but of what use is it against the modern repeating rifle, which hits with perfect accuracy at a great distance, and which gives the marksmen behind the trenches the incalculable advantage of being able to mow down almost any number of assaulters before these have reached their object?

The Boer admires and respects that courage, and holds no British soldier higher than the Scotch; but, at the same time, he keeps in view the unpractical side of this heroism, and condemns it in his peculiar way with his stoical "Therefore it's *banja* imprudent." And so Julian Ralph and the Boer come to one and the same conclusion.

What we Europeans call courage, that is to say, contempt for death, the Boer knows nothing of. Yet I do not agree with those who call him a coward. Circumstances have endowed him with a quite different sort of courage.

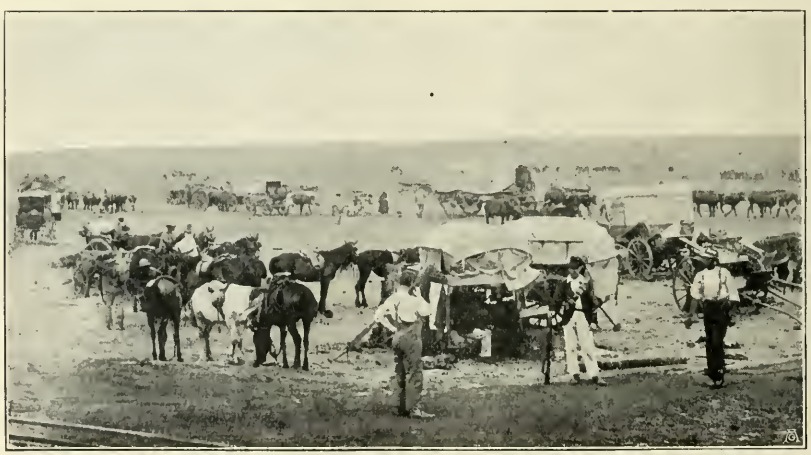
From generation to generation, the descendant of two nations, both well-known for their contempt of death, the French and the Dutch, has learnt to place caution and stratagem on a higher level than courage. In his struggle with the natives, who were sometimes a hundred times as many as those whose waggon camp they attacked, he has learnt how to beat his enemy by means of cautious tact and has taught that enemy to respect him. With a

contempt of death even greater than that of the European, the blacks in close hordes stormed the laagers only to be repeatedly driven back, in spite of the small number of the defenders and the bad, old-fashioned muskets. The presence of the women in the laager gave the men courage to fight to the uttermost for wife and child, but at the same time imbued them with the necessary prudence not to throw away their lives needlessly and, in so doing, allow the Kaffirs to gain an advantage for which the Boer's dear ones would have had to pay with a hideous martyrdom.

COLONEL A. H. SCHIEL, Commandant of the German Corps. Wounded at Elandslaagte 21 October 1899, taken prisoner, and transported to St. Helena. Colonel Schiel, who is here represented in the uniform of Captain Commandant of Johannesburg Fort, played but a very short part in the war.

This method of defence is inbred in the Boer, and has been developed yet further in the present war.

Elandslaagte, where the Dutch and German Corps received their baptism of blood on the 21st of October 1899, and Magersfontein where, on the 11th of December 1899, the Scandinavians met with their heroic deaths: these are instances of the courage of the Europeans. Together with the fight at Boshof, where the French General de Villebois fell on the 5th of April 1900, these



ARRIVAL OF A TRANSPORT AT ELANDSLAAGTE. Slowly the oxen draw the enormous, springless and, for the greater part, heavily-laden waggons over the uneven roads. A rope is fastened to the foremost ox, and the team is led by a Kaffir, who walks in front, whilst the Boer, walking alongside, wields his mighty whip, in the use of which he is so skilled that he is able to catch up the smallest stone with it, or kill a bird on the wing.

THE GERMAN CORPS. Before the Battle of Elandslaagte (21 October 1899). The corps lost many killed and wounded in this battle.

GUNNERS OF THE TRANSVAAL STATE ARTILLERY. The S. A. (State Artillery) compelled respect from the English by its uncommonly accurate shooting. The English generals could not imagine that it was simple Boers who were serving the guns, and news was constantly being sent into the world to the effect that the Transvaal and Free State had taken German mercenaries into their service to work the artillery. Nothing is more untrue. Together with the police, the artillery formed the standing army of the Transvaal, and with the former it was the only commando that wore a uniform.

will form brilliant and memorable pages in the history of our second War of Independence: but at the same time they will bear witness against that contempt of death which is to be admired, but no less to be regretted.

The Boer is said to be a little too cautious and too quick in leaving his position when it becomes a trifle hot for him. I will not contest this statement, nor would any impartial person do so. But remember that no disci-

pline keeps the Boer to his place, and that nothing is more contagious than flight. Where, however, but a shade of discipline prevails, it soon appears that the Boer is indeed brave, even in the sense which we attach to the word. No one will deny the courage of the Johannesburg Police, nor of the Free State and Transvaal Artillery. A Boer who continues to fight until he realizes the impossibility of holding his position, and who retreats only at the very last moment, deserves a more honourable mention than does the European soldier who advances with the knowledge that to turn round means certain and shameful death at the hands of his officers. The European has contempt of death in his blood; to advance cautiously, to make use of every bit of cover as the Boer does when attacking, he thinks beneath him, and calls it cowardly. The Boer, on the other hand, takes a practical view: his object is to injure the enemy, to spare himself, both in the highest measure; in other words, the innate tactics of the Kaffir wars.

Moreover, in the first year of the war, there was no one to hold back the Boer when he "changed his position:" the favourite word for retiring. It is true that a commandant or field cornet might have tried to talk courage into the poltroon, or to hold him back by threats: sometimes even to bring him back to his duty by means of blows; but this exhausted all so-called forcible measures. The Boer has not the Englishman's fear of a disgraceful death at the hands of his officer. That is why I have a greater admiration for the brave Boer than for the death-scorning Briton.

It has often been asked why there was not more discipline in the Boer commandoes. The answer is to be found in the character of the Africander. He is master of his own place: usually there is no living being to be found for hours around it. In all cases that occur upon his farm, he decides without appeal, and for this reason he brooks no thwarting (I, of course, except important questions which concern the judges or the civil authorities). It is therefore easily understood that it was impossible suddenly to accustom him to military discipline on commando. Arguments and reminders of the good of the cause and the help of God were of great service, as President Kruger understood, who knew the burghers as though they were his own children. But for those there was no time in the heat of the fight, and that which has the desired effect with a soldier trained to discipline produced obstinacy in the Boer, accustomed to command and not to be commanded. Hence it came about that, when he refused to fight, no power on earth could compel him.

In the earlier stages of the war, before Lord Roberts captured the Magersfontein positions on the 15th of February 1900, the burghers were accustomed, if leave was refused them to go home for a short time from commando, simply to go without leave. A burgher who did not care to fight very easily withdrew from the action. He merely stayed in laager, or tried to be given some job which kept him out of danger. There were whole commandoes that acted in this way. The other Boers stamped these heroes with the characteristic title of *la'erleggers*, or camp-loungers, and, in the later stages of the war, with the typical nickname of *bush-lancers*, hiding themselves as they did in the bush-veldt. The leaders of these camp-lounging commandoes or bush-lancers were generally officers who were of opinion that it was in any case better to lose your country than your life. The patriotic burghers serving under one of these commandants or field cornets would join some other commando, where they could take a more active part in the fighting. On the other hand, burghers whose lives were

too dear to them to be sacrificed for their country, left their commandoes, if these were too far in the forefront of battle, and joined the camp-loungers.

Each man was free to join the commando he preferred. Generally, members of one family clung together, so that it often happened that one field cornet had a dozen or more men of the same name serving under him. They dug their trenches together and lay in one ditch during the fighting. At Magersfontein, two members of one family were found killed and four wounded in the same trench.

the position taken up, he told him so; and, if his opinion afterwards turned out to be correct, he would not fail to remind his general of it. This was the condition of things in the Boer Army during the first year of the war.

Still, genuine military discipline prevailed in some of the commandoes. In the Johannesburg Police and the Transvaal and Free State Artillery, discipline was no less severe than in the British Army. Those corps proved that the Boer had in him the makings of an ideal soldier, who combined with the strictest obedience his innate instinct

GLIMPSES OF BOER CAMP LIFE: ARRIVAL OF SUPPLIES. The horsemen who escorted these were responsible for the safe conduct of the waggons. They were at the same time carriers of news, not usually official news, and sometimes a trifle exaggerated. The latest news spread through the Boer laager with wonderful rapidity.

It often happened that a man received a week's leave and returned after an interval of three weeks. It was possible for punishment to be administered under the military law; but this rarely took place. In fine, the Boer on commando was nominally, but not really, subject to discipline. The burgher did his duty of his own free will. He knew his officers, even his general, personally, addressed them with the familiar *jij* and *jou* and criticized their acts and orders in their presence. If he disagreed with the general touching

to seek cover when storming and capturing positions. But no discipline on earth could ever turn the Boer into a military automaton.

The artillery and police formed the standing army of the Transvaal and Orange Free State. They had been drilled in time of peace: the other commandoes had not. Yet there were some of the Boer officers who overlooked no offences and maintained a proper strictness. The cowards left these officers for less *kwaaie kerels* (bad or "nasty" fellows), and through

A COMMANDO BOUND FOR COLENSO CROSSING THE KLIP RIVER. On the road from Ladysmith to the line of communications established on General Buller's march for the relief of that place. The Klip River flows through the town and is not easy to cross. However, for the Boers, accustomed as they were to this rough travelling with heavy waggons drawn by oxen and mules, no river was too difficult to cross, no mountain too steep to ascend.

GLIMPSES OF BOER CAMP LIFE: RECEIPT OF INTELLIGENCE. Having received and read his dispatch, the commandant would call the burghers together, mount a platform, by preference an ox-waggon, and read it out aloud to the attentive listeners gathered around him.

this fact the quality of the commandoes of the severer generals, commandants and field-cornets was naturally improved.

The absence of discipline in the Boer commandoes had its compensating advantages. The Boer, in consequence, acted more independently and did not lapse into a military machine, incapable of moving without orders. The Boer trusted his mate. He knew that the latter was not likely to commit a blunder, and he acted in harmony with him, without orders or preconcerted agreement.

When this mutual confidence was shaken and when the Boer no longer felt convinced that his comrade would not, at a given moment, leave him in the lurch, then Lord Roberts' success began, and the field-marshal cleverly took advantage of the general loss of that mutual bond in order to march to Pretoria before confidence was restored. Had the Boers still possessed the old spirit which had rendered the assault of Spion Kop possible on the 24th and 25th of January 1900, Lord Roberts would have met with a very different sort of opposition. As it happened, only a few commandoes made a stand against the progress of the overwhelming numerical superiority; these did not, of course, consist of camp-loungers, but of the sturdy burghers who had the courage and the sense of duty to stand firm under their brave and undaunted leaders. And yet the Boers can hardly be blamed for not hampering the mighty march to Pretoria. Their forces were becoming steadily smaller, and the English no longer fought as before, but restricted themselves to endeavouring, with their ten-fold superiority, to surround their enemy's forces and to prepare for them the fate of Cronjé and his followers. Had the Boers then allowed themselves to be surrounded, the war would probably have ended much earlier than it did, as their numbers would have shrunk through capture to an even still more distressing extent.

To take to flight and change the whole method of warfare became an immediate necessity. After the capture of Pretoria, General De Wet abandoned the *grande guerre* without hesitation or delay, and, once Komati Poort had been occupied, General Louis

Botha also took up the guerilla. The Boers had no alternative. To the quarter of a million British soldiers they could oppose but some twenty thousand men; and their big-gun ammunition was becoming exhausted. The time for war on a large scale was past.

In the guerilla the Boer felt more at home. He was now seldom attacked by a force too powerful for his small numbers; for he took care to evade any such force. He himself selected the detachment which he proposed to attack, and was therefore almost always able to reckon on success. With the greatest cleverness, and relying on the swiftness of his horse, he succeeded in escaping his enemy, who knew the country so badly. He struck his blow, and, before there was a chance of catching him, he was gone. This life was less fatiguing for the Boer, accustomed to sleep on the veldt, to shift for himself, to content himself with slender rations, than for the Englishman, who was given but little rest. Each fresh success roused the Boer's courage. There was no fear of recklessness on his side; recklessness is not in his nature; recklessness is "*banja* imprudent." He was fully informed of every movement of the enemy; the British were in the midst of his country and surrounded by spies who were never at loss for means to transmit news. And, when the Boer did not receive the information he required in the field, he went and sought it for himself.

Many ways were open to him. The first and simplest of these the English themselves had taught him. He harnessed his oxen to his waggon, loaded it with agricultural produce and drove to market, to return with the desired *data* to his farm, and then to his commando. In this way, he even ventured into the British camp, where he sold his vege-

GLIMPSES OF BOER CAMP LIFE: RESTING. The scouts have returned without meeting the enemy, as is seen by their full bandoliers. The horses are off-saddled and enjoying their feed. Tired, but alert, the warriors are snatching a few moments' rest.

tables to the Tommies with the consent of the officer on duty.

If he saw no chance of spying in this fashion, then, aided by the all-shrouding South African darkness, he slipped through the British lines at night, as Danie Theron did when he performed his famous feat of penetrating to Cronjé's invested laager at Paardeberg and back again. After a short stay amid the British forces, he returned in the same stealthy manner through the enemy's lines.

But, if this too was impossible, then the Boer simply donned the English khaki, saddled a captured horse, and

Moreover, the equipment of the Boer was so light that it was no obstacle whatever to the swiftness of his horse. His load generally consisted of his rifle and ammunition, a little kettle for boiling his coffee, a mug and a flask.

Finally, his great advantage over his enemy lay in his ubiquitousness, which enabled him at any given moment suddenly to increase his forces. A commando which numbered a hundred men to-day would, if need be, consist of a thousand to-morrow. And, should the enemy approach with a larger force to destroy the little Boer commando,

GLIMPSES OF BOER CAMP LIFE: A FIELD CORNET'S TENT. A report has come in and is being read by the field cornet. Important orders appear to be expected, for the Boers are armed and ready to march.

he, who otherwise always gallops, trotted, according to all the rules of the English riding-school, to the town or camp, where his knowledge of the enemy's language and his own boldness enabled him to overcome all difficulties. In this way, the men of the Johannesburg Police paid repeated visits to several towns and camps.

Another advantage of the Boer is his dexterity in the harnessing and unharnessing of waggons, carts and guns, thanks to which he always gained on the enemy on the march: no small advantage in guerilla warfare.

then the latter dissolved as it were into the endlessness of the African veldt. Each man went his own way, to meet his comrades again at a place fixed beforehand.

Even in this guerilla warfare, with the numerous dispersed commandoes, the English never succeeded in completely interrupting the communications between the different officers in command. From the foremost post in Cape Colony to the most northerly point in the Transvaal, communications were regularly and uninterruptedly maintained by dispatch-riders, who

BOERS IN FIGHTING LINE.

easily passed through the British lines. Dr. Bierens de Haan, who worked for eighteen months as one of the surgeons of the Netherlands Red Cross Ambulance with the Boer commandoes, confirms this fact and declares that only once was General De la Rey cut off from communicating with his friends, for a space of three weeks. This was the only case of interruption of the communication between the Boer commandoes from the fall of Komati Poort, on the 24th of September 1900, to the middle of April 1901.

And in the guerilla warfare the Boers have shown that they too possess the particular quality which we Europeans call courage or contempt of death. The change in the manner of conducting the war necessitated continual attacks, where formerly they had been content to act on the defensive. And as assailants they have shown themselves as undaunted as formerly when defending their positions. Again their great power lay in their iron nerves, which formerly enabled them quietly to await attack and calmly to leave the enemy's fire unanswered, until the British soldiers had come within range of the Mauser.

The difference in the meaning of the word courage, as understood by the Europeans and the Boers, led to only too great a disillusionment on the part of the Europeans, especially at the commencement of the war. The Hollanders and Germans in the Boer ranks would often talk enthusiastically of a feat performed by some reckless individual or other:

"No," a Boer would drawl out in reply, "that's a bit too imprudent, you see."

This condemnation would act as a cold shower-bath upon the exulting European and often closed his eyes to other deeds showing a genuine contempt of death, but less striking, perhaps, than the storming of kopjes.

One did not hear him speak of the Boer who, amid the rain of bullets, carried his wounded comrade out of the fighting line to the ambulance and then calmly returned to his post, because it was the right thing to do. To leave a position had made so bad an impression on our European that he had no eyes for the many cases in which the Boer laid down his gun and went to the aid of the British wounded calling for water, even though he ran every risk of losing his life by it. Yet in this sort of contempt for death the Boer was in no way deficient.

He has, however, given even greater proofs of courage, which justly entitle the Free Staters and Transvaalers to call themselves *het volk vol heldenmold*, the nation of heroes. Lord Roberts issued his seductive proclamations (of 31 May 1900 *et seq.*) The Boer, who was greatly attached to his wife and child, who loved his land, which by his hand and care had grown to what it was, his farm-house, which he himself had built, the orchard himself had planted, his cattle that formed his wealth, would have been able to return to all these if he had laid down his arms. No more privations, no more danger of death, no more parting from wife and child. The temptation was strong. His general or commandant had no power to prevent him. He himself had been for months on the veldt, he scarcely knew how things were going at his homestead. The retreating movement of his commandoes took him past his place. If he went home, he retained all: at least, so he believed: if he went on, he lost all that for which his fathers and himself had laboured for years. Nothing but his sense of duty, his love of his country could make him decide in this difficult juncture.

Every Boer stood face to face with his choice, and half of them passed by wife and child and home, while it would have been so much easier, so much

more advantageous and less disquieting to fall out of the commando in order to protect and care for wife and child.

Courage such as this must inspire respect even in the bitterest foe, just as the tenacious perseverance with which the struggle for independence was maintained, compels admiration.

We have heard that the clothes of the Boers were ragged, that many of them only put on their shoes before fighting, to save their last pair, already almost worn out. We have heard that, during the last months of the struggle, from the lowest burgher to the Commandant General and the Acting President, all had nothing to eat but coarsely-roasted mutton and meal-pap, and often not even that. We have heard that, towards the end, they had, at most, one blanket apiece wherewith to cover themselves at night against the biting cold. He who has taken part in the veldt life in South Africa can imagine the misery and privations. And yet the struggle was long maintained. The Boers' sacred, fanatical love of their country kept them in the field.

Who shall deny the majesty of such a resistance?

THREE GENERATIONS AT THE WAR. The grandfather was 66, the father 43, the son 15 years of age. The grandfather was too old for compulsory enlistment: the son too young; but neither deemed himself too old or too young to carry and use a rifle for love of the mother-land. The father killed three English soldiers before six others succeeded in overpowering him.

PRESIDENT KRUGER AND MRS. KRUGER.

CHAPTER IV.

OOM PAUL AND TANTE SANNA.

AT the end of May 1899, I was instructed by my editor to accompany the President on his journey to Bloemfontein, where the conference with Sir Alfred Milner, the British High Commissioner, was to take place. As the representative of the *Volksstem*, I travelled in the President's train.

The day of our departure was a glorious winter's day, full of radiant sunshine that cheered the heart. The wide, pale veldt, the vast blue sky, the fresh breeze which wafted wholesome and invigorating perfumes to us from out of Nature's infinity, the gentle movement of the saloon-carriage: all tended to produce an exhilarating mood.

I knew that the coming conference with Sir Alfred Milner would be of the utmost moment for South Africa; a few days before our departure, State Secretary Reitz had said to me:

"This is perhaps the last chance; if this conference produces no result, I shall expect war as almost a certainty."

But I felt so full of sheer animal spirits that the first puff of wind carried all sombre humours away with it to dispel them in the vastness of the African landscape. Dr. Heymans, the oculist, Mr. W. J. Fockens, the President's secretary, and I sat cheerfully talking on the platform of the President's carriage, our eyes wandering over the veldt, majestic, all-subduing in its grandeur, in which trees, houses, kopjes even, are lost as specks, as nothings. Behind us, in the saloon, sat Oom Paul, State Attorney J. C. Smuts and the two members of the Executive Raad, A. D. W. Wolmarans and Schalk Willem Burger.

Our conversation grew livelier, intermingled with frequent laughter, when we found ourselves approaching a station. I stood up to see where we were, and, as it happened, my glance fell upon the old President. I started: never had I seen him so serious, so bent, so old. It was painfully silent inside the saloon: none of those present uttered a word.

President Kruger's eyes were more inflamed than they had been for a long time since Dr. Heymans had treated them; they stared out before them with an expression of utter sadness and profound grief. My cheerful humour fled, and I too was overcome with a sense of melancholy. I knew Oom Paul only as the pleasant talker, always full of jokes and anecdotes when travelling; as a man who shortened the longest journey with his tales of hunting adventures and personal recollections; as a man who could laugh so heartily and genuinely that he made others join in his laughter, even if a great part of the story was lost because the President speaks so indistinctly.

We steamed through the station. A number of people stood on the platform and respectfully bared their heads. His Honour acknowledged the greeting, but not with his usual friendly nod and merrily-twinkling eye. His bow was absent-minded and sad. Our talk outside dropped; the sublime landscape, the free air of heaven no longer held us; our mood was gone and did not return until much later when, at Kroonstad, where the train was stopped during the night so as not to disturb the President's sleep, we sat in the railway refreshment-room, listening to the gay conversation of Landdrost Papenfuss, of Bloemfontein, and Major Albrecht, the Commandant of the Free State Artillery, who had received President Kruger at Viljoensdrift, the frontier-station.

The next day, during the second half of the journey, I was struck by the same appearance of gloomy seriousness worn by the President. But, at Bloemfontein, when no longer in the midst of his own circle, he became the diplomatist once more. He strove to assume a lively air while he was being welcomed at the station, and, thanks to ihs iron will, succeeded; but the people who saw him thought he had grown old.

At the reception he even seemed jovial, and those who had gone to this function to read on his face how the political situation stood went home with easy minds. Oom Paul was cheerful. Oom Paul was confident. It was not the first time that President Kruger had shown the world that it must not hope to read on his face what was passing inside him. At the "rout" at President Steyn's, the same masterly acting, the same control of his emotions.

The two Presidents and their councillors worked daily until late at night. I did not again see President Kruger in his own circle until two days had passed. It was Sunday morning. Oom Paul was sitting outside on the verandah. The first thing that struck me was that he had laid aside his inseparable pipe. He sat quite alone, which was also not his custom. His eyes were very red and the lids greatly swollen. I could see that he had been crying.

Dr. Heymans told me later that, in the morning, he had said to him:

"President, you've been greeting, and that's very bad for your eyes."

"Yes," answered President Kruger, simply and very sadly, "I don't sleep now, doctor: I cry the whole night through."

I went and sat with the President, but the conversation flagged. There were long pauses of gloomy silence. At last he rose, on the pretext that the sun hurt his eyes, and went indoors.

I went in search of Danie Wolmarans, who was walking in the garden, also alone. He too had tears in his eyes and spoke with an ill-controlled tremor in his voice. Schalk Burger appeared from another part of the orchard, waxen pale against the black of his hair and beard.

Their sadness seized upon me. It was a torture to see those tall, strong men, with their past of sorrow and strife, so utterly downcast. I shall never forget that morning. As I went away, I heard Danie say to Fockens:

VIEWS OF HEIDELBERG. 1. Heidelberg a prosperous village lying in the midst of the Gold Fields, is the capital of the district of that name. 2. The building from which the Vierkleur waves is the Landdrost's Court. 3 & 5. The little water-falls here reproduced belong to the sights of the place. 4. The little sand-stone church gleams white in the middle of the great market-place. It was at Heidelberg that President Kruger in the commencement of 1898, unfolded the programme which granted a liberal franchise, law-reforms and other reforms of a far-reaching character.

"And if we had done as they asked, they would not have been contented. There were other things to be settled, the High Commissioner said."

At that moment I did not know what Danie meant; now I understand that he referred to the five years' franchise and Sir Alfred Milner's remark that, in addition to the franchise, there were other things to be discussed, even though that were the principal one.

We left Bloemfontein by special train at eight o'clock on the evening of the 5th of June. The President went straight to bed, and I did not see him again till the next morning. He was less sad: the fact that both President Steijn and the Free State Volksraad had approved of his line of conduct during the negociations fortified him. And had not Sir Alfred Milner allowed it to appear, when closing the Conference, that in any case a good foundation had been laid for further negociations? I knew this two days later, when the report of the Bloemfontein Conference was published. I then understood why Oom Paul had been in better spirits on his return from his journey to Canossa: all was not yet lost. He was firmly decided to strain every nerve to save South Africa from a terrible disaster. If only Mr. Chamberlain and Sir Alfred Milner had entertained the same noble resolve!

❊

It was the 10th of October, the President's birthday. Dr. Engelenburg, the Editor of the *Volksstem*, had already gone to the South-East of the Republic with the early commandoes. The duty of congratulating the Head of the State fell upon myself. Oom Paul had asked that all public celebrations might be abandoned. The times were too grave for merry-making. The ultimatum had been dispatched. The limit of time would be up at five o'clock the next day. The die was cast. There was no drawing back.

In August, after the offer of the five years' franchise had been made, when the *Times* had expressed its satisfaction and the compliance of the Transvaal seemed to have improved even Mr Chamberlain's mood, a moment of relief had been experienced at Pretoria: a very short moment, however, for the telegram of the Outlander Committee, with its impossible demands, combined with Sir Alfred Milner's irreconcilable attitude, had once more aroused the war spirit in England. More troops were dispatched to South Africa. Mr. Chamberlain delivered his violent speeches. The extended military posts in Natal were pushed still nearer the Transvaal frontier, and the demands of the British Government were constantly increasing. The Johannesburg millionaires, with Rhodes, their financial king, at their head, triumphed. The Transvaal must be destroyed.

On such a day as this I had to congratulate Oom Paul! I felt that I would almost rather die.

"If we have war now, England will not let go till she has strangled us," he had said a few weeks earlier, when matters were not yet hopeless; and he added, "God alone can save us."

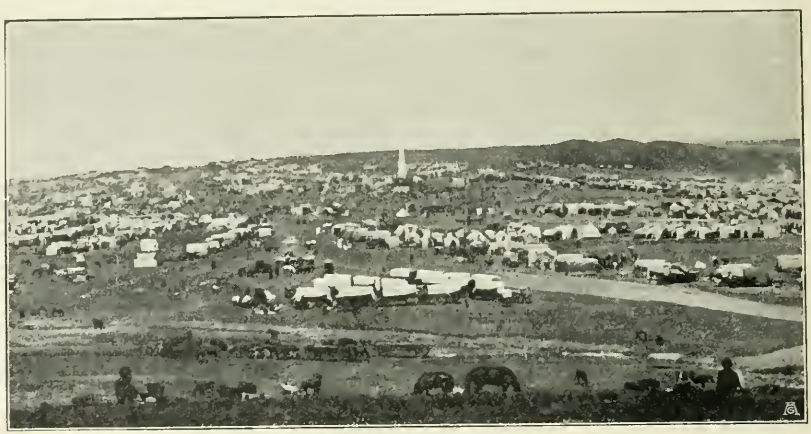
When I entered the great reception-room and saw President Kruger seated in his big arm-chair, I remembered those final words. There he sat, upright, burly as ever. True, the features were more wrinkled than before, the eyes seemed sadder, but the wide mouth stood more firmly marked than ever in that rugged face. I could see in this signal representative of his people how bitter the coming struggle was to be, the fight for independence which would "stagger humanity."

It was the day after the Battle of Elandslaagte (21 October 1899). Complete panic reigned at Pretoria. The most exaggerated rumours prevailed.

PRESIDENT KRUGER AND PRESIDENT STEIJN ADDRESSING THE BOERS IN THE MARKET HALL AT KROONSTAD, after the occupation of Bloemfontein. One must have been present to have any idea of the impression the speakers made upon their hearers. Inspired like Peter the Hermit, when exhorting his hearers to deliver the Holy Sepulchre from the hands of the Infidel, the two Presidents, the leaders of this band of heroes, exhorted their listeners to keep courage and place their trust in God.

The German Corps had been cut to pieces. Of the Hollander Corps, the few who where still alive had fallen into the enemy's hands. The news became more unfavourable as the day advanced. But, towards mid-day, the *Volksstem* received a very full telegram from its special correspondent, from which it appeared that the position was not so serious as those in the capital imagined. I at once took this telegram to the President's, where I found the Landdrost of Pretoria and a special edition which showed that the first tidings had been wantonly exaggerated and that, tragic though it were, the Battle of Elandslaagte was a glorious feat of arms for the Boers.

We of the staff of the *Volksstem* felt that day that it might be necessary to appear on Sunday in order to suppress any mischievous and intentional panic. The people of the Transvaal are a Christian people, and we were unwilling to offend the religious pre-



PAARDEKRAAL, NEAR KRUGERSDORP. In the middle of the plain stands the monument raised on the historic heap of stones. When England, in 1880, refused to restore the independence of the Transvaal, the burghers assembled here in large numbers, on the 13th of December, and swore that they would gain their liberty or die. Each took up a stone and threw it upon the others, as a token that he had registered his vow. Every five years, on the anniversary of Dingaan's Day (16 December 1838), the Transvaalers assemble here to render thanks to God for the victory gained in 1881. The photograph represents one of these gatherings.

one or two other important functionaries sitting silent, with downcast faces. It was the commencement of the war and the first defeat. Oom Paul was calm, and he, the eldest, the man who felt the loss most, was advising everyone to wait for more reliable news. The first accounts had come from fugitives, 'and the man who runs away", said the President, "looks upon a tree as the devil. I have never believed the stories of runaways," he added.

The facts brilliantly justified the President. At eleven o'clock the same evening, the *Volksstem* appeared with

judices of others. I therefore went to ask permission to appear on Sunday if necessary. State Secretary Reitz had no objection; he only wished me to consult President Kruger. The "fanatical Calvinist," as the late Mr. Rhodes's admirers love to call the President, could not understand why the State Secretary had sent me to him. The issue would be for the good of the country. He cordially approved of the suggestion.

In the Volksraad, the President's large arm-chair, to the right of the Speaker's chair, generally remained

empty. As a rule, the work of the legislature was as uninteresting as in most countries. Only when the President entered did the atmosphere become laden with an importance which formed a sharp contrast with the impression immediately preceding his arrival. The member who was speaking would at once cease; the secretary cast a glance behind him over his right shoulder, the Speaker gave a little tap with his hammer on the table, the President stepped towards his chair with a simple "Good day, gentlemen," which resounded weightily through the House. All the members rose from their seats, and the Head of the State sat down beside the Speaker and shook him by the hand. I know not whether it was this greeting or the fact that he usually brought important documents with him: I have always noticed this sharp contrast without being able to account for the reason.

THE PAARDEKRAAL MONUMENT.

It used also to strike me how greatly the forcible attitude of the President in the Raad differed from his attitude at home. He no longer sat huddled in his chair, with the troubled eye that gave evidence of his thought. He sat straight up, playing with some bit of paper which he found before him, apparently heedless, but really full of attention. He was ever ready to reply or at once to afford the desired information. Sometimes he was even too quick, so that the Speaker had to motion to him to keep his seat. I have never known him at a loss for an answer.

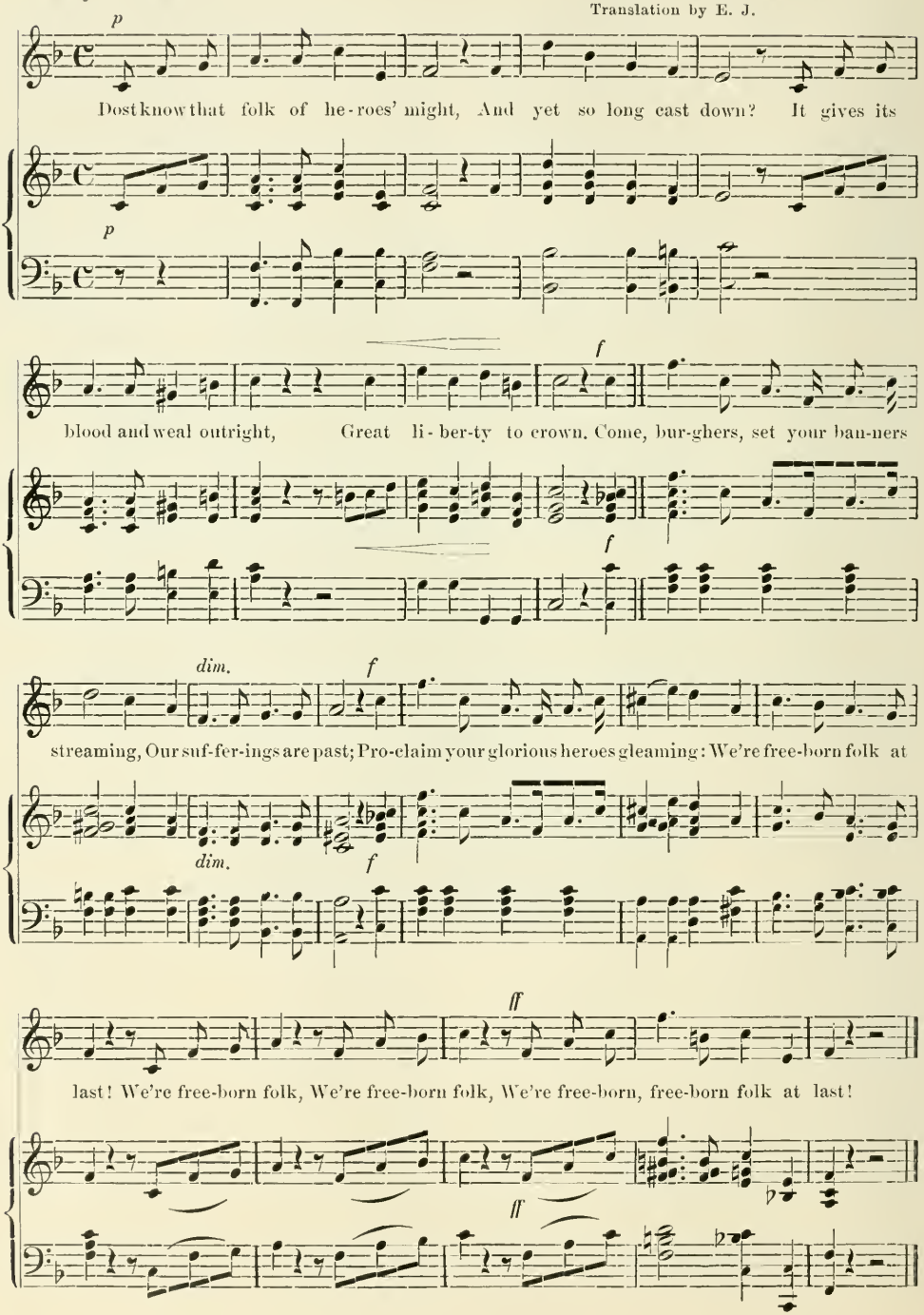
He seemed younger in the Raad than at home. Sometimes he was able cleverly to postpone his replies in order to gain time for thought. His deafness in such cases stood him in good stead. With a half-movement of his body, he would turn to the Chairman and ask what the last speaker had said. And, when once he had, after due reflection, given his answer, he never had occasion to go back upon it, however expert the Opposition might show themselves.

It would be difficult to find a tougher or more indefatigable defender of a motion than Oom Paul. The Orders of the Volksraad gave him the right to speak as often as he himself thought necessary. He was entitled to answer each member separately. And so it happened that, when the discussion was lively, His Honour probably established a record for parliamentary eloquence. Once, when the revision of the Standing Orders was in question, the Member for Barberton, Mr. R. K. Loveday, moved that the President's privilege of debate should be limited like that of the other members. He showed

THE TRANSVAAL NATIONAL ANTHEM.

Allegro moderato.

Words and Music by K. F. van REES.
Translation by E. J.



Dost know that land of dwellers rare
And yet so wondrous bright,
Where Nature's marvels past compare
Are lavishly in sight?
Transvaalers, loud your joy be singing,
There where our brave men stand,
Where festive volleys loud are ringing,
There is our Motherland!
That glorious land,
That glorious land,
There is, that is our Motherland!

Dost know that State still but a child
In the world's comity,
But yet by mighty Britain mild
Erstwhile declared free?
Transvaalers, noble was your fighting,
Though held in scorn so great;
But God, Who's given us our righting,
Be praised for our free State!
Praise be to God,
Praise be to God,
Praise be to God for land and State!

---

that His Honour had spoken no less than forty-eight times to a single motion.

Discussion would sometimes wax violent in the President's presence. Then he himself would give way to vehemence, speaking excitedly and, with brusque movements and angry words, displaying all his original impetuosity of character. But, when one of the members called his attention to his excited attitude, the President never failed at once to perceive and honestly to acknowledge his error.

At such moments, Danie Wolmarans' attitude, at the time when he was still a member of the Volksraad, was always very creditable:

"We are here to give our opinion, President, and we must do so calmly," he once said, after he had listened to Oom Paul's outburst, standing motionless in his place.

I at once looked towards His Honour, whom this quick observation had suddenly calmed. It was a grand moment: the President felt sorry for his loss of self-control, and Danie had succeeded in striking the exact note which gave evidence of his resolution and, at the same time, of his respect for the person of Oom Paul and of the venerable Head of the State.

It did not often happen that a Government motion defended by the President was rejected; but it happened often enough to give the lie to the contention that His Honour held the Volksraad in leading-strings. I remember once seeing the President very sore after a defeat, and hearing him speak with genuine regret of the refusal of the Raad to accept one of his proposals. It was when the Government, at the end of the Session of 1898, in the course of the revision of the Constitution, had proposed to repeal the restrictions touching the religious qualifications for members of the Volksraad, public officials, etc. The First Raad wished first to consult the constituencies in the matter of this concession, whereas the President wanted to see his bill passed forthwith.

His voice sounded more urgently that day than I had ever heard it: pleading and almost weak. But the Raad stood by its resolve. The President strove to justify his arguments, but his usually so loud and growling voice was so sad as to impress the members, who came up to him in the dinner-hour with a "we couldn't do other than we did, President".

What a mighty, wonderful influence was Oom Paul's in the Volksraad, and how well he knew how to exercise that influence for good in matters of importance, and, thanks to his superiority, to obtain that to which others could not so easily have brought the Volksraad to consent! Though the people now and then became stubborn through the shameless exploiting of "grievances," Oom Paul remained ever the same and strove to remove those grievances where he could. This would cost him trouble, exertion and care; but his iron will triumphed in the end.

One of the measures to which the

people were strongly opposed at the commencement was the bill which provided that, in the schools in the Gold Fields, the instruction in the four upper classes should be in English. The people did not understand this measure and regarded it as an insult to the national tongue. Besides, the shameless treachery of the Jameson Raid of December 1895 was too recent in their memories when the proposition was laid before the people for their approval. But President Kruger was able to combat and remove all prejudices. He defended Dr. Mansvelt's Gold Fields Education Bill with all his enthusiasm and persuasive power, and slowly, after many explosions, the people became reconciled to the idea. The bill was passed unanimously, without discussion.

President Kruger received no thanks from the English. On the contrary, shortly before the South African difficulties, Mr. Chamberlain declared that, in the South African Republic, instruction was given only in Dutch in the Government schools. The only thanks uttered were the straightforward words of Mr. Carl Jeppe, the Member for Johannesburg, who, after the bill had been passed, said:

"In the name of the inhabitants of the Gold Fields, I thank the Government and the Superintendent of Education (Dr. Mansvelt) for what they have done, through this bill, for the Outlanders of the Gold Fields."

The law regulating the establishment and maintenance of the Johannesburg Municipality also owes its existence mainly to the President's influence. The Second Volksraad and the people behind it saw in this plan a disguised carrying into effect of Chamberlain's Home Rule scheme for the Witwatersrand. Even near members of Oom Paul's family, persons who visited his house daily, were among the most violent agitators against this plan.

The President had foreseen this opposition and continued, both in public and in the home circle, so energetically and indefatigably to defend the idea that at last he won his cause after he had pleaded it in the Second Volksraad also.

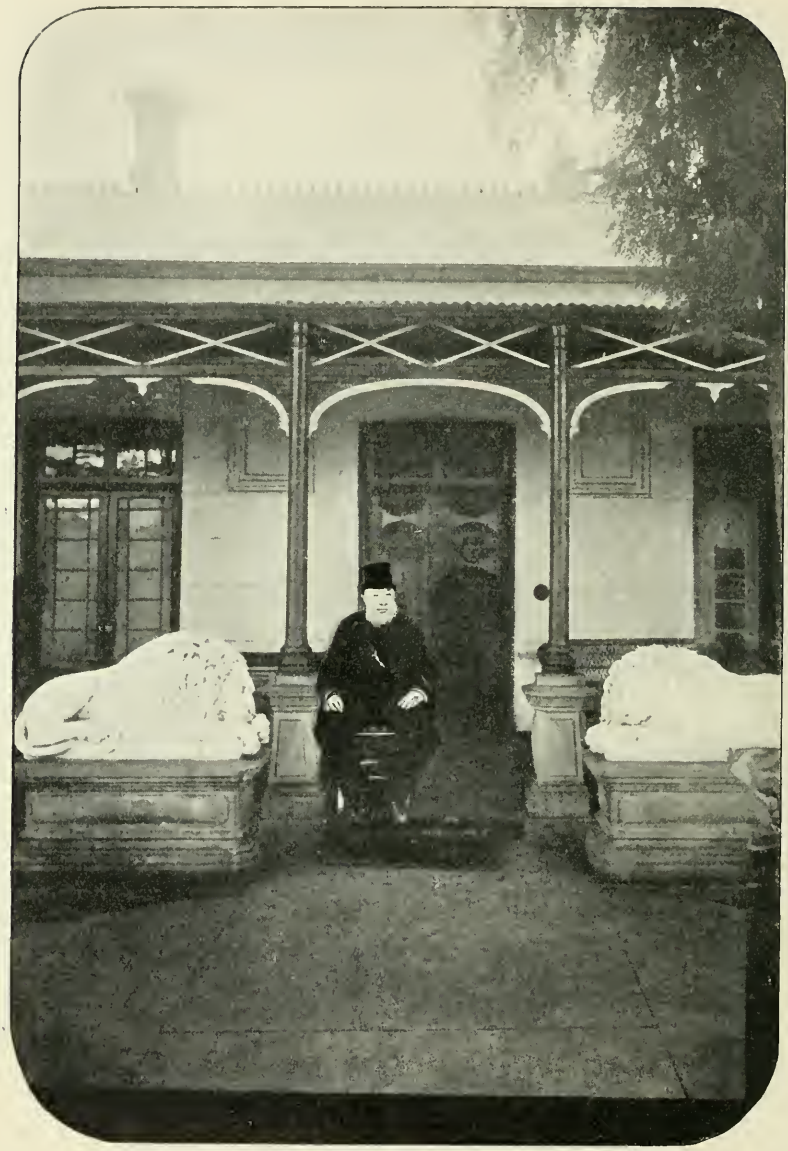
The instances here quoted are those in which the Head of the State had to battle most strenuously against various currents. I could add hundreds of cases of a less important character. But I think I have shown sufficiently that President Kruger always strove to meet the Outlanders, and that, even where the latter had spoiled the ground, he smoothed it again with all the might of his will, his character and his influence with his people.

After the raid at Derdepoort in the Rustenburg District, on the 25th of November 1899, at which eleven members of the President's family were murdered by the Linchwè Kaffirs, I again called upon His Honour. Mrs. Kruger was utterly crushed. The President himself suppressed both sorrow and indignation, in order to discuss plans with the Executive Raad to put a stop to these murders. He forced himself to preserve an outward calm and was the most composed of them all. Piet Grobler and Hans Malan, his grandsons, who were born in the Rustenburg District, were excited and thought only of reprisals. The President assured them that the Linchwè Kaffirs should be punished, but that the time was not yet come.

There you have the President: immovable, firm in council, calm and sensitive. A mighty influence proceeded from him and electrified all his surroundings, all his people. That influence showed itself notably in this long and anxious time of struggle. Full of confidence in God, Who alone could save His people, he continued to believe, resigned to defeat, thankful for victory.

He, the man who had shared all the weal and woe of his people from

COINS OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN REPUBLIC. 1 and 2 are bronze, 3 to 8 silver, 9 and 10 gold. During the war, unstamped gold coins were in circulation.



PRESIDENT KRUGER ON THE VERANDAH OF HIS HOUSE AT PRETORIA. Here, at six o'clock in the morning, every caller was welcome.

his early youth, was forced to leave his country. His age, his failing eyesight prevented him from fighting amid his Transvaalers as he did in 1880. He was obliged to live far from his wife, far from his house, in a strange, chilly country, not all whose sympathy could alleviate his pain. He could do no more for his country and his people but pray the live-long day. Those who have known Kruger, the indefatigable thinker and worker, at Pretoria, cannot now picture his sorrowful existence. His Bible is his only

consolation: in Holland, the Good Book never left his side. It is thence that he draws his strength.

And Mrs. Kruger shared her husband's conviction. When Mrs. A. D. W. Wolmarans arrived in Holland from Pretoria, she brought the grand old Kruger his wife's assurance that she continued to believe in the triumph of the republican arms

Oom Paul did not, however, like the late General Joubert, stand in need of the stimulation and encouragement of his wife, however dear she might be to him. He, with his giant nature, was in every respect the stronger. And yet he found it difficult to do without Tante Sanna, as Mrs. Kruger was called: her care, her devotion, her old and tried dependence were so dear to him. Nevertheless, he kept his wife and politics apart, and would never go to her for advice in affairs of State, as Oom Piet nearly always did to Mrs. Joubert.

Tante Sanna derived her strength and her confidence from her husband, and, next to her religion, it was his resignation that gave her the courage to bear the heavy losses which the war had brought her. She was admirable in the way in which she looked up to her husband and leant upon his strength.

She was dejected when the news came that, in one of the early engagements, ten of our burghers had been killed. She still regarded the war in the light of our old Kaffir fights, where the Boers suffered hardly any loss, and, when Oom Paul observed that she could think herself lucky if the struggle did not cost 10,000 men, she was silent and something seemed to break within her. Not till that moment had she realized what this war was to mean.

She bore the death and maiming of her children and grand-children with resignation, for the sake of her country; but the capture of two of her grandsons was long kept secret from her by the President, because she, like most Boers and Boer women, had more dread of the fate of a prisoner of war than of death on the battle-field.

In former years, Tante Sanna had shared all dangers with her husband. She bore all his sorrows with him, even though she often did not know their nature and only read them in his face. She loved her country as well as he, she knew her people as well as he does.

I have been unable to picture President Kruger without Tante Sanna. Each was the other's complement: he iron in body and mind, she weak, with her belief, firm as a rock, in him, with her cares, which she is no longer able to give him. She died at Pretoria on the 19th of July 1901.

THE DOPPER CHURCH AT PRETORIA, immediately opposite the President's house, in Church Street West, stands this church, built of cheerful red brick adorned with sandstone. Here President Kruger himself has often mounted the pulpit to speak of God's Word to the congregation. The edifice was known in every-day conversation as the "President's Church." It was built in 1897, President Kruger contributing £10,000 to the cost.

M. T. STEIJN,
PRESIDENT OF THE ORANGE FREE STATE.

CHAPTER V.

PRESIDENT M. T. STEIJN.

LIKE the late President Brand, President Steijn felt as much at home in the dwelling of the poorest Boer as in his own circle. When Steijn was still a judge and went on circuit, he loved to go and rest in the simple dwellings where the Boer complained to him of the drought and the locusts and the wife talked to him of the neighbours and the "folk."[1] To hold simple converse with these people was to him a relief from his official duties. He talked politics with them, learnt their ideas, their needs, and always showed himself the born Africander, free of all pride in his superior knowledge.

To this intercourse the President owed the fact that he was well-known throughout his country and that he remained simply "Teunis" even after he had been elected Head of the Orange Free State. Almost every Boer knew Steijn personally, and found it difficult to talk of the "President," as is customary.

This wide-spread acquaintance, however, had its disadvantages. The burgher who had a complaint to make against the commissariat which refused him a new suit of clothes, or the commandant who refused to give him leave, made his way to Bloemfontein and laid his grievance before "Teunis," as he used to do in his own house. The complainant was not justified as against his superior: that would have undermined prestige; but he never went away uncomforted. If the Head of the State only knew of it, changes would be made. And then the President had such a fatherly way of soothing and consoling that most of the malcontents derived a sense of resignation from it and left the house with the conviction that things were not so bad after all and that, as a matter of fact, the commissariat or the commandant was

[1] The Kaffirs.

in the right. But the hearing of all these tales cost the President a great deal of time, so that he generally had to work till late at night.

The advantage of this personal acquaintanceship was that Steijn, who was a quick and excellent judge of character, knew the good and bad qualities of all his officers. This was the reason why his choice of commanders was usually so excellent. This was the reason why he was able to state with decision that such and such a commandant was not fit for his post. This was the reason why he could deprive an officer of his rank in the full conviction that he was doing right, as he did on several occasions, by virtue of the powers given him by the Constitution.

The President was very rarely mistaken. He discovered new talents, and predicted the incapacity of commanders in whom the burghers had the firmest confidence. De Wet and Hertzog are instances of men upon whom he depended when no one else as yet saw anything in them. His knowledge of character, of course, became more extensive since, and we may taken it for granted that he gathered the best councillors around him, just as De Wet placed the strongest personalities at the head of the several commandoes from the moment when the appointment of all officers was placed in the hands of the chief commandant and no longer left to the choice of the burghers.

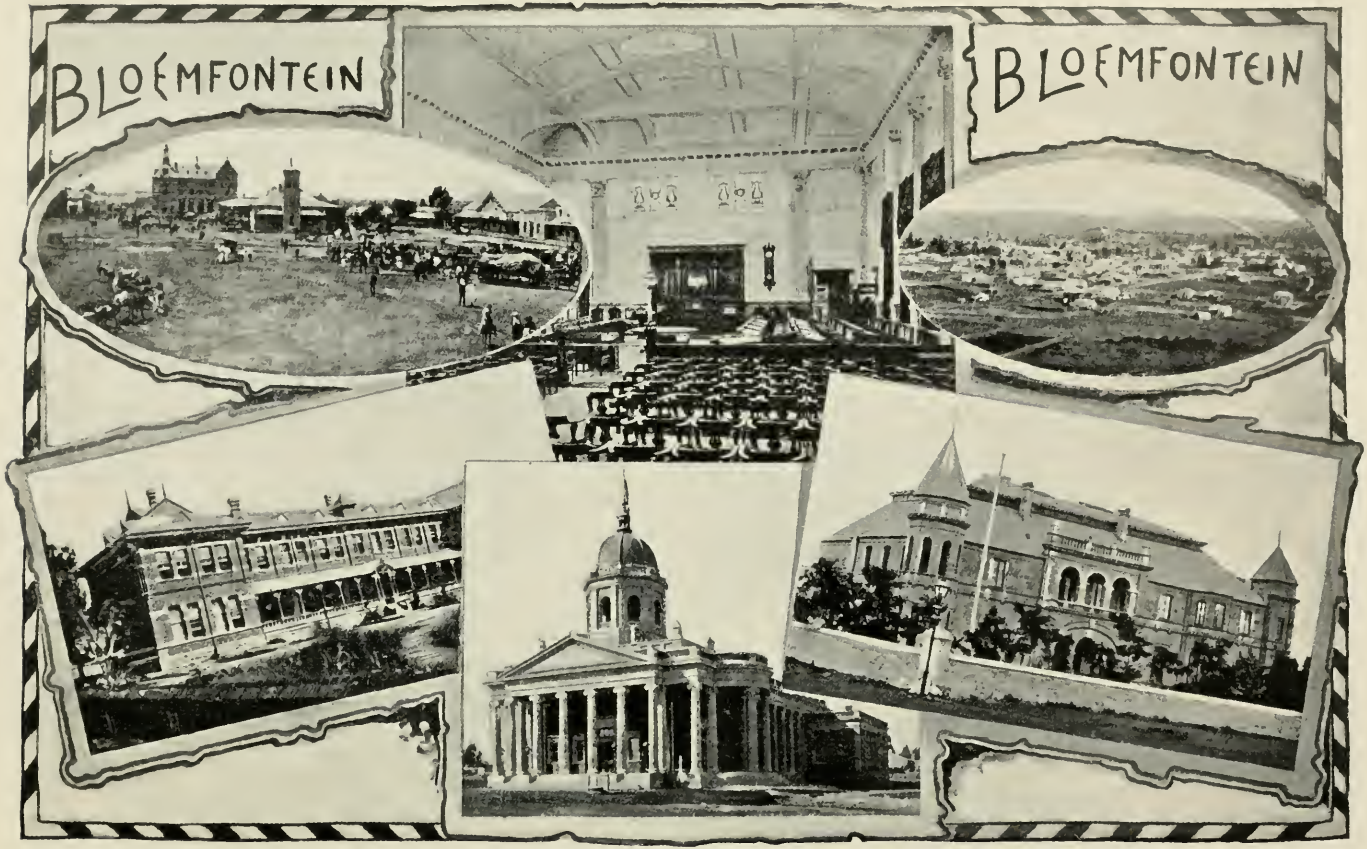
Steijn himself is the personification of loyalty and honour. He is a loyal burgher of his country, a loyal patriot, a loyal friend. No matter how high he might rise, his old friends, who had been unable to follow him in his ascent of the social ladder, could always reckon on his affection. Loyalty and honour have marked all his actions: his sacred will to carry out his political programme; his determination to take up the rifle when the need was so urgent that the country required the help of all, from the highest to the lowest burgher; his noble last attempt to ensure peace, when war seemed no longer to be averted and when he conducted his masterly correspondence with the High Commissioner at Cape Town.

He never allowed himself to be led away by exasperation. He kept his head cool during all the difficult days from May 1899 to the outbreak of the war. Had there been but one chance of arriving at an honourable solution of the difficulties, he would have seized upon it and employed his powerful influence in that direction.

He never showed himself hostile to the English race; on the contrary, he entertained friendly feelings for it, however true and genuine an Africander he may be. He was the man who, with his European education, his knowledge of the character of Boer and Briton, could have brought about the amalgamation of the two races in South Africa. There was nothing he would have rather seen. His loyalty and honour, his lofty character pointed to him as the right intermediary between Africander and Englishman. The truth and honesty of his convictions never gave cause for suspicion. And now this man has been the soul of the Africander resistance to the British rule. His respect for Great Britain, his belief in England's generosity: these he has lost for ever.

He was never a daring optimist, like his predecessor, Reitz. He foresaw that there would be reverses. They did not come upon him unexpectedly; and his calm, firm belief in the greatness of Africanderdom remained unshaken, even in the face of uncontemplated disaster.

During his short political career, President Steijn showed himself to be a statesman who desired the progress of his country and who was able to further that progress. Under his government, bills were passed for the institution



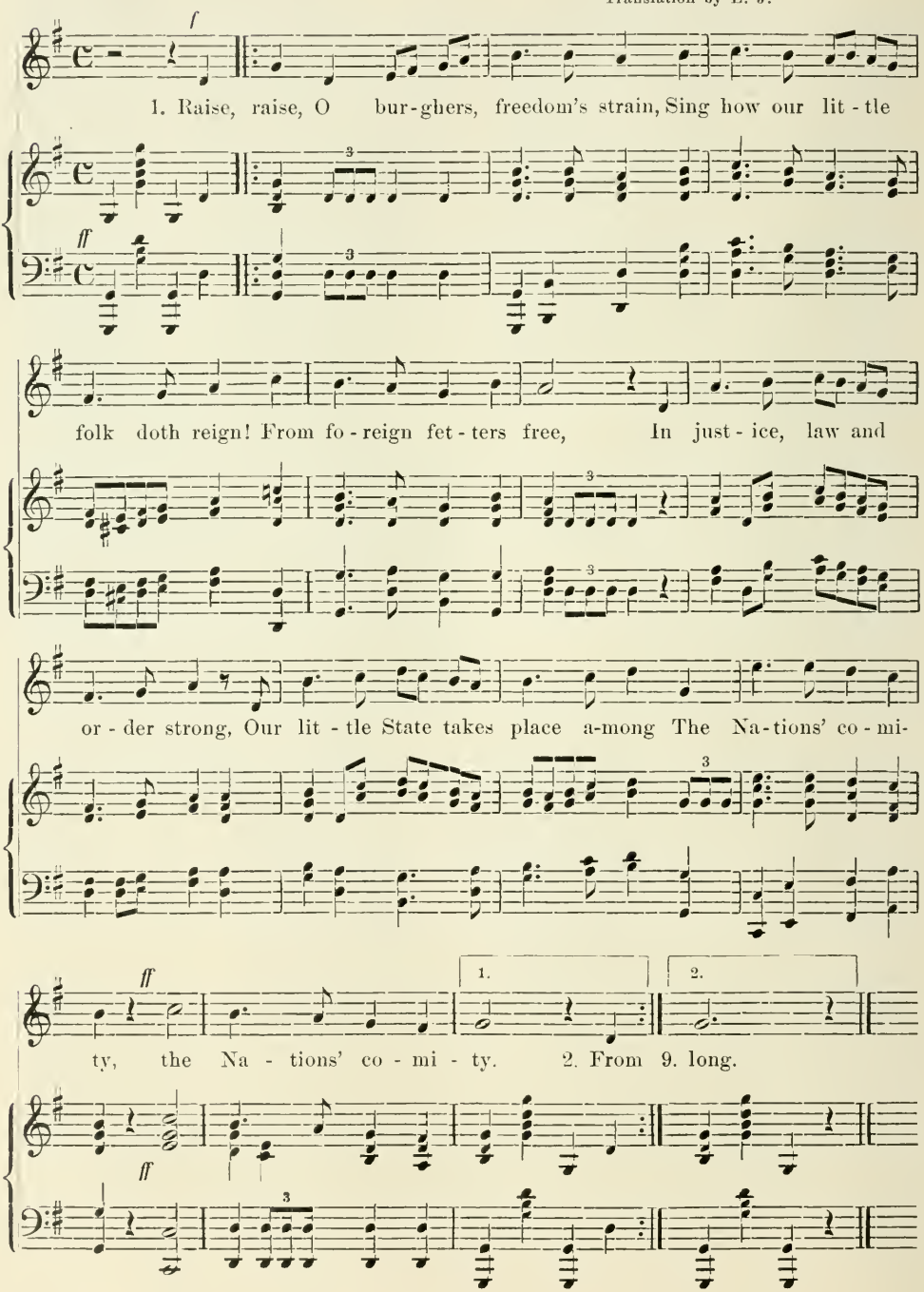
THE MARKET-PLACE.
INDUSTRIAL SCHOOLS FOR POOR CHILDREN.

THE VOLKSRAAD.
GOVERNMENT BUILDINGS.

GENERAL VIEW.
THE PRESIDENCY.

THE ORANGE FREE STATE NATIONAL ANTHEM.

Words by H. A. L. HAMELBERG.
Music by W. F. G. NICOLAÏ.
Translation by E. J.



2.
From small things though our Land arose,
We boldly face the Future's throes:
To God our eyes we raise,
Who trust Him as a strong fortress,
Who build on Him, fear no distress,
Whom never storm dismays.

3.
Afire with love for our dear land,
We march as brothers hand in hand
Through Fortune's smiles or stress.
In trust and honour firmly bound,
As brothers we most surely found
The nation's happiness.

4.
Protect, O God, our country's Raad;
Wisdom divine to it impart,
Led by Thy father-hand,
So that its works may hallowed be
And blessèd to the commonalty
And our dear mother-land.

5.
Thy mercy and Thy love accord
To our dear President, O Lord;
Let him through Thee be great.
The duties which shall on him rest
May he discharge with trust and zest
For weal of folk and State.

6.
Into our hearts do Thou inspire
A warm and pure religious fire;
And make us, here on earth,
The battle-field for life above,
Grow to deserve that life of love,
Of happiness and worth.

7.
Should insolence our honour slight,
Or violence drive us to the fight,
Our tempered steel to prove,
Then go we forth as lions bold:
Our blood and goods as nought we hold
Beside the Land we love.

8.
With God for folk and fatherland!
This war-cry strengthens aye our hand
Even in the hottest fray.
The man who thus to arms doth fly
Has God, his buckler, him anigh,
Is sure to gain the day.

9.
Then hail, thrice hail to our country,
Folk, President, Raad in unity!
Even as in our song,
May the Free State and all its folk,
Free from corroding vice's yoke,
Flourish for ages long.

---

and maintenance of technical schools, a model farm and an agricultural experimental station.

After deliberation with the German Government, he secured the services of an excellent economist, a German civil servant, for the establishment of the model farm. And, whenever this official had to combat the antipathy of some of the Boers for such novelties and for all that smacked of theory, it was President Steijn who supported the economist, arranged everything according to his wishes, and made him forget any unpleasantness by his personal kindness.

It was the same with the government veterinary surgeon, also a German; the same with the rest of the European officials. The President was their refuge and their consolation. If this unhappy war had never broken out, through Steijn's influence a net-work of railways would have been built, which would have made the eastern districts the granary of all South Africa.

In peace and in war, Steijn has shown himself a great man, a noble man.

In spite of his European education, his easy ways, his pleasant manners, which made him a welcome guest and a popular host, he remained faithful to the simple manners and customs of his people. The mode of life was as plain in Steijn's presidential residence at Bloemfontein as in Kruger's house at Pretoria. Steijn's house too was open to every burgher. It was also the meeting-place of the *patres conscripti*, who came there to read and chat and smoke when the business of the State was done. His doors were always wide open for foreign visitors, even as his glance is open for all, as his honest eyes reflect his loyal soul.

But, with all his simplicity, he showed an innate distinction. His tall, broad

figure, his bearing, his movements mark him out at once as an uncommon man. He is never lost in a crowd; on the contrary, the crowd as it were groups itself around him.

The mutual relations between the two Presidents were curious and interesting. Kruger was the simple Boer, grown grey in politics, hardened by a life full of cares, privation and suffering. Steijn was the educated, cultured man of Europe. One had studied in the school of theory, the other in that of harsh practice. Steijn was the typical representative of the younger Africander generation which was one day to hold sway; Kruger the venerable type of the sturdy founders of two free nations.

Steijn showed his respect and esteem for his grey-haired colleague. Whenever he and the aged Kruger met, Steijn would surround the latter with all the care of a son for his old father. When Kruger groped about painfully with his hands and peered with difficulty from between his swollen eye-lids, it was President Steijn who would be the first to spring from his chair and ask:

"What's President looking for?"

With touching care and gentleness, he would give Oom Paul his arm to help him in or out of his carriage, and, when the old President spoke, the younger listened with genuine respect and unfeigned attention.

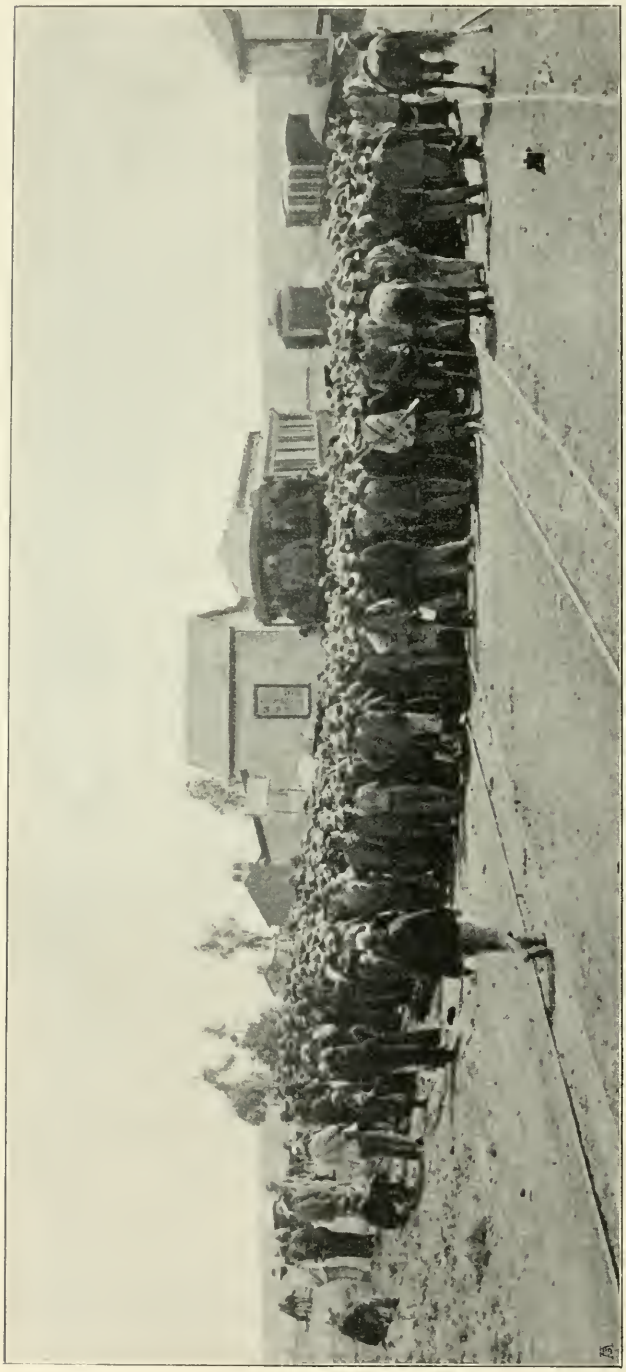
The great love of both for their country and people had brought them so close together, those two men so different in character and training. In the sorrowful days of the Bloemfontein Conference, the young President was the elder's consolation. In those days, their friendship grew into a life-long sympathy.

There are some who call it folly for the Orange Free State to have thrown in her lot in the war with the South African Republic. Even some Free Staters were of this opinion, especially when the fortunes of war began to turn against the Boer. With the "hands-uppers," President Steijn was always to blame, if the word blame may be spoken in this connection. Those Free Staters forgot that the offensive and defensive alliance concluded with the South African Republic after the Jameson Raid bound both republics mutually to stand by one another in case of war. They forgot that the great majority of the people of the Orange Free State and the South African Republic had charged the executives of both States to contract this bond. They forgot that, before the outbreak of hostilities, the legislators of the Free State had gone twice to ask the opinion of their constituents, and that these, with the exception of a very small minority, had unanimously declared in favour of aiding the South African Republic by force of arms, if war should become inevitable.

One can understand that sheer egoists condemn the action of the Free State. But, wherever lofty and unselfish feelings are valued, the attitude of the Free State will be understood and Steijn regarded not as a fool, but as the true patriot, who furiously grasps the sword when a people of his own blood is attacked by a superior enemy, when the existence of the Africanders is in danger. For none will dare to assert that the independence of the Free State would not have been doomed so soon as the South African Republic had become British territory and the land between the Vaal and Orange Rivers bordered on every side by British possessions. Apart, therefore, from all questions of sentiment, the resolve of the Free State to remain free or to perish with the Transvaal is to be defended from a purely political point of view.

Steijn's noble figure stands out prominently in the late contest. Even Europe intuitively felt that he was the soul of this heroic struggle of a small

PRESIDENT M. T. STEIJN
MR. A. FISCHER
PRESIDENT STEIJN IN THE LAAGER BEFORE LADYSMITH.



PRESIDENT STEIJN EXHORTING HIS BURGHERS at Smaldeel (Orange Free State) not to despair, but fight. And no one had a better right to demand this. As the leader of one of the finest of the Free State commandoes, President Steijn set an example of heroism to his followers.

people for its independence, and the opponents of his federal policy wholeheartedly acknowledged his notable adhesion to principles for which he might any day have been called upon to sacrifice his life.

And yet his training was not such as to inure him to all the hardships which he suffered and is now suffering. At an early age, he left his country to qualify as a lawyer in Holland, but was called to the bar in London. On his return to the Free State, he set up as a barrister, was appointed a judge and, in 1896, elected State President. The greater part of his life, therefore, has been spent not on the veldt and in the open air, but in offices and lawcourts.

It is a regrettable but, alas, an undeniable symptom that many Republicans who enjoyed a certain measure of prosperity abandoned the contest so soon as their own property was in danger. Many of these well-to-do burghers had all the self-sufficiency of the moneyed class and lacked the

spirit and power of endurance of the ordinary Boers. Not so with President Steijn. Cheerfully, on his departure from Bloemfontein, on the evening of the 12th of March 1900, he left all his comforts, all his possessions behind him. This was the first material sacrifice which his country, his people, his liberty demanded of him, and he joyfully accepted his fate. After the occupation of Kroonstad (12 May 1900), a life of privation and wretchedness commenced for him. But he retained his spirits and, in adversity, set an example to his burghers by the majesty with which he bore all blows. He compelled respect and admiration, and in the Transvaal and Orange Free State they believed in him as the man of the future.

All who have lately returned from the Free State bear enthusiastic witness to the nobility of Steijn's figure in the midst of all these hardships. Calm, full of confidence in the future, he continued with unshakable courage to fight the good fight. He accepted disaster and reverses with resignation and good humour. Victories and successes filled him with calm gratitude. And ever he showed himself the first burgher in the land. He maintained his authority with natural dignity. The civil government was in his hands, and he endeavoured, in spite of the difficult circumstances, to keep up the model government which the Free State has always enjoyed. He remained the refuge of those who sought for justice, the umpire of his subordinates, the father of his burghers, the father of his country.

And an unhappy accident suddenly broke the strength of this South African Washington. A sunstroke brought on an attack of paralysis, and, on arriving, on the 9th of April 1902, at Klerksdorp, where the conference with the Transvaal Government was to take place, he received news that his wife was lying seriously ill with typhoid at Bloemfontein. Truly, President Steijn has been sorely tried: he has been compelled to abandon the ideal of freedom for which he fought for nearly three years; he is perhaps broken in health for life.

May a consoling ray of light still break in upon the gloomy darkness which surrounds this great and noble figure! Such an end as that which now threatens a grand career surpasses tragedy.

COMMANDANT P. FOURIE of the Freestate

Dr. W. J. LEIJDS,

ENVOY EXTRAORDINARY AND MINISTER PLENIPOTENTIARY OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN REPUBLIC IN EUROPE.

CHAPTER VI.

DR. W. J. LEIJDS.

"WE rush into friendships on wings when we are young, we go towards them on crutches as we grow old."

So spoke Dr. Leijds during the dinner which some intimate friends gave in his honour at the Grand Hotel at Pretoria, just before his departure for Europe as Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of the South African Republic.

It was not a very large assembly that sat down to dinner. Among those present were high-placed officials and simple burghers, faithful friends all, who did not flatter Dr. Leijds from self-seeking motives, nor seek his society merely to be able to boast of his acquaintance.

Before he filled the high and responsible position of State Secretary, all could approach Dr. Leijds who desired to know him. Those who sought him then did so for his own sake alone; there was no need to question their motives or distrust their sympathy. But, when he rose in importance and influence, he began to lose his blind faith in humanity, to enquire into motives and to probe protestations. Unfortunately for him, a trusted friend had, at the very outset of his political career, abused his confidence and shaken his belief in the honesty of human nature.

In later years, he lost another friend through the firmness with which he adhered to the cause he had sworn to defend. He was taught by sad experiences the value of unselfish, sincere and honest friendship. Although his experiences did not make him a misanthrope, they saddened his whole life, changed the young, high-spirited man, whose heart beat in quick response to every noble thought and ideal image, into the serious man with the melancholy eyes; the deep sadness in their expression would strike you the instant you encountered them, and haunt you for long after. His flatterers increased in numbers: so

did his enemies; and his heart grew cold, but never to those whom he had proved his trusted friends. He repaid their devotion by an equally strong attachment, for he looked upon true friendship as the greatest gift this world could give.

His wife and children followed him abroad: they were all that remained of home; but it was an open question if his difficult task in Europe would allow him leisure to devote himself to his family. Time showed that it did not.

GOVERNMENT BUILDINGS AT PRETORIA. These buildings contained the offices of the State officials, as well as the Chambers in which the representatives of the nation used to hold their sessions. The raised flag shows that the Chambers were sitting when the photograph was taken. At that moment, 10.45 a.m., several members were on the balcony, engaged in earnest conversation during the quarter of an hour's respite allowed them from their labours.

During Dr. Leijds's residence in Brussels, his duties kept him in close attendance at the office, and, in his capacity of ambassador, his absences were long and frequent. And I can easily understand that he, the man who, by the aid of his own talents, mounted to the position of eminence which he filled, must often have longed to flee the world of flatterers, to find, in the intimacy of the home circle, a peaceful, genuine affection, to breathe once more in a fresh atmosphere of sincerity. Those were literally "stolen moments" which he was able now and then to devote to his wife, his son and his little daughter. He felt this keenly, more than he allowed himself to show; for Dr. Leijds is a most devoted husband and an affectionate father. When at Pretoria, he spent every minute he could spare with his family.

He showed to the greatest advantage in his domestic relations, when he could throw aside the trammels of his official life and be a child among his children. Dr. Leijds and his wife have succeeded in suppressing in their children any sign of arrogance or self-conceit which might so easily have shown itself in them. He brings them up strictly. They worship him; to them the father is hero, teacher, friend. He watches over the progress of their education, takes the greatest pleasure in talking to them on subjects likely to interest and instruct them, and the

hours are always only too short which they are able to spend in one another's society. How they must have missed those delightful times during the period when he could only spare them a poor little quarter of an hour now and again!

And all he will be able to leave them is an unstained and honest name. He is as scrupulous as Mr. A. D. W. Wolmarans in guarding the unsullied integrity of his reputation. Every speculator in the Transvaal who was is generally understood. His only aim was to fulfil his arduous duties to the best of his ability.

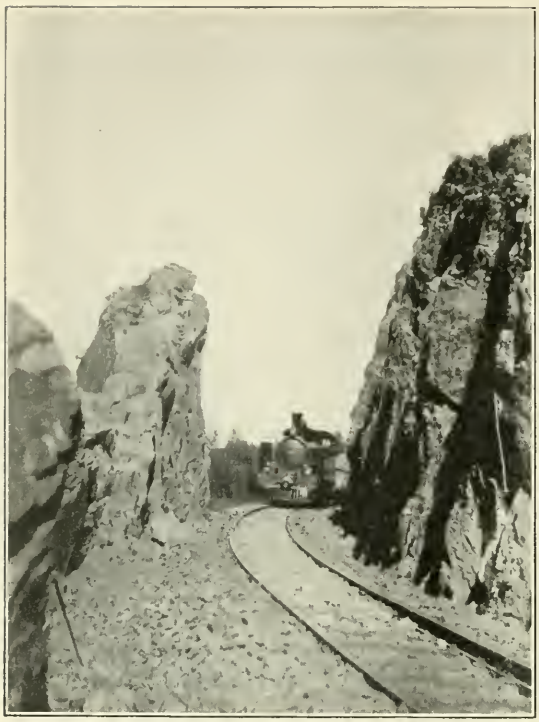
He is untiring in his capacity for work. When other members of the Government had retired for a well-earned rest, he would still be found at work with his confidential secretary or some other official; and anyone who saw the quickness with which he dispatched business would realize the enormous amount of the work he got through.

THE LAW COURTS AT PRETORIA. This building was finished just before the English occupied Pretoria (5 June 1900), but had never been used. The British turned it into a hospital. In a short time, this large building was full of sick and wounded.

desirous of enriching himself at his country's expense will bear witness to this. Over and over again, his answer to their solicitations has been:

"Do not reckon on my support; on the contrary, be prepared for a determined resistance, for I do not consider that your proposals are to the advantage of the country."

Such fearless independence made him many enemies among those who were always ready to abuse the Transvaal Government; and he never took the slightest pains to render himself popular, in the sense in which the word Verbosity of speech he held in special abhorrence. He understood to perfection the art of assuming an air of preoccupation when people attempted unwarrantably to trespass on his time, and he would adopt an ultra-formal manner which discouraged the most persistent talker. His eye seemed to penetrate to the very soul of the person with whom he was conversing, stripping speech of its superficialities and often getting nearer the core than the speaker intended. Pretence and insincerity shrank away abashed, when brought face to face with this silent man, whose virile face showed



DASPOORT, near Pretoria, on the Pietersburg line. "Poort" is the name given by the Africanders to any natural passage between two mountains. The railway, which is hewn out of the rock, offers a number of picturesque views. Pretoria lies in a basin surrounded by mountains, which only afford narrow entrances to the town. One of the five forts for the defence of Pretoria stands at Daspoort.

no trace of the thoughts which moved his mind. His answers to all business questions were always so much to the point that they needed no further explanation; if there were no answer, a polite word or two cut the matter short.

A Transvaal secretary of State needed more time to accomplish thirty or forty steps than the rest of mankind require for a walk of many miles. State Secretary Reitz once gave me a most amusing description of incidents that happened to him during a walk from his office to the stairs (about fifty paces): it took an hour. He was besieged at every step by people desirous of speaking with him and detaining him.

Dr. Leijds always showed great tact in suppressing importunate persons. He walked past with an appearance of such unapproachableness that the most undaunted became abashed and, in many cases, went away without having found courage to proffer their requests. Once outside, he was assailed by others who fancied they would have a better opportunity for their proposals and their gossip by waiting and waylaying him outside than if they went to the office. If many of these gentry were loitering about, Dr. Leijds left the office by a private door. At the Grand Hotel at Pretoria, where he stayed for a time during his wife's absence in Europe, he used a special door by which to escape the importunate.

Outside business-hours, Dr. Leijds was a most charming companion and an interesting conversationalist, who laid aside all bureaucratic formality with his frock-coat.

Next to President Kruger, it was Dr. Leijds who cried an emphatic "Halt" to Mr. Chamberlain's political presumption: and what Oom Paul felt his State Secretary put into very convincing shape. His clever lead showed the Executive Raad where they might follow and skate lightly over the thin ice of existing difficulties.

The grey-haired President felt for Dr. Leijds an admiring respect, which he never lost an opportunity of acknowledging by word and deed. When the latter, in 1897, returned from Europe, where he had gone for reasons of health, Oom Paul drove down to the station in person to receive his first and most valued official.

It is easily understood that the activities of a diplomatist are no subject for the town-crier. The extent and exigencies of his very arduous task can

never be appreciated to their full extent by the outside world. However, as the President, in his speech at the opening of the Volksraad in 1899, expressed his full approval of the exertions of the embassy of the South African Republic, we may rest assured that Dr. Leijds's efforts, in spite of all difficulties, were often crowned with success.

Another proof was the unanimous "reinstallation" of the Embassy, the first institution of which, in 1898, was carried by only a small majority after a heated debate.

The sole recreation which Dr. Leijds permitted himself in his difficult vocation was music. He plays the 'cello exceedingly well, and is a passionate lover of the musical art. He delights in taking part in string quartettes at home. When I last met him, he mentioned with regret that, during the whole time of his embassy, he had not once been able to take up the bow. Ardent lovers of music will understand what such a privation must have meant to an enthusiast.

His life was one continual course of uninterrupted work, care and endeavour; but his will-power and virility carried him through triumphantly. He sacrificed everything to his sense of duty, although he gained in return nothing but the thanks and appreciation of the Government; for the others did not see the fruits of his activity. Disillusionment, opposition and calumny were his portion. But, even as his brother Boers were determined fight to the last, so was he, as their Ambassador in Europe, upheld by the integrity of his motives and his love for his country, resolved to strive against the intrigues and treacheries of his adversaries until all was either won or lost.

THE NEW ARCADIA BRIDGE AT PRETORIA. This bridge, always called the Lion Bridge for convenience' sake, connects the old town with Arcadia, one of its suburbs. Arcadia and Sunnyside are the two quarters which spread most quickly, one pretty villa rising after the other. Here the wealthier inhabitants of the capital resided. The Arcadia Bridge forms the end of Church Street East, which begins at the Church Square.

A. D. W. WOLMARANS,

FORMERLY A MEMBER OF THE EXECUTIVE RAAD OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN REPUBLIC AND ALSO OF THE SPECIAL EMBASSY OF THE TWO REPUBLICS.

CHAPTER VII.

A. D. W. WOLMARANS

NEXT to President Kruger, A. D. W. Wolmarans was the most important figure in the Transvaal political world: a man of determined will, of extraordinarily clear insight into difficult questions, coupled with an amount of common-sense that compelled respect, with an innate oratorical talent, a general ascendancy over his fellows and great diplomatic gifts. He was Oom Paul's right hand, and the only man who could beat "Slim Piet" Joubert in debate.

A. D. W. Wolmarans is known in every-day life as "A. D. W." or "Danie." There is but one "Danie," and that is Danie Wolmarans. If you mentioned that name in the South African Republic, everyone would know that you meant no other than the Member of the Executive Raad, although he owns his Christian name in common with thousands in South Africa and with numbers of political people.

He was one of the first persons with whom I became acquainted in the Transvaal, and, during all the years of my stay in the country, I do not remember to have seen him laugh three times. Political troubles and difficulties have made him so serious as to deprive him of all cheerfulness. Danie is a pessimist. Yet this is the reason why he does everything with all the application which he can devote to it. His pessimism comes from his long political career as a member of the Legislative Body, where more was demanded of him than of all the rest of the Volksraad together. It is also a result of indifferent health.

As a member of our legislature, Danie's influence was so great that it was exceptional for his proposals not to be accepted. No committee was chosen but Danie sat on it and became its chairman and its very soul. His speeches were followed attentively by all the members, and never failed to influence the further course of debate. His voice

is not fine, but it is powerful; and, although the turn of his phrases is not above reproach, his language is pithy and forcible, and his expression persuasive, full of fire and conviction. He could often be very sharp. He always had a retort ready, and he knew how to place his proposals in so attractive a light that, though his adversary felt certain of the victory, Danie invariably succeeded in diverting at least some of his adherents.

I have heard him press the late Dr. H. J. Coster, at that time State Attorney, so hard that the latter had to confess that his advice had been unsound. As a result of all this, there was none but entertained a profound respect for A. D. W.'s powerful and lucid common-sense.

Danie is a fanatic. R. K. Loveday, Member of the First Raad for the Barberton District, always found in him an enemy who was too strong for him. Loveday remained an Englishman at heart and cared nothing for the independence of which A. D. W. was the vigorous defender. Wolmarans felt instinctively that, in the erstwhile Briton, the country possessed an uncommonly crafty and cautious enemy, who, under the pretence of promoting progress, worked into the hands of the capitalists and constantly sided with the sowers of discord. Hence Danie's often too violent hatred for his colleague, a hatred to which many a page in the minutes of the First Volksraad bears witness.

Still, Danie was no persecutor of the British, as the words show which he addressed to me when I met him lately at the Hague and he told me how the English had treated the women and children:

"You would *almost* hate all the English after that."

So that he still draws a distinction between the honest and the perfidious English.

In all questions of importance, President Kruger found a powerful assistance in Danie Wolmarans. While he remained a member of the First Volksraad, all, even the most desperate, attempts to take over the Netherlands

LOADING UP AMMUNITION FOR THE TRANSVAAL ARTILLERY. The Boer is never at a loss: if there are no oxen to move his waggon, he does it himself. They are strong iron-fisted fellows, those giants of South Africa.

South African Railway Company, before the Government was in a position itself to work it satisfactorily, were frustrated; and, in the same way, all motions to cancel dynamite-concessions, in cases where no breach of contract could be proved, were rejected. A. D. W. was for progress, but for gradual progress, not head over heels. "Look before you leap" was always his motto.

General Joubert acknowledged Danie's superiority. The general seldom appeared in the Volksraad. He only put in an appearance when he was sent for or when the debate involved some matter of importance. In opinion he was generally diametrically opposed to A. D. W. and his followers. "Slim Piet" had a habit of sitting calmly in his chair and playing with a sheet of paper on his desk before him, when attacked by any other than Danie Wolmarans. No sooner did the latter rise, however, than the general turned his head towards the speaker, only looking down occasionally to take a note for his reply. This reply was usually far from pleasant. Still I have never seen the general emerge victorious from one of those wordy contests, although he was considered an excellent debater.

Schalk Willem Burger, who was an even older Member of the Executive Raad than Danie, always took sides with Joubert and, with him, constituted the power in our Government; this came to an end, however, so soon as Danie, with his much more brillant qualities, was elected to the Executive Raad. In proportion as Schalk Burger, who clung convulsively to General Joubert, lost his influence, A. D. W. became the same strong personality in the governing body that he had, for so many years, been in the legislative body, the First Volksraad.

Politically, Schalk Burger did not gain by his election as a member of the Executive Raad, whereas Danie did. The former was better suited as Chairman of the First Volksraad, while the latter maintained his personality in his new career: Schalk Burger failed in this and lost his personal independence.

I remember hearing Dr. Leijds say, at his farewell dinner at Pretoria, when about to proceed to Europe as Minister

SCHALK WILLEM BURGER.

Plenipotentiary of the Transvaal, that he had never endeavoured to make himself popular. This is as true of Danie. He is polite, but a man of few words. To win anyone's favour, or to make a good impression by means of exceptional civility, does not lie in his nature. He is passionate and sometimes bitter in his passion. This fact, combined with his continuous success and his great influence, procured him enemies and jealousies in the Volksraad. It is due to this that he was never elected

Chairman, although he was undoubtedly the ablest of the members and had been Vice-chairman for many years.

Danie always felt wronged at these elections. It was evident that they pained him. Still he bore none of his fellow-members any grudge.

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No one has ever been able to accuse A. D. W. of the very slightest act of dishonesty. He took scrupulous care to keep his name unstained. Anyone who knows the habits of the concession-hunters in South Africa, their endeavours to bribe all and several, can readily imagine the offers that Danie must have had made to him. But even his greatest enemies are bound to allow the strictness of his honour. At the same time, he was in no way eager to condemn others. When the Selati Railway Company published its famous list of members of the Raad who were alleged to have accepted carriages as presents, and this question was raised in the Legislature by the accused members themselves, Danie stated that he too had been offered a carriage after the concession had been granted. He had refused, because he was of opinion that a member of the Raad should avoid even a semblance of partiality in delivering his vote. Nevertheless, the members who had accepted the gift had not, he thought, rendered themselves in any way guilty of corrupt conduct in doing so.

DEPARTURE OF THE HOLLANDER CORPS FROM PRETORIA: 6 October 1899. There was not a foreigner in South Africa, with the exception of the British, who did not take side with the Boers when war had once become inevitable. The Hollanders were the first to form themselves into a corps, and they rendered invaluable services during the war.

In the early months of the war, Danie was President of the Commissariat Committee. He used to start work at half-past seven or eight in the morning, and I would often see a light in his office-windows late at night:

"Oom Danie work, so look-out," the black constable thought it his duty to observe to me, as he stood on guard before Government Buildings and

noticed my glance at the light gleaming through the drawn blinds.

In the daytime, I often saw A. D. W. in the Church Square examining horses or inspecting stubborn mules. If things were not going as they should in Natal, Danie would pay a visit to the invested district, and soon everything was put right.

He was not on commando like Schalk Burger. He could hardly be spared on the Executive Raad, and not at all on the Commissariat. It was not until everything was in full working order that it became possible to dispatch him as a special envoy to Europe.

"Danie should see something of the world; Danie must enlarge his views; he is too tenacious of old notions and conditions."

That was the opinion of all admirers of A. D. W's talent. Now the war brought him his appointment as Envoy Extraordinary. He travelled through Europe and America, and came into contact with every manner of man.

With all its horrors, the war has at least done so much good. A. D. W. will benefit more by his travels than another would; for he is studious and has quick powers of observation and remarkable perspicacity. He is the man of the future, and even Louis Botha's successes in the field will not be able to injure his reputation in that respect.

CHURCH SQUARE AT PRETORIA. On great Church festivals, such as Christmas Day, Easter, etc., the Boers come to Pretoria in their ox-wagons, pitch their tents in the Church Square, and remain for several days. On Christmas and the following day, the large Church Square is so crowded that there is scarcely room for a foot-passenger to make his way.

C. WESSELS,

FORMERLY PRESIDENT OF THE FREE STATE DELEGATES AND A MEMBER OF THE SPECIAL EMBASSY OF THE TWO REPUBLICS.

CHAPTER VIII.

CORNELIS WESSELS.

CORNELIS Wessels is the typical South African squire. His house was at Bloemfontein, but he preferred to live on his estate near the town. Fond as he is of riding and hunting, he gave every attention to the management of his property. He is a "Boer" from top to toe, and proud of it. His whole demeanour is characterized by good breeding and shows the sterling qualities of the Africander to the best advantage. It is his ambition always to perfect himself; his pride consists in not being too proud to learn. He is thoroughly well-informed on all political and economical questions, absolutely at home in knotty problems concerning South Africa, and, with all these distractions, he found time to manage his estate in such a way as to find few or no rivals amongst his fellow squires.

Wessels' father owned the greater part of the De Beers property at Kimberley. He sold it for a considerable sum. But, in spite of their wealth, the Wessels remained thorough Africanders: they invested their money in South Africa; they bought farms, which they worked with the utmost industry and care. One of their estates is situated at Paardenberg, where Cronjé surrendered on the 27th of February 1900. The Free State to a great extent owed her expansion to their untiring efforts for advancement and improvement. Their example encouraged others to follow in their steps, and, in a comparatively short time, the country between the Orange and Vaal Rivers excelled all others in South Africa in point of agriculture and cattle-breeding. The Wessels, with their wealth and their example, had developed the small sapling into a mighty oak.

In 1898, Cornelis Wessels set out on his travels to Europe and America. He not only visited the large cities, with their treasures of art and culture, but lost no opportunity of seeing as much as possible of the agricultural districts. In this way he gained a thorough insight into the husbandry and cattle-breeding of foreign countries. He bought highly-bred horses and cattle, as well as the newest agricultural

THE WESSELS FAMILY, one of the oldest and most respected in the Orange Free State. Six of them were consecutively members of the Orange Free State Volksraad. Eight others shared Cronjé's captivity at St. Helena.

machinery, and dreamed of countless improvements on his estate and of putting into practice the inventions of Europe and of America. These travels gave him insight and added seriousness to his naturally earnest mind. He encountered riches and poverty, liberty and oppression, the advancement and demoralization of whole nations. The healthy mind of the strong man gathered these impressions and assimilated them. And these experiences taught him what was incumbent on the Free State: to gain and keep the position which was her due as one of the most promising States in South Africa.

Wessels had no opportunity of applying his knowledge for the advantage of his country. Just before the war broke out, he was still in Europe. He might have remained there in ease and luxury, joined by wife and children, and stayed abroad until the end of the war. But a Wessels is always at his post in the hour of danger. He was too sincere an Africander, too honest a man to hesitate a single instant. He returned. Wessels possessed in a great degree the power of control, not only, as Chairman of the Volksraad, over his associates, but, which is much more important, over himself. This power somehow made itself felt amid the greatest parliamentary uproar of contending factions. He was thus able to control the passions which set heart and brain on fire and which were but too frequently calculated to lead to the most disastrous results.

The Volksraad was no longer sitting; so he devoted his power, his time, his means and his great gifts to the sacred cause for which the Boers were fighting. At the call of duty, he left wife, daughter and his highly-gifted son, the pride of his heart, alone, disconsolate and unprotected, not knowing whether he might ever see them again nor to what dangers they might be exposed during his absence.

He went to Europe as a member of the special embassy. Again he travelled through the Old World and the New. He revisited the places he had seen during his first journey, where his oratorical gifts had full scope, for now he was addressing not a few, but thousands of eager, though not always sympathetic listeners; for the opinion of many had become biased by the wrongful representations in the English newspapers. He felt the contrast between the first and this second visit most keenly. The success of his speeches was greatly due to his own fine sensibilities. To make others feel one must feel one's self. His audience were greatly moved when, at the thought of the wrongs, the oppressions and the cruelties which his country was enduring, his voice rose to a tragic intensity, which culminated in Zola's words, "*J'accuse!*"

To him was entrusted the defence of a good cause, and he defended it most loyally. He tore off the mask from the face of hypocrisy and exposed the vile lie in all its hideousness. As he drew himself up to his full height, his magnificent figure showed to the utmost advantage, and there was true dignity in gesture and voice, when he pointed to the two other delegates and said:

"We are African Boers whom British Jingoism delights in calling barbarian and uncivilized savages. We stand before you; our brothers are as we are: judge you between us and our accusers."

Wessels has suffered severe pecuniary loss in this war. All his thousands of oxen, sheep and horses are gone. He has not one left. The news arrived a year ago that the last five hundred head of cattle, which he had sent to Cape Colony before the outbreak of the war, had been seized by the British authorities. Wessels took the news calmly. It consoled him that he too should in this way pay toll and tribute to the mother-land.

A. FISCHER,

FORMERLY A MEMBER OF THE EXECUTIVE RAAD OF THE ORANGE FREE STATE AND PRESIDENT OF THE SPECIAL EMBASSY OF THE TWO REPUBLICS.

CHAPTER IX.

ABRAHAM FISCHER.

AN amiable man is Mr. Fischer! That is the impression which the Special Envoy of the Orange Free State makes on all who approach him. He looks spiritual, standing between the two sturdy Africanders, Wessels and Wolmarans. He has a pleasant smile and word for everybody, and at once promised to become the most popular of the three delegates. He is a good conversationalist, but, for all his vivacity, is quite as well able to steer his own course as Wolmarans or Wessels. His distinguishing quality is tact.

Abraham Fischer was a member of the Executive Raad of the Free State and, by profession, a lawyer at Bloemfontein. He lived in a pretty villa on the outskirts of the town, provided with every comfort which the modern Boer considers necessary and proper to the social position which he occupies. He was well-known as the owner of beautiful horses; he had few rivals in the taste and knowledge that he displayed in their purchase; and, when in Europe, had the pain of learning that his estate was devastated, his villa dismantled, his horses requisitioned, first by Lord Roberts and then by other English officers; that his linen and silver decorated the dinner-table of the Military Governor of the Orange River Colony: in short, that all that of which he had been so proud was wilfully and ruthlessly destroyed.

The Free State Delegate submitted to these trials with an equanimity which compelled the admiration of everybody who came into contact with him. But then Fischer is an optimist, whereas Wolmarans is, as we know, a pessimist. At the time when the latter felt that war was inevitable, the former's belief in a friendly solution remained unshakable: even when the South

African Republic had given up all hope and was preparing to send off her ultimatum, Fischer advised delay, in order to support President Steijn in his last correspondence with Sir Alfred Milner, a correspondence destined to lead to nothing. President Kruger and the Executive Raad of the Transvaal agreed to the proposal, so that they might not have to reproach themselves with not doing all that in them lay to prevent this unhappy war in South Africa.

Abraham Fischer constituted himself the optimistic apostle of peace. During the Bloemfontein Conference, in June 1899, he went again and again from President Kruger's house to Sir Alfred Milner's, and did everything in his power to bring the parties to a mutual understanding.

Calumny was abroad, whispering that he was afraid of war, and was listened to, as calumny is apt to be: a proof how little even his own countrymen knew him. His wife stayed at Pretoria during the Conference, and many people asked him why he had not kept her at Bloemfontein:

"Draw your own conclusions", he said. "Either I have let my wife leave the town because I consider the situation in South Africa to be absolutely peaceful and quiet, or else I have sent her to Pretoria because, surrounded by a ring of forts, she will be safer there than she could be here."

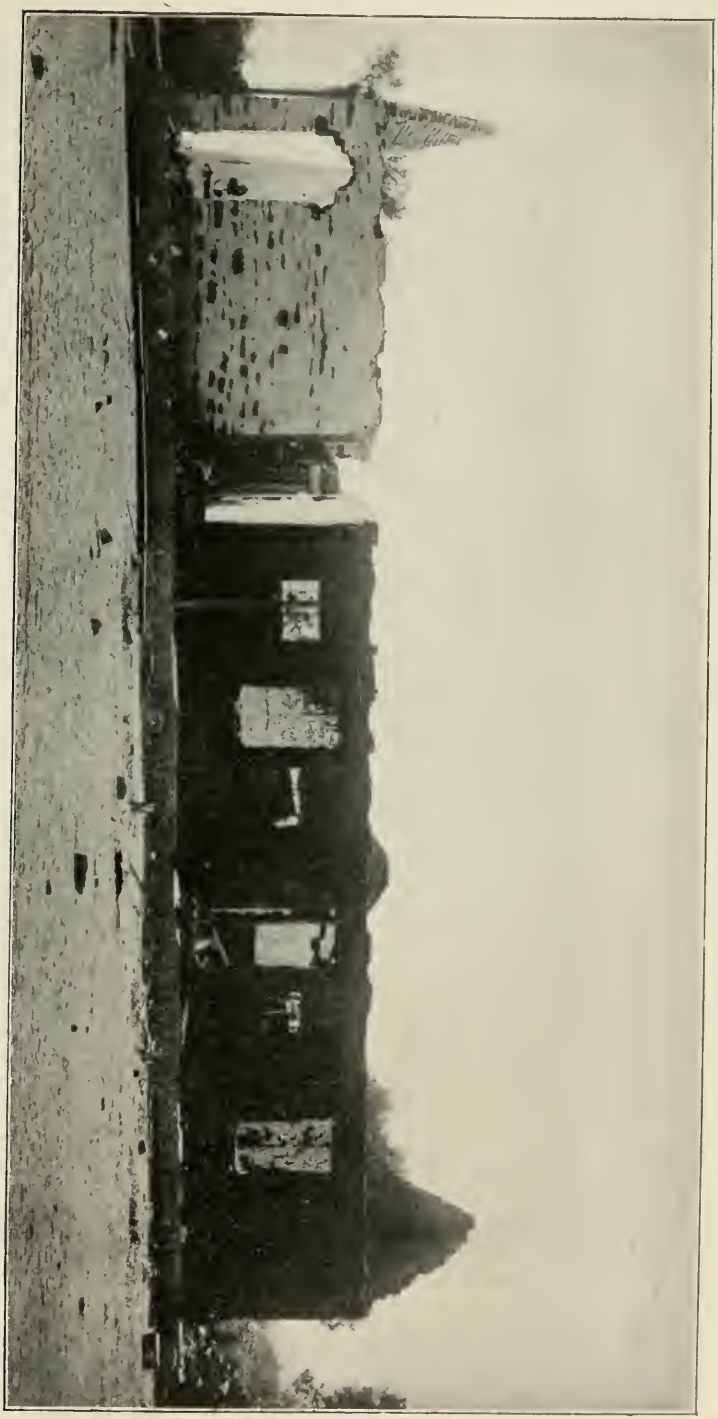
His questioners were no wiser than they were before they got this ambiguous answer.

That is Fischer's way: an indiscreet question leads to nothing with this adroit jurist. If necessary, he will know how to evade it, without committing himself in any way. His cleverness and presence of mind, his keen insight and, above all, his charming personality built up a practice which brought him great wealth; but all this was before the war. Even President Steijn is not more highly esteemed in the Orange Free State than Abraham Fischer, the "Politician." The terse and dignified tone of President Steijn's correspondence before the war betrayed Fischer's masterhand, and his style is easily recognized in many an official document which left the Foreign Office at Pretoria during the negociations. During the difficult days preceding the 11th of October 1899, he was constantly on the move, travelling between Bloemfontein and the official residence of the Transvaal, now interviewing his own Government and Volksraad, now interviewing the parliament of the Sister Republic. He implored and admonished all the friends of President Kruger and the Boers to exert their influence to the utmost to prevent the war which the Johannesburg capitalists desired. The high officials of Bloemfontein and Pretoria were working day and night, but Fischer was even more indefatigable than any of them in his efforts at reconciliation, never entirely abandoning the hope that the desperate and most bloody war might be averted.

And when, at last, in spite of all his efforts, he had to acknowledge that war was inevitable, instead of being cast down and mourning his shattered illusions, he turned all his energy and ability to the problems before him: how to carry through this most lamentable crisis to a satisfactory and, if God willed it so, victorious conclusion. The South African Republic owed much to Fischer: no wonder that, when Dr. Leyds retired as Secretary of State, all eyes were turned towards the Member of the Free State Executive Raad. Had he accepted the canditature, he would have had the united votes of the Volksraad. But he was too much attached to Bloemfontein, to his Free State, to exchange these for the thankless task of becoming State Secretary of the South African Republic. Pressure was brought to bear upon Fischer, but in

vain: he preferred to remain in the place which had seen him grow into manhood. The Transvaalers mourned his constancy: the Free Staters rejoiced in it.

Fischer and Wolmarans were the men of the "Closer Alliance." They perfected and carried out the plan originated by the two Presidents at their meeting at Viljoensdrift, after the election of Judge M. T. Steijn as Head of the Orange Free State in 1896. Public attention was centred on the personalities of those two men who, during the act of federation, were second in importance only to the two Heads of State. Fischer is distinguished for his great knowledge, Wolmarans for his commonsense, a quality which he shares with Kruger. Where Wolmarans is wanting in learning, his deficiency is amply supplied by his Free State colleague.



A DESTROYED BOER FARM.

S. W. BURGER,

FORMERLY A MEMBER OF THE EXECUTIVE RAAD AND ACTING PRESIDENT OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN REPUBLIC.

CHAPTER X.

SCHALK WILLEM BURGER.

SCHALK Willem Burger is the man of the Industrial Report of 1897, which procured him the reputation, among the capitalists of the Rand and their followers, of being a very progressive Transvaaler, and which, among many of his own countrymen, won him a name for rashness. Not that any impartial person for a moment doubts Schalk Burger's sentiments to be those of an ardent and upright Africander: he is as true a patriot as the best of them; but it was manifest from the Report that, as President of the Industrial Commission, he had allowed himself to be too much led by his advising members, and that all that advice had confused him. In short, the report which he himself signed and which was headed by his name altogether reflected the opinion of the self-seeking mining speculators. It even contained inaccuracies which Schalk afterwards cordially regretted.

At the time of the Industrial Report, Burger was the man whose praises were sung by the anti-Africander press. Paul Kruger, the obstinate, must make room at the presidential election for Schalk Burger, the enlightened man, who would bring unequalled prosperity to the country, according to the ideas of the millionaires, who were unable to imagine any other form of prosperity for the South African Republic than that in which they gained the greatest advantage. Stormy meetings were held, verbatim reports of which were published in the English papers. Schalk Burger stumped the country, followed wherever he went by a staff of English journalists, who saw to the puffing. But the Boers refused to be caught. Schalk Burger and Joubert together did not obtain as many votes for the presidency as old Kruger alone. The Boers saw a danger to their independence in the retinue of hostile journalists and in the praises of the Rhodes press. They did not ask

whether Schalk had demanded this advertisement, or whether it had come to him unasked and undesired. They condemned him because of it, and Burger became its dupe. Even his English protectors withdrew their sympathy after he had suffered his defeat.

Schalk Burger, who had made his first public appearance as a member of the Executive Raad with the Industrial Report, took greatly to heart the clear proof of the people's distrust of his policy. His appearance grew more serious, and it seemed as though no smile were ever again to brighten his face. He wore a more sorrowful air than of old. Schalk felt that he had been wronged. Some of his adversaries had, without rhyme or reason, accused him of English sympathies; and this embittered him. Thenceforward he took sides more firmly than before with General Joubert. He began to seek his strength in Slim Piet, and defended the latter when and wherever he was attacked.

While the Bloemfontein Conference was in progress, I went one afternoon to President Kruger, who had asked me to read to him the number of the *Volksstem* containing a defence, written by Joubert himself, of his attitude on the franchise question. A few days before the conference, the general had allowed himself to be interviewed by a reporter of the Johannesburg *Star*, and had declared himself in favour of the extension of full burgher rights after a five years' residence in the country. Delivered on the eve of the important conference, this utterance was undiplomatic, to say the least of it.

Oom Paul was at dinner. He sat at the head of the table. On his right sat Danie Wolmarans and on his left Schalk Burger. I was given a chair next to the President, between him and Schalk.

"A bit slowly," asked the President.

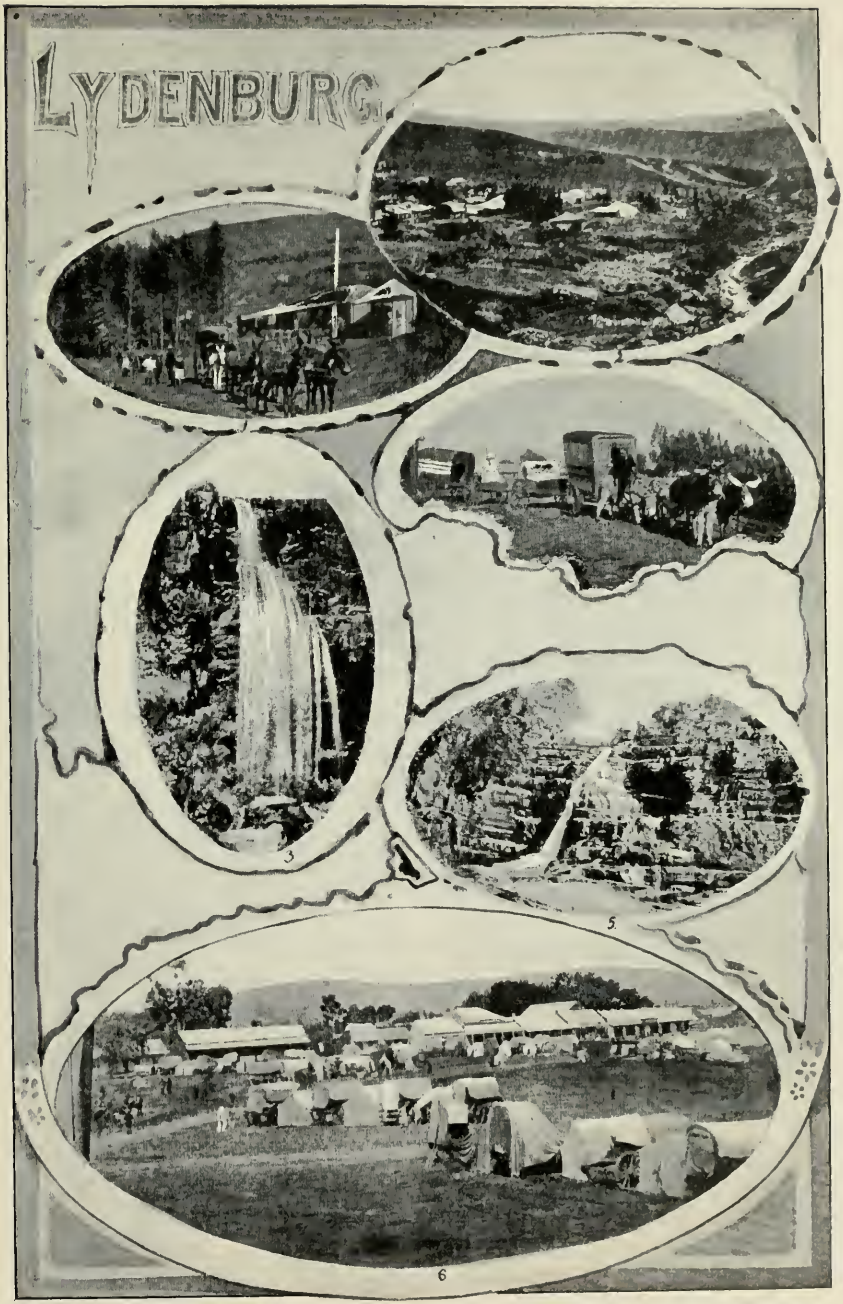
I began to read: first General Joubert's letter, and then the leading article commenting on the letter. The *Volksstem* attacked Oom Piet smartly. Schalk Burger listened attentively, with knife and fork in hand, and, when I had finished, he immediately began to find fault with the *Volksstem* for writing such misplaced articles against the Vice-president at so serious a time.

I was silent, because I did not think it right to embark upon a discussion in the old President's presence. Besides, neither Oom Paul nor A.D.W. had uttered a word.

Schalk was of opinion that the general was entitled to speak at any time, especially as he was not taking part in the conference. The *Star* had continually urged that Oom Piet should accompany the others to Bloemfontein, and Burger also seemed to deplore his absence.

As soon as the war broke out, Schalk Burger left with General Joubert for Natal. He had formerly been Commandant of the Lijdenburg District, which he had also represented in the First Volksraad, and he became a general in the late struggle. He did not distinguish himself particularly, any more than in 1880 and 1881, when he held the Lijdenburg garrison invested during almost the whole War of Independence without compelling it to surrender to his superior force. Schalk Burger has very great capacity as an administrator, but he seems to lack the necessary energy as a leader in the field.

He is an excellent speaker and compels the close attention of his audience. His speech on the occasion of the opening of the extraordinary session of the Volksraad, in January 1896, immediately after the Jameson Raid, will always live in Transvaal history as a limpid utterance of the truest patriotism.



VIEWS OF LIJDENBURG. Lijdenburg, in the East of the Transvaal, is the district where the late Acting President of the South African Republic, Schalk Burger, was born. With its high mountains, its luxuriant vegetation, and its many water-falls it is one of the loveliest districts in the Transvaal. 2) Pilgrim's Rest is the centre of the Cape gold industry. 6) Market-Square, Lydenburg.

Dr. ELSBURGER Col. A. H. SCHIEL JUDGE KOCK COUNT ALBEDYLL
THE LATE GENERAL J. H. M. KOCK COUNT ZEPPELIN FIELD CORNET POTGIETER

GENERAL KOCK AND HIS STAFF: THE HEROES OF ELANDSLAAGTE, 21 October 1899. J. H. M. Kock, the gallant old Transvaaler, Member of the Executive Raad, died at Ladysmith, on the 31st of October 1899, of inflammation of the lungs contracted on the field of battle, where he was wounded and lay long in the pouring rain before the English ambulance found him. His illness was increased by sorrow at his defeat. His son, Judge Kock, fell into the hands of the enemy, but was exchanged by General White after his father's death. Count Zeppelin was killed after firing off all his ammunition and eventually defending himself to the last against the charging Lancers with his whip. Colonel A. H. Schiel was till the end of the war a prisoner at St. Helena. Albedyll succeeded him in his command. With the exception of Potgieter and the lieutenant of the Transvaal Artillery, who did not take part in the battle, the others are all members of the German Corps, of which Dr. Elsburger stood at the head of the ambulance.

At such times, Schalk Burger was in his element.

Schalk Burger, in every-day life, is silent and as it were constantly sunk in thought. The long, narrow face, waxen in colour, crowned with the curly black hair and ending in the dark goatee, was generally lowered, as the lean and slender figure in the frock-coat hurried busily along. A single word, however, and he would at once stop and listen with complete attention to his interlocutor. He was short in his replies, for he had no time to converse with people at length, but everyone could be sure of being civilly informed by him.

While the President, when travelling, was always chatty and talkative, Schalk Burger generally sat silent and introspective. He had no lack of words, however, in the Volksraad, when addressing the members. Then he was as fluent as you please, never had to pause for a word, and his speeches were both lucid and powerful.

As Chairman of the First Volksraad, he ruled debate in a manner to which none other has attained. He was strict, permitted no unparliamentary expressions to be used, and at once suppressed any departure from the rules of the assembly. The Raad owed it to him that, during his chairmanship, the sittings were shorter and more business was done than in later years. That chairmanship was the best time

of Schalk Burger's life. Then, all honoured him. Then, all Lijdenburg was proud of its member.

No sooner, however, was he elected a member of the Executive Raad, than he became too progressive. His clear intelligence had long shown him that the Transvaal, with her many foreigners, had become a different country, and that it was no longer practical to maintain patriarchal laws which had been made exclusively for a nation of farmers. Those laws must be revised. As a member of the Volksraad, he had worked zealously towards this object. As a member of the Government, he wished to go further and went too far. As Chairman of the Industrial Commission, he had taken upon himself a task which was above his powers, and it was very easy for the experts, his advising members, to lead him off the scent with all sorts of sophisms. Schalk at that time was still too willing to believe that all men were as honest, honourable and upright as himself.

He was ill able to keep his own counsel. He spoke when he saw or heard anything that appeared wrong in his eyes, and showed dislike for anyone to whom he could not show respect.

He was as strict with himself as with others. He knew no relaxation. He devoted his life to his country. He worked with uninterrupted zeal, and was always prepared, even after a tiring day, to enlighten committees of the Volksraad on Government matters. He never gave an opinion before making a thorough investigation, and yet he often based his opinions on those of others, because he was easily influenced. His character and will are not so strong as those of Danie Wolmarans, but, on the other hand, he has gifts which are superior to A.D.W.'s. He is a better administrator, and knows better how to manage people. He is unquestionably a capable statesman, and yet the only reason why he was temporarily appointed to fill the presidency was that he and State Secretary Reitz were the only remaining members of the Executive Raad. Piet Joubert died on the 27th of March 1900; Jan H. M. Kock succumbed, on the 31st of October 1899, to the wounds received at Elandslaagte ten days before; Piet Cronjé was a prisoner at St. Helena; and Danie Wolmarans was in Europe.

GENERAL TOBIAS SMUTS OF THE TRANSVAAL.

F. W. REITZ,

FORMERLY STATE SECRETARY OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN REPUBLIC.

CHAPTER XI.

F. W. REITZ.

A true patriot is this genuine Africander, whose grey hair and beard contrast so strikingly with his heart full of youthful fire and animation.

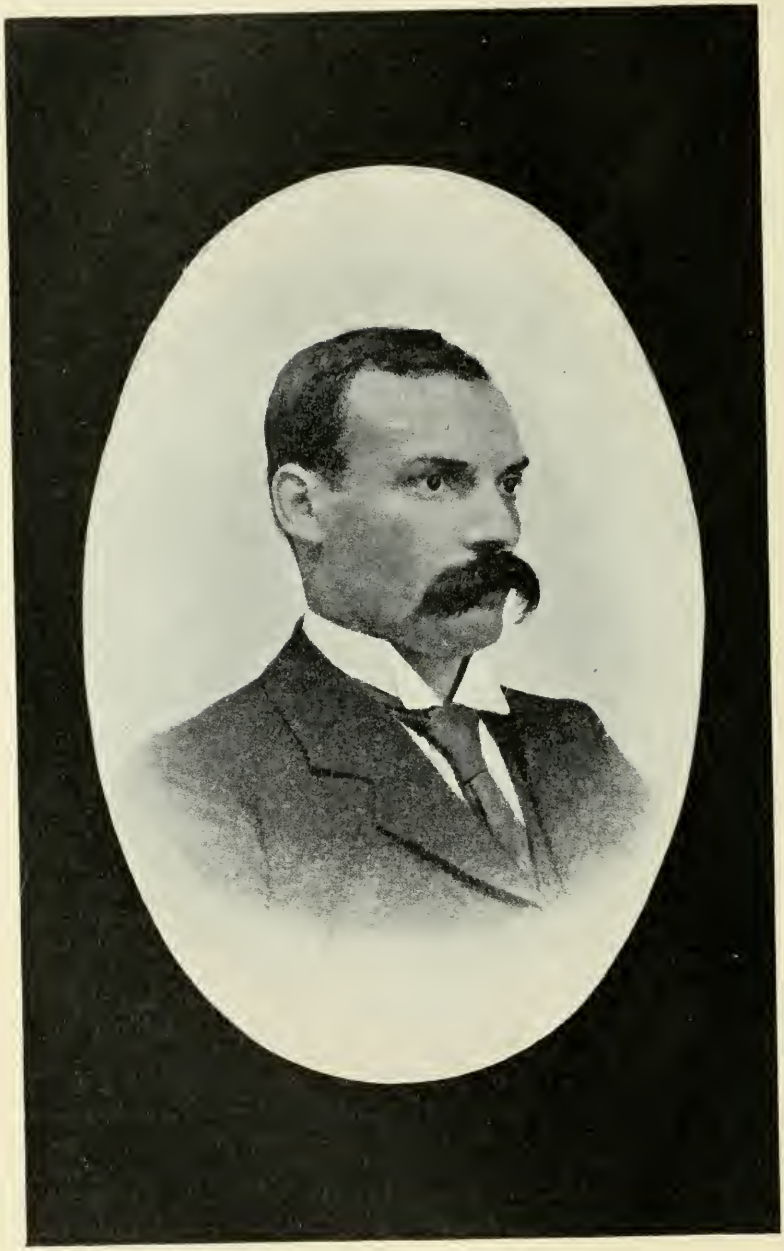
State Secretary Reitz was proud to see his two sons come from Bloemfontein to be among the first to take the field with the Pretoria contingent. Calmly, with no expression on his face but that of paternal love and pride, he stood on the steps of Government Buildings and watched his children ride away to fight for African liberty. They were still children, those two sons of his. When they wrote to him of their determination to go on commando, he answered that the time had not yet come for them to fight for their country, that they were still too young. But they threw their father's admonition to the winds and came to Pretoria. He looked at them proudly: he recognized in them his own spirit, his own blood.

And later, when the first Netherlands ambulance arrived at Pretoria, our State Secretary was present at the railway-station, not only to welcome this aid from abroad in the name of his Government, but also to meet his eldest son, who had forsaken his studies in Holland now that his country was in danger:

"That's right, my lad," he said, with a pressure of the hand that told all the rest.

I stood close beside him and realized at that moment that our second Government official was one of those Africanders who would go on fighting till the overwhelming attack on their independence was beaten off or subjected them. And I was not surprised, therefore, when I heard that he had himself taken up the Mauser at a time when it was more than ever a case of life and death with the Republics:

"If a people deserves freedom," he



L. J. S. MALAN,

L. J. S. MALAN, the editor of "*Ons Land*" at Cape Town, was, in 1901, elected a member of the Cape Parliament instead of Schreiner, the ex-Prime Minister. Soon after, he was sentenced to 12 months' imprisonment for reprinting from English papers details concerning General French's action in the Heidelberg District.

wrote, "it deserves to fight for that freedom,"

And he signed the maxim with rifle in hand.

Reitz is a poet. Dry statesmanship, political worries have not been able to kill his love for all that is noble and beautiful. He even looked for poetry in politics, seeking to realize the words of the Dutch poet:

> Poetry is everywhere, all the world around;
> The question is, by whom she may, and by whom not, be found.

He, the poet, found her. When Olive Schreiner wrote her noble defence of the Africander cause, her *Words in Season*, he became enthusiastic and, in his admiration for the inspiring style, had the work translated into Dutch and spread broadcast over South Africa. He himself found time to bestow his literary gifts on a revision of the translation.

A Century of Wrong, that long list of bitter accusations against the British Government, is a second attempt in that direction, to convince the multitude by means of the poetic word. True, this pamphlet is for a great part the work of the young State Attorney and Assistant Commandant General, J. C. Smuts, but it clearly betrays the inspiration of the State Secretary, who conceived the scheme of the volume.

And, shortly before the war, appeared his open letter to his friend Blignaut, that old and tried official, the Government Secretary of the Orange Free State. That open letter was the cry of anguish of a man who saw days of suffering dawning for his people, but who also felt that the immediate future would prove to be that period of suffering through which every nation must pass before it becomes really great and independent. That letter was the ardent and inspired utterance of an upright, honest love of his country.

Reitz made a noble endeavour, and his mighty voice still rang out in his writings through the clash of arms. He can take pride to himself for having helped to enlighten public opinion in Europe and to explain away misconceptions on the Continent. None of the high-placed persons in the South African Republic has done more than he to bring to a better way of thinking people whose ideas were obscured by the deliberate lying of the Jingo press. For that purpose he could always find time; and whatsoever person of any importance that visited the Transvaal capital could always be sure of finding in State Secretary Reitz one who was ready to listen to him for hours and afford him all the information that he was able and at liberty to give. If he was busy by day, then the visitor would be his guest in the evening, and he himself would sit up working late at night to make up for the time lost. Everyone esteemed in Reitz the kindest and most courteous of men.

Hundreds have betrayed this confidence placed in them by the State Secretary, and have gone home and continued to slander the country where they enjoyed an hospitality which asked for nothing in return but that the truth should be told. They have mocked at his enthusiastic patriotism. They have made fun of his too great optimism. They have ascribed to weakness of intellect his noble animation for the future of his people. They have twisted his words and employed them in the service of lies to excite men's passions still further. They have repaid his civility, his courtesy, his hospitality, his pains, his kindly exertions with taunts, sneers and calumnies.

Any other man would long have abandoned his efforts to bring others to repentance. Not so Reitz: with his noble and joyous nature, he persisted with a tough determination which none would have suspected in him, and which he himself began to show only when his all-controlling patriotism made persistence

necessary. He started from the very sound stand-point that it is better to be deceived in ten people and bring one to repentance than leave all the eleven in darkness. His attachment to this theory, despite his many disappointments, certainly pointed to a sacred enthusiasm for the rightfulness of the Africander cause.

The English Jingoes at Johannesburg were deceived by their underestimate of this enthusiasm. In 1897, when Reitz was elected, they thought that the new State Secretary would prove to be as feeble in character as he was in frame, and that his well-known good-nature would become an instrument in their hands. They were mistaken. He remained good-natured, sometimes too good-natured, but his kindliness cooled so soon as his love for the Africander people was called into question. This was soon made clear to the Jingo breed, who thereupon began to attack and vilify the man whom they had but lately flattered.

All the Rhodesian papers in South Africa fell upon him, fiercely, insolently, libelling him and defiling his loyal, honest character, only because they had found him to be a steadfast, zealous Africander who refused to be bought by Jingo flattery. Reitz forgave them their personal attacks: he considered those beneath his notice. But what he never forgave was the campaign of calumny which was waged only in order to bring down a cruel war upon South Africa. So soon as he began to speak of the politics of the Rhodes press, he lost all self-control.

The State Secretary was popular throughout South Africa and owed his popularity to his kindliness, to his good-humoured cheerfulness, to his enthusiasm for noble and beautiful things. But what arouses one's surprise is that, in the midst of all the cares of State, he was able to keep these characteristics unsullied. Whatever troubles and worries the day might bring with it, no promise to deliver a literary lecture,

DEPARTURE OF THE GERMAN COMMANDO FROM PRETORIA. The sympathy of the Germans with the Boers was as keen as that of the Hollanders. The commando was distinguished for the energy and endurance of its men.

BURGOMASTER SCHUTTE OF JOHANNESBURG WITNESSING THE DEPARTURE OF THE BURGHERS: 4 November 1899.

or take the chair at a festive meeting, was allowed to suffer, nor did any one ever notice by his voice, by any failing in the spoken word, or decrease of cheerfulness or friendliness in the State Secretary's person, that an hour or two earlier he had been leading a serious discussion in the Executive Raad on one of the notorious Chamberlain dispatches. And it was his innate good-nature, rather than his diplomatic attainments, that enabled him to retain this equanimity. He could never bring himself to disappoint other people, and was always ready to sacrifice himself for their enjoyment or happiness.

But woe to him who came into collision with his sensitive patriotism! He never refused a word of kindness until he had discovered that his courtesy was being wasted on one unworthy of it, on one, in other words, who insulted his people and desired the destruction of the country. Then he became angry and rough, and reproached the offender in very plain-spoken terms.

His good-heartedness cost him an unspeakable amount of time, because it went against the grain with him to cut short one who was long of speech, or to refuse to listen to any that wished to speak to him. This leading trait in his character was also shown in his attitude towards his subordinates, whom he treated with the greatest humanity, and whose interests he was always ready to champion in the Volksraad or Executive Raad.

Like all Africanders, he was very confiding. He thought that none could be less genuine than himself, and he refused to believe in others' dishonesty before he had certain proofs. The only exceptions were Sir Alfred Milner and Mr. Chamberlain, whom Reitz saw through from the commencement. His love of his country caused him instinctively to suspect these statemen's warlike intentions. Reitz was one of the first to entertain the conviction that, if the Bloemfontein Conference miscarried, war was bound to follow.

Yet he retained the mastery over himself throughout the negociations: not for a moment did he allow himself to be carried away by the passions of others. He was determined to preserve his conscience against the reproach of having, through over-haste, played into Mr. Chamberlain's hands. This moderation was all the more noticeable in the hot-brained Reitz. But he felt the responsibilities of his office, and, with all the power of his strong will, suppressed his rage and excitement. He shuddered before the bloodshed that loomed before his vision. He was firmly convinced that the war would set all South Africa aflame, and that is why he determined to do all in his power to prevent that the dispute with England should be referred to the ordeal of arms.

Shortly after the outbreak of hostilities, I was paying my daily visit to the State Secretary. The news had come in that the Boers in Cape Colony had joined the Federal forces in large numbers. The conversation turned on this subject, and Reitz said:

"I have never ceased to represent to the British that a war with the South African Republic meant a struggle with the whole Africander race, the Pan-Africander war, which was represented in England as a ridiculous and alarmist bogie, because the Africanders in Cape Colony were content to live under British rule. I agree; but the English forget that our brother Africanders cannot passively look on while we are being exterminated and robbed of our liberty, the only thing to which we cling. It is not we who desired this struggle of the Africanders against England; but irresponsible persons in South Africa and ministers in England have set the feelings of the Africanders at defiance, and blood is thicker than water."

Reitz is a fanatic. His belief in the triumph of the Boers was constant. He did not argue about it; he did not endeavour to prove its correctness: he simply believed and doubted not. He

THE JOHANNESBURG POLICE (VAN DAM'S COMMANDO) OFF TO THE FRONT: 26 October 1899. No commando behaved more gallantly in the war than the Johannesburg Police, which, with the other police and the State Artillery, formed the standing army of the country. Originally the Johannesburg Police numbered over a thousand men. After the Battle of Dalmanutha (23—27 August 1900) their strength was reduced to less than two hundred. They were the *corps d'élite* of the Transvaal Boers.

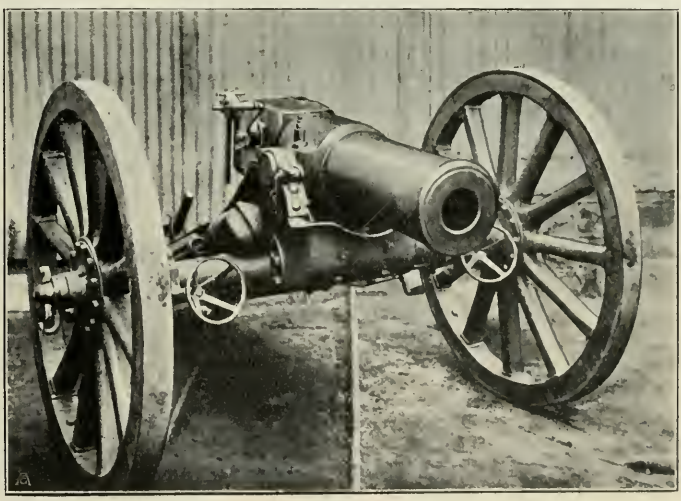
left Pretoria on the 2nd of June 1900, and was of good cheer, certain that he would return, and that the Transvaal Vierkleur would wave once more over Government Buildings. Whencesoever he might be driven, he firmly believed that he would return. His spirit was not to be broken, nor was his faith to be shaken. He accepted his fate, not with resignation, but joyfully. He did not complain, but simply said;

"What God does is well done!"

The struggle did not unnerve him; reverses but strengthened his conviction. He was able to communicate this conviction to others. His faith was so firm that the unbelievers and doubters at last began to embrace some of his fanaticism.

He wrote, in August 1901, to his wife in Holland that he was well and of good courage. He could not be otherwise. All the misery, all the failures to overcome a superior force he treated as passing matters. For him it was irretrievably written that Africa should one day belong to the Africanders. In this fact he believed as firmly as, Christian that he is, he believes in a world to come. And therefore he fought, without flinching. Therefore he retained his cheerfulness, his kindliness, amidst all his country's defeats. Therefore, too, he was an inspiriting force at that moment of adversity for the Transvaalers.

Reitz had become more closely united with the humblest of the Boers, because he was as poor as any of them. He possessed nothing on earth but his Mauser. With the simplest burgher, he had to look to the commissariat for his clothes, his food, his tobacco. He was ready to suffer hunger with them, to share their poverty and privations, their misery and their cares, because he loved his country and his people with a passion that nothing could allay.



TRANSVAAL HOWITZER MADE AT PRETORIA.

THE LATE P. J. JOUBERT,

COMMANDANT GENERAL AND VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN REPUBLIC.

CHAPTER XII.

THE LATE COMMANDANT GENERAL P. J. JOUBERT.

THERE are, alas, many people in Europe who believe that Slim Piet, as General Joubert was usually called by the Boers, was a traitor. This assertion has always made a painful impression upon me. Joubert, who will ever remain a proud figure in the history of the South African Republic, did not deserve of his country and people that he should be slandered now that he is no longer there to defend himself.

But the present great men of the Transvaal and the Orange Free State have continued to believe in Slim Piet. Men like President Steijn, General Botha, De la Rey and Beijers have never ceased to recognize General Joubert's military capacity, although several of them were his political opponents.

It must be admitted that, in full time of peace, Slim Piet's appearance was not sympathetic. His high, piping voice, his small, beady eyes, the sly smile that played about his mouth gave him an air of falseness which made an unpleasant impression and, rightly or wrongly, prejudiced many persons against him. Besides, his character was not open and square like that, for instance, of Koos De la Rey. He was essentially a trimmer, liked to remain on good terms with friend and foe, and ended by estranging both. But, when his land and liberty were in danger, Joubert was as honest and true as the best patriot. He long advised the Government to yield to the British demands; but, when the offer of a five years' franchise was declined by the British Government, with an arrogant declaration that there were other questions to be solved besides the franchise; when, on the 8th of September 1899, the British Government sent its dispatch, which was called an ultimatum by the English press; when the news came that another 10,000 men were to be shipped to South Africa, then General Joubert too abandoned all

hope of an amicable settlement to the diplomatic situation. Thenceforward he was bound to agree with them who had said from the commencement that the men in Downing Street wanted war and nothing else. From that moment, Joubert made his preparations for the great struggle which was on the point of bursting out. In the Transvaal capital there remained no official persons who believed in a peaceful solution: but also there was none but hoped that the catastrophe might still be averted. It was in those days that Oom Piet wrote his touching letter to England's great and honoured Queen. I do not know that he expected much good to come of his prayer for aid to that august lady. It would have been different, he thought, if she had been able to read his cry of anguish in those anxious days — for like all Africanders he had a sacred respect for the "Old Lady" — but he felt that his letter would probably never reach her hands. And yet he would leave nothing undone that might save the situation.

And so a few more days passed, until the end of September approached. News came to Pretoria that the British military posts had been pushed forward from Ladysmith to Glencoe and Dundee. The danger of a collision, under the prevailing excitement, became very great, owing to the presence of a strong British force on the Transvaal frontier. The British orders were given on the 24th of September. The Natal Cabinet had already given warning that such an act could not be understood by the Boers save as a declaration of war. The Transvaal Volksraad at once, clearly and without concealment, expressed its surprise at this act. General Joubert still waited; but, at the end of the last week of September, it became necessary to guard the Transvaal frontier, and, when war was declared on the 11th of October, he too, the old man, set out to lead the military operations in Natal in person.

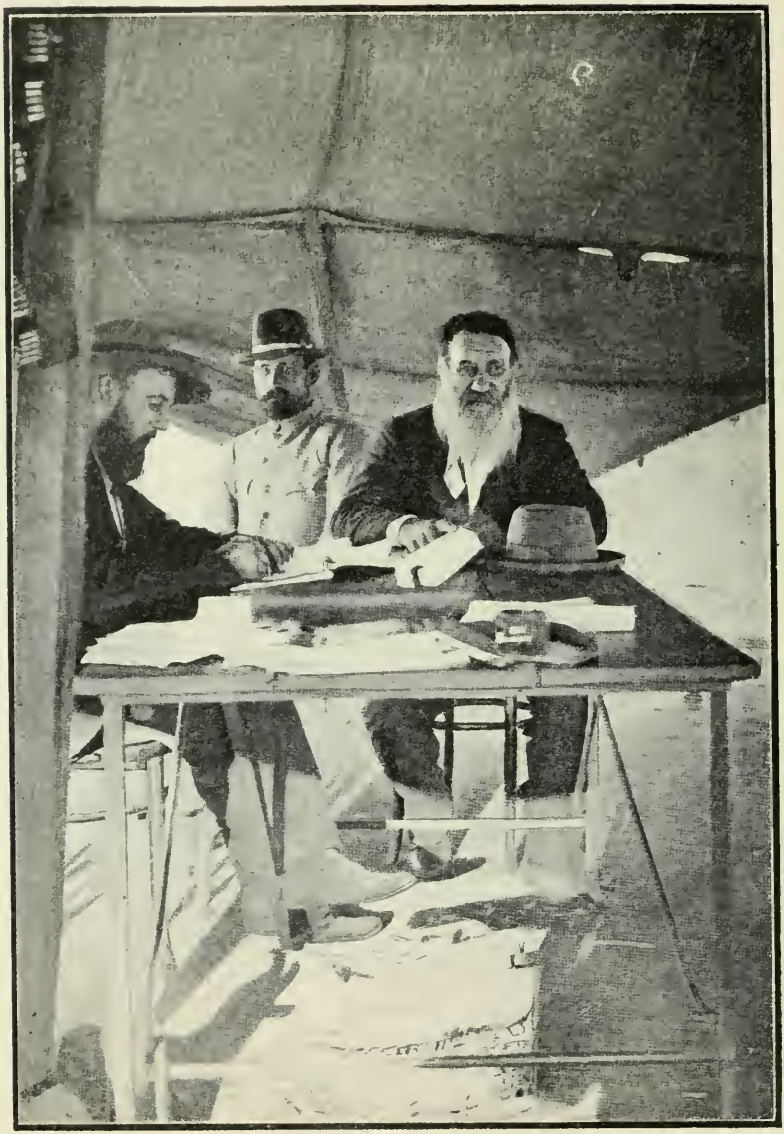
For days and nights, during the previous week, he had worked at his plan of campaign, which was not destined, however, to be carried out. The great council of war held at Newcastle determined at once to attack and render ineffective the Dundee garrison, and next to march on Ladysmith. In vain the general pleaded in favour of his plan to leave a sufficient number of covering men and guns in the Drakensberg passes and to march with the main force to Pietermaritzburg, which would compel the garrisons of Dundee and Ladysmith to venture out on the open veldt for the defence of the Natal capital.

The spirit among the Boer officiers in general was too eager for them to consent to march so far before coming into touch with the enemy. Besides, the Pretoria Government feared lest the English should cross the frontier, once they were behind the back of Joubert's army. And, since, at that time, every officer had an equal vote in the council of war with the Commandant General himself, Joubert's plan was rejected.

Joubert did not permit himself to be for a moment cast down. Fortified by his patriotism, he forgot this rebuff and continued to devote himself, with all his great talents, his iron industry and his clear brain, to his difficult task as Commander-in-Chief.

Once again he displayed his tactical excellence in the investment of Ladysmith. That the British stronghold did not fall was not his fault. Each time he planned an attack by storm, the women of the Transvaal and Free State were seized with terror, and all the influence of high and low alike was employed to counteract the plan. Joubert had to fight against all this influence and opposition, while his adversaries were ever ready to criticize and condemn his acts.

GENERAL JOUBERT AT BREAKFAST IN LAAGER BEFORE LADYSMITH.



GENERAL JOUBERT WITH HIS SON-IN-LAW, MALAN, AND HIS SECRETARY, BRACHT, IN HIS TENT BEFORE LADYSMITH.

In his day, he had to reckon with all sorts of currents and circumstances which, in later days, were lost in the powerful stream of all-sacrificing patriotism that then animated the Boer combatants. The elements which afterwards fell out of the ranks were those which had always opposed Joubert. They valued their precious bodies above the sacred cause of liberty, and, where their lives were in danger, despised no means of ensuring their safety.

Joubert, the old hero of the War of Independence, was pained by all those

events. His heart bled when he, the prudent man, was accused of recklessly endangering human life, as, for instance, on the occasion of the famous march to Estcourt, in November 1899, with its masterly reconnaissance accomplished with 2,000 mounted men. And I am convinced that all the opposition was to a great extent the cause of his death. It certainly accentuated the disorder from which he suffered.

Even on his death-bed, he thought of nothing but his country. He probably feared that the same silent forces which had always opposed him would continue to make themselves felt after his death; and Joubert insisted that Louis Botha, his political opponent, but a popular, young and very talented leader, should be appointed Commandant General in his place. And this is the patriot whom some call traitor! Would that I could inspire all his detractors with my faith in his constant loyalty!

KRUPP HOWITZERS AT WORK ON THE PLATRAND. The Platrand was the vulnerable spot in the siege of Ladysmith. The undulating mountain-ridge commanded the town, so that the attention of besiegers and besieged was concentrated on this point. To be driven from it was to lose the town. The greater part of the English artillery was placed in position to defend it. On the 6th of January 1900, the Boers stormed this position, of which a part fell into their hands. They were, however, driven back again with severe losses, because the promised reinforcements did not arrive. The Platrand is a striking proof that the Boers did, when necessary, possess the pluck required to storm almost impregnable positions.

It is doubtful whether a man will ever again arise in either Republic with General Joubert's talent for projecting a plan of campaign. Even Louis Botha must acknowledge his deceased predecessor as his master. Joubert's plans and the manner of their execution always won him admirers in the council of war. His great plan for the invasion of Natal was perhaps the only one, during the whole course of his long and famous military career, to be rejected. He knew how to explain his plans in such a way that they were almost always accepted with unanimity.

THE ARTILLERY BARRACKS AT PRETORIA. After the Jameson Raid, (31 December 1895), the Transvaal Government wisely decided to provide the Artillery with modern guns, and to enlarge the corps. This was done gradually, and the best guns that money could buy were purchased. These barracks had only been in use since a short while. The monument to the right, in front, was erected to the memory of Major H. Pretorius, the first commander of the Artillery.

But he was a pessimist. After the Battle of Elandslaagte, on the 21st of October 1899, he wrote to the Government at Pretoria that the Africanders had never suffered so great a defeat. Is it a matter for wonder, then, that he almost gave up courage when one reverse after the other struck the Boers; when Cronjé was driven from his position at Magersfontein, on the 15th of February 1900, and, twelve days later, surrendered with 3,500 men; when General Buller occupied Pieters Hill on the 27th of February and the Boers in Natal were seized with panic? Another general would probably have made a desperate attempt to recover Pieters Hill. Joubert was crushed, was utterly dejected. He made no effort to stop the flight of the burghers. On the contrary, he was one of the first, on the following day, to break up the siege of Ladysmith with his laager. This his enemies never forgave him. But they forgot to take into account the fact that constant opposition and ill-luck had undermined General Joubert's character, which was never a strong one. He required cheering and encouragement. In earlier days, it was his wife, the stronger mind of the two, who used to stimulate him with a single word. One need but remember the historic incident of the 27th of February 1881, when Mrs. Joubert called the burghers to arms while the general was still dismayed by the discovery that Majuba Hill was occupied by British soldiers.

And yet Slim Piet was no coward, as might appear to be suggested by the above. In times of need, he feared no danger. He could retain his calm with shells bursting around him. No bombs nor bullets could make him retreat when it was necessary that he should stand his ground. He had all the fanaticism of the old Boers:

"If it is not God's will that I be touched, the bullets will not harm me."

General Joubert had a fatherly care for his burghers. He did not give them an easy time of it His adjutants will bear witness to that: they had but little rest. But he never led them into unnecessary danger.

BURSTING OF THE DAM OF THE KLIP RIVER NEAR LADYSMITH. In order to hasten the surrender of Ladysmith, the Boers attempted to flood the town by putting sand bags in the river which flows through the town. The dyke was not strong enough to stand the extra pressure, and collapsed.

He was as sparing of his men's lives as though those lives were his own. And he treated those best who worked hardest. He could send lamentations to Pretoria, day after day, on this matter or that. But he did not complain on his own behalf: only on that of the burghers on commando.

"The English could have no better ally than the man who bakes the bread for the laagers," he once wrote to the Government. "The contractor, it seems to me, wants to poison my men."

punished. The neutrals in Natal soon came to know that Joubert was inexorably strict in this respect, and they complained to him in full confidence whenever any of their property had been taken by the burghers. The old general took care that it should be restored whenever possible; and, if not, the damage was invariably made good to them. Then what a penitential sermon Joubert would read the offender! The miscreant used to feel more humiliated by those words than by the punishment that followed, and would think twice

CAMP OF THE FIELD TELEGRAPH-CORPS OF THE TRANSVAAL ARTILLERY UNDER FIRST LIEUTENANT P. C. PAFF. This corps was excellently equipped. It possessed the best and latest instruments, and did invaluable service to the Boer forces. It was remarkable how quickly the Boers mastered all the details of field telegraphy.

This concern for their welfare won the hearts of the Boers, who knew that, if they came to the general with a serious complaint, they would be helped. But woe to them if they did anything that conflicted with civilized methods of warfare! The looting at Newcastle, when Natal was invaded in October 1899, roused Joubert's fury. Certain high-placed and influential persons who had looked on passively were sent home in disgrace. He would not tolerate them in his sight. And he declared that, thenceforth, all looting would be severely

before he again attempted to take what was not his.

Despite his advanced years, Joubert was capable of developing an extraordinary amount of industry. For that matter, his whole appearance was that of a hale and hearty man, stalwart, with a springy step, and an irreproachable horseman. He was able to work with his secretary till a late hour at night, and in the morning, at day-break, he would again be up and doing. He was as watchful as the youngest of them all No enemy would ever surprise his laager.

As a politician, Joubert was neither so eminent nor so capable as he showed himself as a commander. He never clearly saw his political line before him. He always hesitated. But he was skilful in debate. There was only one man in the Volksraad who could beat him on this field, and that was Wolmarans.

Joubert's enemies and adversaries may say of him what they please: he was and will always remain a striking figure in the history of the South African Republic.

ROCKET SIGNALS. Ladysmith was in sore straits during the latter part of the siege: unless help arrived without delay, the town was bound to surrender. As the captain of a sinking ship sends up rocket after rocket in the hope of succour, so General White signalled night after night to Buller.

GENERAL P. A. CRONJÉ,

FORMERLY A MEMBER OF THE EXECUTIVE RAAD OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN REPUBLIC AND SUPERINTENDENT OF NATIVES.

CHAPTER XIII.

GENERAL P. A. CRONJÉ.

A court-martial was being held at Magersfontein, south of Kimberley. P. A. Cronjé, called Piet Cronjé for short, dressed in his big, faded green overcoat, surmounted by a fanciful hat decorated with short ostrich-feathers, sat on the top of the trench where the members were assembled. A commandant of the Free State who had been guilty of insubordination towards a superior officer was on his defence. Before the commencement of the examination, a question arose between Judge Hertzog, the Free State jurist, and Judge J. Esser, the Transvaal jurist, as to the advisability of the presence of the officers of the South African Republic. Discussion waxed warm; there seemed to be no chance of agreement between the two lawyers. Oom Piet became irritated and restive during this wordy debate; once or twice he beat the earth with an impatient, nervous fist, and then jumped suddenly into the trench and shouted in a thundering voice:

"I open the court-martial!"

The jurists looked at each other in dumfoundered amazement, and then, making the best of a bad bargain, sat down quietly. They had come simultaneously to the wise conclusion that they had best let matters rest as they were.

Piet Cronjé did not believe in bandying words. He was accustomed to act as seemed best to him, without let or hindrance. Contradiction made him extremely angry, and only helped to strengthen his own convictions. General De la Rey was the only one who was not afraid of him, and often succeeded, but never without a stormy interview, in bringing him round to his way of thinking.

*

When I arrived at Magersfontein as war-correspondent, General De la Rey was the first person I met He shook my hand most cordially, and said, in a hearty way:

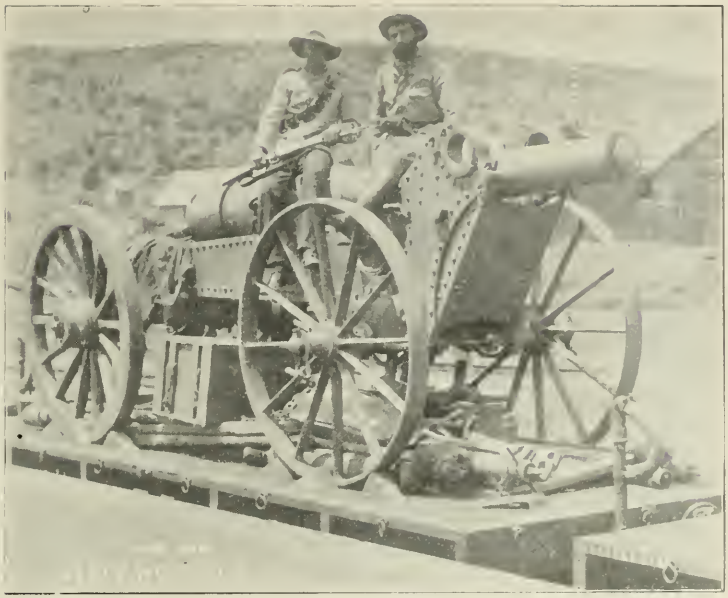
THE LATE COLONEL DE VILLEBOIS-MAREUIL.

THE LATE COLONEL COMTE DE VILLEBOIS-MAREUIL, an heroic and noble nature. When the British before Kimberley made a breach in the trenches, and shell after shell exploded around him, Villebois remained quietly at his post, though all near him fled and five Transvaalers were severely wounded. No foreign officer who fought on the side of the Boers was so deeply mourned as Villebois. He fell at Boshof on the 5th of April 1900.

"Well, old fellow, where have you been all this time?"

My reception by Oom Piet was of a very different kind. He asked me into his tent, which contained an iron bedstead, a box and a table on which stood a desk for the secretary. I noticed how exquisitely neat everything was in the tent. His wife was making coffee and offered me a cup. Oom Piet, sitting on the edge of the camp-bed, asked:

"How are the people in Pretoria?"



THE RESTORED GUN LONG TOM. During the night of 8 December 1899, one of the guns, Long Tom, which bombarded Ladysmith, was rendered useless by the British. A charge of dynamite placed in the muzzle did great damage. But the destruction of the gun was by no means complete, and it was easily repaired. Long Tom was ready for work again in a very short time, and was dispatched by rail to Ottoskop, near Kimberley. The gun created no little dismay among the inhabitants of the latter city.

"All right, general."

"Aren't they frightened?"

"Not a bit, general. What should they be frightened of?"

"When the war broke out, they asked me what they were to do, and I told them to stay quietly at Pretoria. Our burghers will put this business right."

The general laughed good-naturedly at the fears of those one or two timid foreigners in the capital; he was so sure that he would master the "Rooineks." This conviction found full expression in his answer to the fallen French Colonel, Count de Villebois-Mareuil, and the Austrian Count Sternberg, who suggested that the British, instead of risking a second frontal attack on the strong position of Magersfontein, might, by making a turning movement, attack from the east. Without moving a muscle he said:

"Very well, then we shall catch them in the plain and shoot down every Englishman of them."

All the European officers could do was to shrug their shoulders: argument was out of the question. The British prepared to make this circuit, and Oom Piet was quite convinced that he could repulse them. He sent off commando after commando; but it was of no use: the enemy outnumbered them. In vain was his short and terse command:

"Hurry; shoot down the British to the last man!"

It could not be done. The English cavalry galloped down between the two hills, drove off the garrison and took up a strong position. This secured the safety of French's brigade, which had commenced to deploy on the 11th of February 1900.

During the evening, the Boer of-

ficers held a council of war at Magersfontein: the position was lost, the main camp surrounded, and Cronjé cast down, not knowing what to do. He was ready for a retreat with women, children, waggons and so forth; but he had no practical plans.

Count Sternberg, who was present with Colonel de Villebois, trembling with indignation at the bare suggestion of such a move, called out:

"Fly? I, an Austrian officer, fly? Never!"

Villebois took the matter more quietly. He saw that nothing remained but a retreat, and suggested the route to Boshof, to the north-east of Kimberley.

Cronjé said nothing. Captain Danie Theron, who had no patience with indecision and who felt that something must be done without delay, offered to break through the British lines with a thousand volunteers and thus secure the retreat of the Boer force.

"You may put down my name at the head of the list," he said, with great determination.

After a long consultation, the retreat was decided upon. In the stillness of the night, on the 15th of February 1900, the waggons were loaded up: as the whole convoy was going, no one wished to leave anything behind. The English got no wind of the move, and, at daybreak, the British guns sent forth their lightning from all sides, and shells fell thick upon the place where, only the day before, the laager had been.

Draper, of the Transvaal Intelligence Department, who had remained behind with the "Red Cross" and who objected to having his breakfast spoilt by this bombardment, improvised a white flag and went to the spot where, through his field-glasses, he had seen some British officers standing. He informed them, in his politest manner, that the Boer army, much to its regret, had left without having the opportunity of returning the salute; but it sent its compliments.

"Where the devil is Cronjé then?" asked the officers, in dumfoundered amazement.

"Don't know," drawled Draper, and asked to have the bombardment stopped.

This was done. Meanwhile, orderly-officers dashed off at a hand-gallop to headquarters at Jacobsdaal, to report that Cronjé had made off. The British patrols did not catch sight of him until about eleven o'clock.

From that moment, the British artillery-fire followed him, thundering, roaring, shaking earth and sky. His long train hindered mobility, and, fired with great precision, the shells burst over the waggons, whilst the tired beasts, encouraged by yells and cracking whips, did their utmost. The British did not venture to attack; the Boer artillery, under the command of two such undaunted German officers as von Dewitz and von Heister, held the cavalry of the enemy in check.

It needed no wizard to tell that, hampered as Cronjé was by his slow and heavy train, the British would overtake him and not only cut him off, but take him between two fires; therefore the commandants advised the general to leave the waggons behind, to ride forward with the burghers and take up strong positions. Cronjé curtly refused. Firmly and sturdily he sat his horse, a picture of wrong-headed obstinacy.

At Brandsvlei, Chief Commandant Ferreira, of the Free State, sent a messenger to advise him to cross the drift and join him. Cronjé refused, and declared that he would press on to Paardenberg. De Wet did not approve of this. He was afraid that the British would occupy the hill and cut up the laager in the plain. Cronje declared that he knew what he was about, and that the position was impregnable.

He took up his position at the foot

GENERAL CRONJÉ BEFORE KIMBERLEY, WITH CAPTAIN P. T. VAN DER MERWE AND HIS ARTILLERY. Oom Piet gave orders that Long Tom should attack Kimberley. Roaring and thundering, the gun threw the big shells into Rhodes's fortifications. Had not Lord Roberts, thanks to his overwhelming forces, just then succeeded in taking the Magersfontein position (15 February 1900), Kimberley would no doubt have succumbed to the terrible fire of the celebrated gun, which, in spite of French's quick march to the town, was brought away expeditiously and safely, over Boshof, by the Transvaal General Du Toit.

of Paardenberg. What De Wet had foreseen happened. The enemy forced the Boers to evacuate the surrounding heights and planted their guns there. They attempted to storm the laager two days later, on the 18th of February 1900, and met with frightful losses. Then commenced an uninterrupted bombardment. General De Wet and the war-commission at Bloemfontein pressed Cronjé by heliograph to break with his burghers through the British lines, leaving women, children and waggons behind. The British would hurt neither women nor children. Oom Piet heliographed back that there was no need for anxiety, his trenches were good. All he needed was medical help. Every morning, De Wet asked for news by heliograph and always got the same answer, that all was well and that the enemy would not get the better of Cronjé's burghers.

But the burghers were driven across the river, first from one position and then from another, and their situation became daily more serious. The roar and thunder of the British guns was heard in De Wet's laager day and night, and day and night saw conflagrations in Cronjé's laager. A few burghers succeeded in escaping singly and brought back the most harrowing descriptions of the condition of their unfortunate comrades; but no word of complaint came from the general. He returned curt answers to the sympathetic enquiries of his brother-in-arms, De Wet.

Suddenly the heliograph from Cronjé's laager ceased to send its message. De Wet became uneasy, and, two days later, when an heroic attempt to rescue the unfortunate burghers had miscarried, Captain Danie Theron volunteered for the dangerous post of fighting his way through to Cronjé, to see how matters stood. He found Oom Piet alone, sullen as ever and as obstinately determined to hold

ENGLISH PRISONERS OF WAR FROM PAARDENBERG. When Cronjé's laager was surrounded at Paardenberg, many heroic attempts were made by the Boers from outside to rescue their comrades. The greatly superior forces of Lord Roberts' army rendered these attempts fruitless. Still the Boers took several prisoners. Those represented above were surprised at dinner. The photograph was taken on their arrival at Pretoria (25 February 1900).

BURGHERS CROSSING THE VAAL RIVER. South African rivers are not spanned by bridges like the rivers of Europe. The bridges are not used sufficiently to justify the expense of building them. A kind of ferry does all that is required. There is plenty of room on these ferries for a waggon and sixteen oxen. They were most useful in carrying over commandoes during the war.

on and "give the enemy a thorough lesson once and for all," he said. When the general heard of the futile attempt at rescue, he smiled grimly as much as to say, "No matter, I'm safe where I am." Danie Theron saw that those under Cronjé did not share his optimism, but had again and again tried to persuade the general to leave all behind and cut his way through the lines. At last, Cronjé had to recognize that his obstinacy was losing him the great influence he once held over those under his command, for the burghers, under the protection of the white flag, went over to the enemy by tens and twelves. At last he agreed to throw a wooden bridge across the Modder River and join De Wet. The enemy got wind of the plan and set the bridge on fire with lyddite shells. The anniversary of Majuba Day, 27 February 1881, beheld the surrender of Cronjé, the most disastrous event of the war.

Grim, stern and sullen, brave Oom Piet went into captivity. His hopes of giving the British a lesson once and for all were at an end. Had it depended on him, he would have starved to death rather than agree to hoist the white flag. There is no other Boer general who would have defended his position with such unshaken tenacity. His short, square figure, his curt manner of command, so much in contrast with his naturally friendly manner, all showed the unconquerable stubbornness of the man's nature.

A TRANSVAAL ARTILLERY-PARK.

It was on the morning of the Battle of Magersfontein, on the 11th of December 1899, when General Wauchope, with a force of a few hundred men, having skirted the Boer position, noticed a number of loose horses galloping over the plain, and began to shoot them down. Cronjé and his staff of six officers happened to be near. Oom Piet's sharp eyes noticed the grey shadows moving to and fro unsteadily. He watched a moment, and then called out excitedly:

"There are the Rooineks; shoot, lads, shoot!"

Joined by two burghers from the Kroonstad Commando, the seven men began to fire at the flitting shadows in the grey distance.

The first sunbeams pierced the misty clouds with their golden arrows, and the soft grey veil was lifted from the fresh and smiling landscape. The

veldt wore its most beauteous dress of creamy white and softest green; diamonds glimmered in its folds, lending it brilliancy and added beauty. And then, when the last flaky clouds, delicate as cobwebs, had been put to flight by the fiery advance of the sun, there lay between the boulders many a brave soldier, with clenched hands and arms upraised to heaven, as though, in his last moment, he had called down God's curse upon his destroyer. They lay where they had fallen, those poor Tommies, their glazed eyes still open and gazing upwards, as though the soul, winging itself for flight, looked to the spirit of morning for guidance into Eternity. Others hid their faces in Mother Earth's bosom, as though the brilliant light affrighted them. And piteous were the cries of the wounded for water, to which their comrades, in their terror and confusion, lent a deaf ear.

"Shoot, boys, shoot!" had been Cronjé's cry, and his own Mauser had taken its full share in the work.

"I can't go on," sighed a Kroonstad burgher, a mere boy, whose first battle it was, and who was nearly driven crazy by the unceasing crack of the rifles.

He saw the wounded soldiers totter and fall, and others run about in confusion, seeking a way of escape which they were never to find. The Boer fire gave them no chance. Nine men against two hundred! Cronjé saw that the enemy was much stronger, but he dared not lose time by sending for reinforcements. The Rooineks had to be beaten, and Oom Piet beat them.

Some time afterwards, I met the young Kroonstad burgher again. When he spoke of that morning, he put his hands to his head, shuddered and said:

"I dare not think of it; it drives me mad; never again will I go on commando: I am now with the Red Cross."

❊

Cronjé, the captive of St. Helena, may not have shown himself possessed of the great powers of strategy with which he was credited before the war. But he has every right to his title of honour as "Brave Oom Piet".

GLIMPSES OF BOER CAMP LIFE: PREPARING DINNER. This is a very important moment in camp life. The Kaffir is set to chop wood, called iron-wood on account of its hardness. As soon as the potatoes are peeled and put on to boil, preparations are made to stew or roast the meat. An ingenious roasting-jack is contrived by tying two pieces of this same iron wood together. The Boer has to look sharp about it, though: there is not much time for meals when war is abroad.

LOUIS BOTHA,

FORMERLY COMMANDANT GENERAL OF THE TRANSVAAL FORCES, AND MEMBER OF THE FIRST VOLKSRAAD FOR THE VRIJHEID DISTRICT.

CHAPTER XIV.

COMMANDANT GENERAL LOUIS BOTHA.

SHORTLY before the outbreak of the war, when the Transvaal Volksraad was appointing different leaders to fill the rank of general, no member of our legislature thought of giving a vote to Louis Botha. Louis was too young and had had no opportunity of displaying his tactical qualities. He had risen no higher than assistant field cornet. Lucas Meijer, the senior member for Vrijheid, for which district Botha sat as junior member in the First Volksraad, was appointed a general. He had been wounded in the neck in the war of 1880-1881 and had given proofs of great bravery in the Zulu War. The appointment therefore was only natural, and that Louis Botha was passed over is quite as intelligible. Like so many others, like De Wet, Kritzinger, Danie Theron, Beijers, Malan, he first displayed his great capacity during the course of the war.

He was one of the first to take the field. As Lucas Meijer's subordinate, he fought freely at Dundee, but without distinguishing himself. Then Lucas Meijer fell ill, owing to the exhausting marches and fights that fellowed on the evacuation of Dundee (22-26 October 1899). The doctors prescribed absolute rest. Meijer returned to Pretoria, and Louis Botha assumed the temporary command. The Utrecht and Vrijheid Commandoes held Ladysmith locked in on the south. It was over these and the Wakkerstroom Commando that the young general held command, and the task fell to him of defending the Tugela positions against Sir Redvers Buller's advancing army.

Here Louis Botha established his name for good and all as an able tactician. Personally he showed the burghers where to dig the trenches. He taught them how to conceal those trenches from the eyes of the enemy by means of branches and foliage. He encouraged the burghers in their heavy work upon the hard rocky ground, work made still more unpleasant by

the scarcity of implements, enabling the Boers to work only by turns. But Louis Botha's friendly words, his encouraging talk and infinite patience kept up the burghers' spirits. Most of them had not even known him by sight before that time; but he enlisted the sympathy of the Transvaalers with astonishing swiftness. His kindly glance,

THE LATE GENERAL LUCAS MEYER, President of the First Volksraad of the South African Republic. The hero of Dundee and Glencoe (20 October 1899), the brave warrior who was wounded in the neck in the war of 1880-81, President of the former "New Republic," known, since 1888, as the Vryheid District, and leader of the Boers who so successfully defeated the Zulus under Silepu in 1884. He died suddenly, on the 8th of August 1902, soon after his arrival in Europe.

the patience with which he listened to one and all in a moment won every heart. He knew how to lead his men as very few officers did.

On the 6th of December 1899, General Joubert was taken to the hospital at Volksrust to recover from the disorders brought on by the famous march to Estcourt (22 November 1899). Louis Botha was appointed responsible commander of the Tugela positions. It was a great distinction for this young man of thirty-five. Some of his subordinates looked upon him with a jealous eye; but Louis disarmed envy by his kindness, and, when the Battle of Colenso had been fought, on the 15th of December 1899, the malcontents dared to attack the young general only in whispers. Louis Botha had chosen his positions so excellently that at no single point did the garrison need strengthening. During the battle, he was constantly at the most important points. He gave the orders to fire and fixed the moment for the abandoned British guns to be brought in; he commanded the Boer artillery to be silent, so that the English thought that the bridge across the Tugela was not covered by Boer guns and allowed their two batteries to advance too far. In a word, the whole credit of this battle and all the following battles on the Tugela is due to him. But Louis Botha remained the same modest, patient man as before.

Meanwhile, General Joubert died, on the 27th of March 1900, and, at his express desire, Louis Botha was made Acting Commandant General. It is easily understood that, by that time, there was none to cavil at this appointment. Everyone had built his faith upon the young general whom, six months earlier, the members of the Volksraad had not thought worthy of a command. But it was an unfavourable time at which Louis Botha took up the command-in-chief. The Boers were demoralized. They no longer thought of making a stand against Lord Roberts' gigantic army. The positions had been spendidly prepared;

SAREL
OOSTHUIZEN,
Acting Commandant
of Krugersdorp.

COMMANDANT
GENERAL
LOUIS BOTHA.

MULLER
Commandant of
Standerton.

KELLY,
Field Cornet of
Zoutpansberg.

GENERAL
BEN VILJOEN

FIELD CORNET
PRETORIUS

GENERAL
FOURIE

GENERAL
CHRISTIAN
BOTHA.

VIVIAN JHR. C. G. S.
OTTO. SANDBERG
Aide-de-camp

GENERAL
TOBIAS
SMUTS

DU PREEZ
Commandant of
Zoutpansberg.

O. M. VAN
STADEN
Field Cornet of
Swaziland.

COMMANDANT GENERAL LOUIS BOTHA AND HIS STAFF AT COLENSO.

BOER OUTPOSTS NEAR COLENSO, ON THE TUGELA RIVER (NATAL). These outposts consisted of the most fearless of the Boer fighters. Their object was to get as near as possible to the enemy's camp, and it was they who suffered most, in comparison, from the shells of the enemy.

THE RAILWAY BRIDGE AT WASCHBANK (NATAL), BLOWN UP WITH DYNAMITE BY THE BOERS.

but the burghers fled before there was any real danger. And the Boer army became smaller at each mile that it retreated. Tempted by Lord Roberts' specious promises in his proclamations of the 1st and 31st of May 1900, the combatants laid down their arms in thousands. Louis Botha's kindness and patience were of no avail. Still he did not lose courage. He called what had occurred a purging of the ranks. But he was determined to make his power felt behind the Boer lines. He was determined to show that not even a British army can protect a burgher who has betrayed his country. Patrols of volunteers crossed and recrossed the Transvaal by his command, captured the false patriots who had acted as guides or shown other services to the

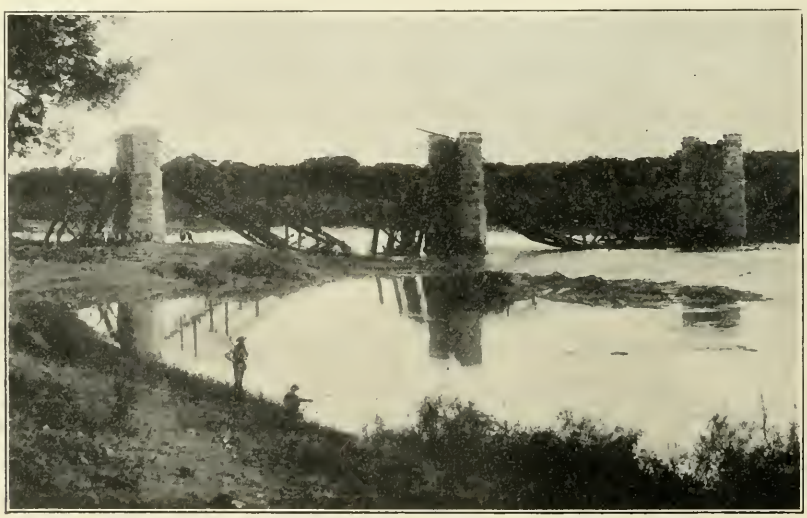
ANOTHER VIEW OF THE ABOVE.

enemy, and brought them into the Boer lines, where they received their due punishment. Due is hardly the right word here: if President Steijn and Louis Botha had been less gentle towards traitors and insisted that they should be sentenced to death instead of imprisonment, the treachery would never have increased to that alarming extent.

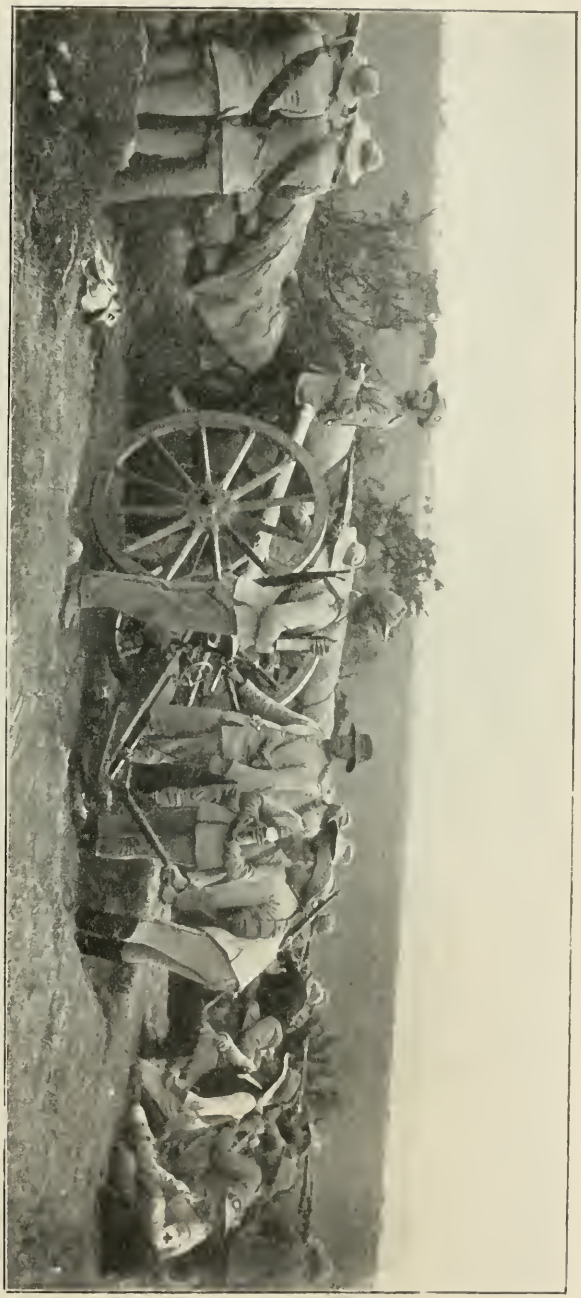
THE LATE GENERAL CHRISTIAN BOTHA.
He died November 1902.

But Louis Botha is too gentle by nature: a quality which he shares with all the Bothas. True, he brooks no breach of law or order: but he is not strong enough to exact the utmost penalties of the law.

Scarce had the Transvaal Government quietly left Pretoria, on the approach of the English, when the inhabitants began to plunder a great government store full of provisions. This looting was reported to General Botha, as was the state of complete anarchy that prevailed in the capital. Without a moment's delay, he rode to Pretoria, instituted a committee which was made responsible for peace and order and the good conduct of affairs, charged a number of mounted burghers with police duties, issued a proclamation calling upon the inhabitants to preserve order, and then hastened back to his positions.



THE TUGELA RAILWAY BRIDGE AT COLENSO, DESTROYED 16 November 1899.



BOER ARTILLERY ENGAGED AT MODDERSPRUIT (NICHOLSON'S NEK), 30 October 1899. The Boers here took 1300 prisoners.

This is a signal instance of Botha's swift and able methods. The most striking proof was given in September 1900, when, in the midst of the war, he found time and opportunity thoroughly to reform the regulations of the South African Republic regarding the commandoes. Till that time, the officers of the Boer army had been elected by the burghers. After the inauguration of the new rules, on the 6th of October 1900, these appointments lay with the Commandant General: a very thorough change, rendered necessary by the fact that the personal element played far too great a part in the elections and often thrust the claims of military capacity into the background.

It is a remarkable thing that, although Louis Botha never acted with great severity, everyone attached great importance to his good or bad opinion. Pretoria had long been occupied, and Louis de Souza, the former Secetary of the War Department, of which the Commandant General was the head, knew that Louis Botha was "*banja* angry with him." One day, when a friend got permission to leave the capital in order to join the general, Souza asked him kindly to put in a good word for him with the young Commander-in-Chief. And this is one instance out of many.

Botha exercises an immediate and indescribable charm and a sympathetic influence upon all who come into contact with him. The high forehead, the calm, blue-grey eyes, the manly face, the kind, attractive smile playing about his mouth, the well-built, muscular form, the pleasant manners all combine to

stamp him as a man of refinement and of clear common-sense. Whence did this man derive his obvious culture? That is the secret of so many Boer characters. He was born at Vrede, in the Orange Free State, a village founded by his father. In his youth, he watched the sheep on the veldt. He has taught himself all he knows. He speaks Dutch and English fluently, and writes both languages fairly well. He is acquainted with all the forms of European society, and is a gentleman in every sense of the word. He is a self-made man without the latter's brag and arrogance. He is the aristocrat of the healthy mind in the healthy body.

His burghers valued him for his prudence, which led them into no unnecessary danger, a prudence which he held in common with the late General Joubert. They were astonished to find that he often had reserves in hand on which they had not reckoned: a simple secret, the explanation of which lay in his excellent distribution of the commandoes along the fighting line. They looked up to him with ever increasing respect, because he rejected all Lord Roberts' brilliant offers and remained true to the cause of independence, when so many others had succumbed to temptation. They were always drawing new strength from his spirit, which remained undaunted in the face of all reverses, from his kindliness, which remained imperturbable, despite the endless privations which he cheerfully shared with the least of the burghers. The Boers, who themselves are models of what patient

BOER ARTILLERY IN ACTION AT COLENSO: 15 December 1899. On this wide plain was fought the bloody battle which ended in one of the greatest defeats experienced by the English in the war. Through the plain winds the Tugela, to whose south bank the English brought their guns. Two batteries, however, advanced too quickly and too far. The Boers took advantage of this mistake to open fire from their trenches; and the men working the guns and their escort fell. Seven times the English made heroic efforts to save the guns; but the teams were shot down and the men trying to serve them were each time driven back with heavy loss. Eleven guns with all their ammunition fell into the hands of the Boers.

THE HEROES OF SPION KOP. A division of volunteers who took part in the recapture of Spion Kop (24 and 25 January 1900).

men should be, respected his patience, and told exaggerated stories of his really very great powers of work.

The Republicans have had no more capable tactician than this young general. De la Rey may be more dashing, Ben Viljoen more gallant, Beijers more reckless, De Wet more artful; but not one of them was able to lay such excellent plans as Louis Botha. Once he had worked out a plan, it was complete in all its details. These fitted together like the links of a chain. That is why Botha was the right man in the right place as Commander-in-Chief. He gave all the commandoes, even the smallest and most distant, his orders, and all worked according to his plans, with the exception of De la Rey, who acted quite independently.

VIADUCT IN THE BIGGARSBERG (Natal), WRECKED WITH DYNAMITE BY THE BOERS.

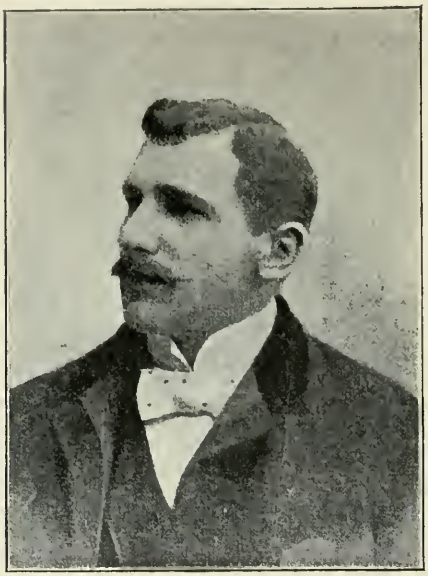
Louis Botha was undoubtedly the man for war on the large scale. He has, it is true, displayed talent in the guerrilla, but his force did not lie there so much as in the *grande guerre*. Two qualities lifted the Commandant General Botha above his predecessor. He did

THE RAILWAY BRIDGE OVER THE SUNDAY RIVER (NATAL), REPAIRED BY THE TRANSVAALERS. The English repair bridges in the same manner, or else build a kind of bridge in the bed of the river. These are, of course, only make-shifts, and quite unable to resist the rapids, especially after the tropical rains, when the force of the current becomes exceedingly strong.

OUTPOST OF BOERS AT VAN REENEN'S PASS ON THE FRONTIER OF THE ORANGE FREE STATE AND NATAL. This pass in the Drakensberg was held by 200 Boers against Buller's army of 30,000. Again and again the British advanced to the attack and were as often repulsed. Had the Boers in the Botha Pass (north-east of Newcastle) not been surprised, the enemy would never have got through the Drakensberg.

not lose courage so quickly as Joubert, and he had a greater talent for organization and administration.

It is a remarkable thing that the whole of the Old Guard of 1880-1881 had fallen out of the fight, and that the war was being continued by the younger African generation. Piet Joubert was dead, General Kock killed, Piet Cronjé a prisoner, Paul Kruger abroad, and Louis Botha, De Wet, De la Rey, Beijers, Jan Smuts, Hertzog, Ben Viljoen, Kritzinger and others all worthily replaced their predecessors.



GENERAL C. L. BEIJERS of the Transvaal

In the First Volksraad, Louis Botha was a calm speaker, who thought every subject out before speaking, was never carried away by excitement, always kept within the limits of parliamentary debate. He had been a member of the highest legislative body since 1896 and had, from the beginning, distinguished himself by his clearness of judgment

FRASER, orderly.

VAN VELDEN Secretary to Acting. State President Schalk Burger.

DE WET Military Secretary to Commandant General Botha.

COMMANDANT GENERAL LOUIS BOTHA.

LIEUTENANT GENERAL VISCOUNT KITCHENER, G. C. B. K. C. B.,

MAJOR GENERAL SIR IAN HAMILTON, Chief of Staff

THE CONFERENCE BETWEEN LORD KITCHENER AND COMMANDANT GENERAL LOUIS BOTHA, AT MIDDELBURG: 28 February 1900.

and especially by his innate good-breeding.

He was a Progressive in politics, and was formerly an ardent defender of Schalk Burger's policy, as set forth in the well-known Industrial Report. In 1898, during the famous debate on the Dynamite Concession, he was in his best form, and never, during my five years' career as a Transvaal parliamentary reporter, have I heard such brilliant speeches as those delivered by Louis Botha in support of the continuance of the concession.

He was no partisan opponent of President Kruger's methods of government. He was prepared to support Oom Paul in every good proposal, but also to fight with all his might against any measure of which he disapproved. However keen and destructive his criticism, he never forgot to observe the forms of debate. Often, during the adjournment, he would continue his discussion with the President, who usually grew very excited, while Botha remained ever calm and polite. He is affability personified, listens to everybody, and is not strong enough roundly to refuse a request. In every-day life he is an exceedingly agreeable person, feels at home wherever he may be, and is able to talk on almost any subject. Red Cross doctors and volunteers with the Boers, when they learnt to know Louis Botha, grew enthusiastic on the subject of his character.

A curious fact, which should be mentioned here, is that Louis Botha, who lived in Natal as a youth, was once a member of the Natal Volunteers. Together with Lucas Meijer, he assisted Cetewayo's son, Dinizulu, the Zulu chief, to bring his fellow chief, Sibepu, into subjection and thus restore order in Zululand. In return for this aid, the Boers in 1884, as we know, received a large tract of ground, the present District of Vrijheid, as it has been called since 1888.

COMMANDANT GENERAL LOUIS BOTHA. He was only 35 years of age when appointed to his high position, owing to his rare ability. He won world-wide renown in the battles in Natal: the Tugela, Spion Kop and Vaalkrans. He is a great strategist. The grey which he is riding was a gift from the inhabitants of Pretoria, and was presented to him after the Battle of Colenso (15 December 1899).

CHRISTIAN DE WET,

FORMERLY CHIEF COMMANDANT GENERAL OF THE FREE STATE FORCES AND MEMBER OF THE VOLKSRAAD FOR BOVEN-MODDERRIVER.

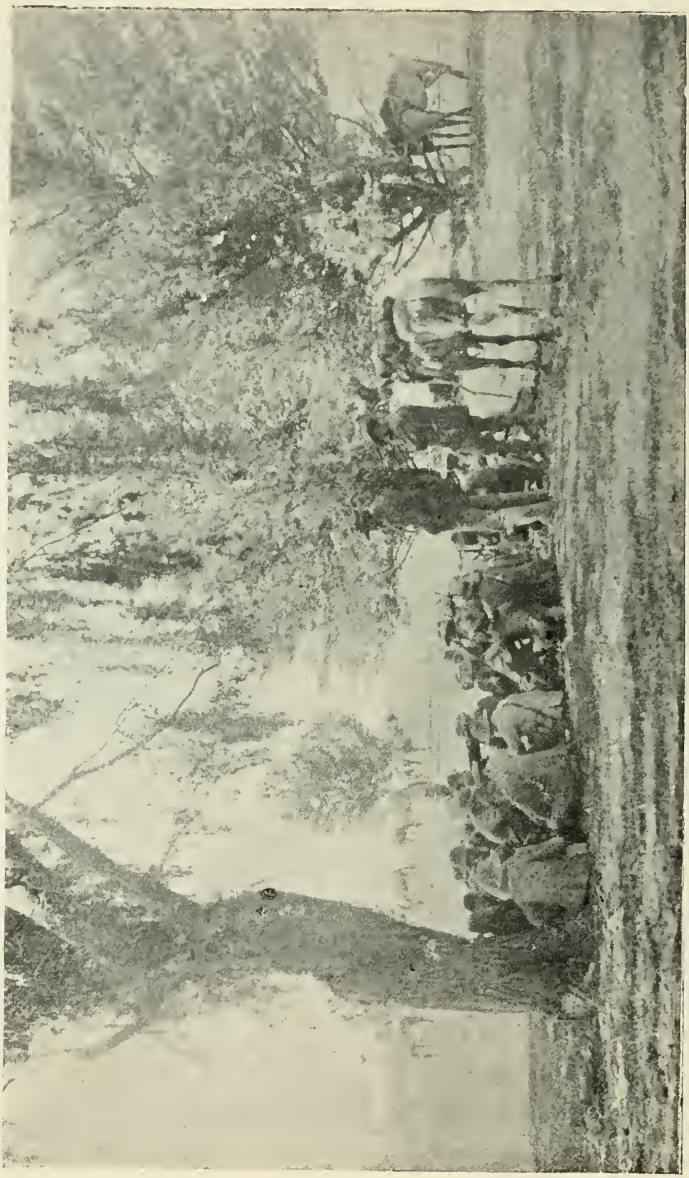
CHAPTER XV.

CHIEF COMMANDANT GENERAL CHRISTIAN DE WET.

THE first time I met the now famous general was at Jacobsdaal. General De la Rey introduced me. Oom Chrisjan gave me his hand, pressed mine hard, but said little. Perhaps I should look upon him with other eyes now: but I remember very well that, at that time, he did not make a great impression upon me. Beside De la Rey, with the thinker's head and the dark, glittering eyes, De Wet seemed tame and spiritless. Only the short, broad figure, the large swelling breast denoted great bodily strength and muscular force, as in a bull.

That evening, the two generals started, with a patrol of 150 men, for the rear of the English position at Two Rivers, intending to blow up the railway line. The expedition failed, because the man whose duty it was to work the dynamite was unable to discharge the explosive. De la Rey was excited at the failure; but still more furious was Oom Chrisjan. Throughout the day, I had been learning to know him as a man of very few words; but now, in his disappointment, he growled and grumbled, with his loud voice, and roughly and bluntly rated the culprit. During those repeated outburts of temper, his otherwise dull eyes flashed fire.

Later, I met General De Wet, at different times, at Magersfontein; but he was always still and introspective, almost shy. Piet Cronjé and De la Rey were generals who had already distinguished themselves, one in the War of 1880-1881, the other in the present war. De Wet had not yet had an opportunity of showing his masterly talents. Probably he did not even feel the power that lay concealed within him. In any case, the knowledge that the two Transvaal generals were his superiors in experience evidently oppressed him. He felt drawn towards General De la Rey, who was annoyed at General Cronjé's inactivity. But, at the same time, he was a little afraid of Oom Piet, who



THE LAST COUNCIL OF WAR NEAR BLOEMFONTEIN. The exposed position of the south-west side of the Free State capital rendered its defence impracticable. Still, Christian de Wet and his brave followers held it against Lord Roberts' main force for several hours.

always carried his plans through, stubbornly, rudely, and suffered no one by his side. De la Rey was not afraid to tackle Oom Piet. He knew him in the Transvaal. But to De Wet Cronjé was the much honoured hero of Potchefstroom and the Jameson Raid. He looked up to him with the adoration of a patriot for the great men of his national history.

The Boers did not think much, at that time, of Oom Chrisjan. President Steijn had sent for him from Natal, where he had the rank of commandant with the commandoes, and promoted him to general. The Free Staters

failed to see in what way De Wet had deserved this distinction. They admitted that he was brave, but there were commandants who had shown themselves in no way inferior to him in this respect. And so, in December 1899, when an election took place for a Free Stater to command in chief on the Western border, the Burghers elected Ignaas Ferreira, the Commandant of Ladybrand, to the post. General De Wet received one vote less than his successful competitor.

Oom Chrisjan first made his mark at Blauwbank, on the 15th of February 1900. News had come that the English were marching from the South in the direction of Koffijfontein. Cronjé thought that they meant to enter the Free State by Koffijfontein, and sent De Wet, with his own brother, Commandant Andries Cronjé, to Blauwbank to repel the invasion. Here De Wet captured the enemy's huge convoy, and, as often happens when an officer takes suddenly a fine prize, established his reputation. Everyone talked of De Wet and even, for a moment, forgot the defeat of Cronjé, who had, on the same day, 15 February 1900, evacuated the Magersfontein position, and the news that had come to hand of the relief of Kimberley.

Oom Chrisjan showed his burghers at Blauwbank that he was no easy man to deal with. He drove them back to their trenches with his whip when they attempted to fly, and they became so afraid of their angry general that they no longer dared retire.

Three days later, he arrived with his commandoes at Paardenberg, where Cronjé was hemmed in by the English. His fame preceded him:

"De Wet is coming!"

And this shows the influence of a name. It was as though the burghers had suddenly been imbued with fresh spirit. They had lost courage latterly owing to all their reverses; but De Wet would put everything right again. On that 18th of February, all the commandoes fought bravely; but Cronjé again was stubborn. He refused to leave the women and children and his baggage behind and to cut his way through the British lines. De Wet, who was now in command, was constantly contriving new plans to release Cronjé. But the numerical superiority of the enemy was too overwhelming. Still he did not lose courage.

I distinctly remember the 23rd of February 1900. De Wet had planned a general assault. It was a daring scheme. All the mounted commandoes were simultaneously to storm the British positions. Oom Chrisjan stood with his staff on a kopje, whence he could command the whole field. He saw the burghers gallop bravely to within rifle-shot of the positions. Then came the rattle of rifle-fire. The men advanced, but were compelled to fall back. They did not see the enemy, did not know where nor in which direction to fire. The brave Winburghers were swallowed up in the enemy's wedge-shaped position. The Lee-Metfords cracked from three sides. The Winburghers had to surrender. There was no other escape from death. We on the kopje saw this. It was a tragic spectacle. De Wet said not a word. He only compressed his lips tightly together, and his features assumed that biting aspect which I have found again in his later portraits. It was a resolute man that stood that morning on the kopje. But tears gleamed in his eyes.

In the early morning of the 27th of February, I learnt from some Kaffirs that Cronjé had surrendered. They came from his laager, where the English had let them go free. I refused to believe the fatal news, saddled my horse, and rode over to De Wet. I found the general silent, and introspective as usual, and asked him if he had received any confirmation of the report. He too had heard it, but did not believe it.

COMMANDANT J. H. OLIVIER.

COMMANDANT OLIVIER, the hero of Stormberg; a great tactician. He and the Transvaal Commandant, Lemmer, succeeded, notwithstanding the occupation of Bloemfontein, in extricating the whole Boer force in the North of Cape Colony (21 March 1900), without losing a gun, waggon or horse.

And he told me this with something grim and resolute in voice, look and bearing, as though he meant to say, "Come what may, it will make no difference to my resistance".

Poplar Grove (7 March 1900) and Driefontein (10 March 1900) were not successes for De Wet. They showed that his strength did not lie in the *grande guerre.*

At Poplar Grove he was warned in time by his scouts of the encircling movement of the enemy. He did not strengthen his flanks. True, it would not have availed him against the superior forces; but to neglect the precaution was a mistake.

Two days later, he defended the approach to Bloemfontein with 600 men. What could he do, however, against Lord Roberts' army? But it was a point of honour with him not to give up the capital without striking a blow in its defence. The other officers had wished to do so, but not he. He was too grimly determined to contest every inch of territory against the enemy.

And, in the evening, when he left Bloemfontein, knowing that, the next morning, the English would make their unimpeded entry, he assured his friends that he would return one day when the Free State was free again. This was no bluster, but a sacred promise, uttered in deadly earnest. The words, so calmly spoken, gave fresh courage to his officers. De Wet's determination was contagious.

From that day his epoch of fame begins. The victories of Sanna's Post (1 April 1900) and Reddersburg (5 April 1900) bade the fighting Boers be of good cheer. De Wet hovered around Bloemfontein. He cut off the Water Works and held them in his possession until Lord Roberts began to march to Pretoria (3 May 1900). He spoilt the British joy at the occupation of Johannes-

ARMSTRONG GUN CAPTURED AT STORMBERG. Rushing General Gatacre's battery, the Boers succeeded in in driving off the English artillery, which were unable to hold out against their rifles, though they defended their batteries with the greatest courage. Three pieces fell into tho hands of the heroes of Stormberg (10 December 1899).

burg by his victory over the 13th Battalion of Imperial Yeomanry at Lindley (31 May 1900). He embittered the delight at the surrender of Pretoria on the 5th of June by capturing a large train of supplies at Honingspruit on the 6th and surprising the Derbyshires on the 7th.

De Wet had developed into the man he was thenceforward to show himself, the general whose talents compelled respect from the very enemy. In the days of adversity, he had learnt what the Boer Army lacked: discipline. And, with all his strength of will and all his strictness, he set himself to rule his burghers. He lashed the cowards mercilessly. He seldom carried a rifle, but he was never seen without his sjambok. He maintained an iron discipline and was inexorable if his curt orders were not swiftly carried out. He suffered no neglect of duty from common burghers or officers. His brother Piet, who had spent the time near Lindley doing nothing, while Chrisjan himself had acted with such great success at Roodewal Siding, was deprived of his rank, because he had allowed a convoy of 50 waggons, with a feeble escort, to enter Lindley unimpeded. In this way, Oom Chrisjan showed himself to be severe, but just, refusing to overlook any offence, even on the part of his own family. No offenders escaped him.

The general, with his iron frame, which knew no fatigue, often inspected his pickets at night in person. His burghers were more afraid of being surprised by their general than by the enemy. And, notwithstanding his harshness, all his men remained with him. Only a very few had run away to other commandoes or surrendered. The others were faithful to him to the death. They admired him for his uprightness, his fairness, his strict justice, his courage, his resolution, his calmness in the presence of danger. His mighty will swayed them all.

De Wet could lead his men into any fight. They had unlimited confidence in his generalship. They believed in him fanatically. They followed him as the Turks followed the green flag of Mohammed. He saved them repeatedly when escape seemed hopeless and when all the other officers were thinking of surrender. At such moments, I have no doubt that De Wet's mouth again assumed that resolute fold. He sat grimly for a while, huddled into himself, and then his plan was ripe. It was always a very simple, in no way complicated, plan: the egg of Columbus, in fact. And its very simplicity ensured its unfailing success.

As often as I read, in Europe, that De Wet had been hopelessly surrounded and had still succeeded in escaping, I used to think of his own words:

"A Boer first gets dangerous when you succeed in surrounding him."

He uttered these words on the Modder River, at the time of the investment of Cronjé, after he had barely escaped being surrounded. This was the first time that he extricated himself from a British trap. How often he succeeded since! The Boers called him the "jackal," referring to the craftiness with which he made his way through any outlet. And yet it was determination rather than craftiness. De Wet would not surrender. He has said so himself:

"As long as it is possible — and it is always possible — for me to get through, escape and fight again, I shall do so. When necessary, I shall run away, and, if the others will not follow me, I shall run away alone. But surrender and lose our liberty: never!"

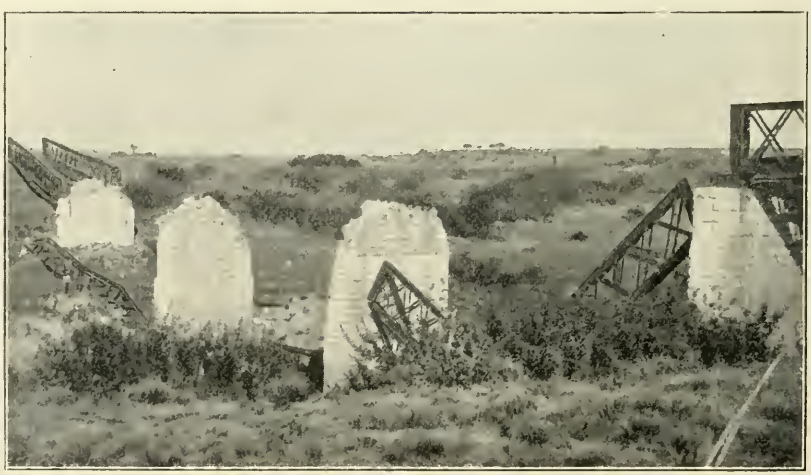
He prefered to take any dangerous work on himself personally, if he feared that another might fall back or waver at the crucial moment. He, with his nerves of steel, knew neither fear nor hesitation.

And he always escaped the threatening danger. History tells of the

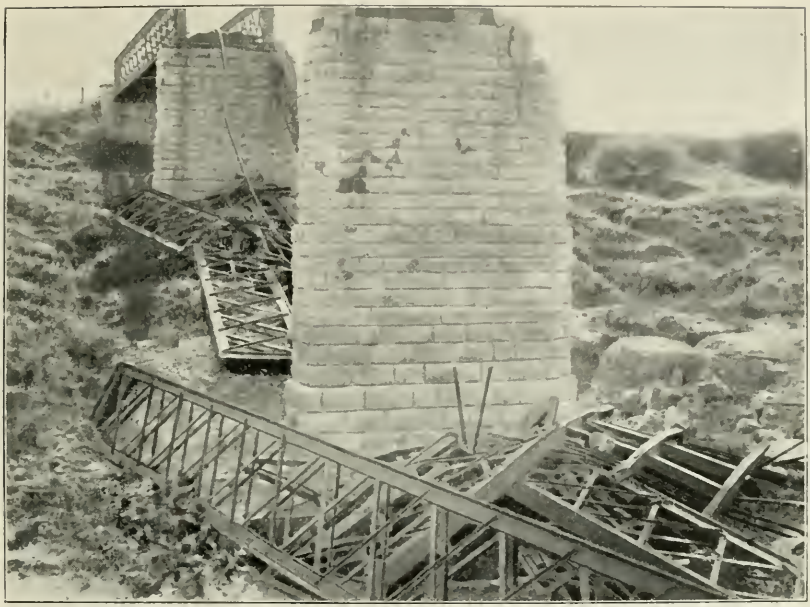
HELIOGRAPH CORPS OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN REPUBLIC AND FIELD BATTERY UNDER SECOND LIEUTENANT W. A. BAAY AT COLESBERG. This division joined Commandant Olivier and distinguished itself in the celebrated retreat from Colesberg (21 March 1900), when it passed right through the Orange Free State, along the banks of the Caledon River and the Basuto border.

most wonderful deliveries. The traitor who brought a patrol to take De Wet prisoner when staying at a certain place found the bird flown when he returned. When the greater part of his followers were captured, De Wet escaped, as at Bothaville, on the 5th of November 1900. When his pursuers thought that they had him at last, he was far away. They thought to find him in a house: it so happened that he was sleeping outside. This happened many times. Innumerable attempts were made to catch him, and all failed, whereas his plans to escape invariably succeeded. His men saw in this a higher Hand Which spared him. He had become to them the apostle of their liberty, and he wielded an unequalled power over them, which he knew how to employ with rare talent in the service of his country. At one time, he was with this commando; at another, with that. Accompanied only by a few trusted followers, he rode through the land. To-day he was here; to-morrow there. He needed little rest. He took it when he could. And it was then, perhaps, that he was most dangerous to his enemies, who, at such times, seemed to perceive his presence at three or four places at once. In those rare days of inaction, he thought out new plans and suddenly broke from his rest and darted through the country, striking his blows with inconceivable swiftness and sureness. When necessary, in a few days he would gather a great force round him, which as suddenly dispersed. Slowness did not exist for him. He felt that the enervating influence which he exercised over the enemy lay in the rapidity of his operations and movements, and he had carried discipline to so high a pitch that his men executed all his commands immediately and swiftly. He had taught the slow-moving Boer, whose "steady on, man" lay always on his lips, to be quick and resolute in all things.

De Wet, the man who is square of build and square in character, cannot endure half-patriots. He preferred to let them go from his commandoes, rather than remain. He himself sacrificed all for liberty. He expected his followers to be prepared to do as much. The



PART OF THE DESTROYED BRIDGE OVER THE VET RIVER (ORANGE FREE STATE). On the retreat from Kroonstad, the Boers blew up the bridge almost in the faces of the astounded British. The work of destruction was admirably planned: of five arches, three were blown to the ground.



ANOTHER VIEW OF THE DESTROYED BRIDGE OVER THE VET RIVER.

honest enemy he respected. He treated his prisoners as well as, in the circumstances, he could. But on traitors to his nation he swore vengeance. He would have liked to make short work of all the Boers who acted as guides to the enemy of their country, of all his countrymen who had taken up British arms to fight against him and his faithful followers. He could forgive, though he could not understand, a man who took the oath of neutrality because he was weary of the struggle for independence; but that a man should assist the enemy made him furious. For De Wet is passionate and hot-tempered. He would fly out against his highest officer as against the lowest burgher. But, when it was a question of saving his fellows at the risk of his own life, he knew no moment's hesitation and would at once obey the impulse of his heart. The loss of a burgher who had done his duty touched him deeply, though he said little, the sombre, silent man.

When Lieutenant Nix, the Dutch military *attaché*, was fatally wounded at Sanna's Post and had to be left behind in a farm-house, because De Wet had no ambulance with him, he stood long by the bed-side of the wounded man, holding his hand in his own. The tears stood in his eyes as he expressed his regret at having to leave the gallant young Hollander, and he could not tear himself away until his commandoes were far ahead with the booty.

Under a hard and sombre husk, De Wet conceals a noble kernel, a sensitive heart, an honourable character and a sacred love of country.

It was shortly after he had heard of the destruction of his homestead. He rode off accompanied by only two faithful comrades, Generals Froneman and Piet Fourie. It was a flying, silent ride. When they approached his place, De Wet rode on alone, while the two officers posted themselves on a neighbouring kopje. The great general remained long away. He knelt by the grave of one of his children and prayed;

and then, with one last look, printed the image of the destruction deep in his memory. Then he returned to his two silent companions, and the ride back was resumed with the same silence as before. This time there gleamed no moisture in De Wet's eyes: but his face was set and pale and the lips pinched together.

For long, no one knew of this pilgrimage to De Wet's destroyed dwelling, until General Fourie told the story

A SCOUT. F. K. FRANCIS. CHIEF COMMANDANT GENERAL DE WET. COMMANDANT VAN GRAHN.

NEL JUNIOR. F. K. COLSON. DE WET'S SECRETARY. COMMANDANT NEL.

GENERAL DE WET, HIS SECRETARY, SOME COMMANDANTS, FIELD CORNETS AND A SCOUT AT POTCHEFSTROOM.

to Dr. van Broekhuizen, the *predikant* at Pretoria. At the same time, I have never heard the assertion confirmed that De Wet declared that this piece of destruction should cost England seven millions. To believe such a tale would be to do an injustice to the noble impulses of Oom Chrisjan's character.

General De Wet was aware of the power and influence which he wielded. But he modestly denies that he possessed any special gifts. He declared as his sacred conviction that he saw a higher Power in all things, and he was prepared to accept his lot, whatever it might be, at the hands of the Supreme Being. But this he had said to England, that his death or his capture should not put an end to the struggle in the Free State. In one of his well-known speeches, delivered shortly before his invasion of the Cape Colony, he said:

"Should I drop out of the fight, I have appointed my successor."

And, when a man like De Wet spoke thus, it was safe to rely that the successor would have been worthy of his master.

⁂

De Wet represented the borough of Boven Modder River in the Volksraad. With his resolute spirit of independence, however, he took up his duty in the manner which he thought best. He

was chary of speech and, when he had anything to say, was brief and to the point. On the other hand, when unimportant subjects came under discussion, he disappeared from the Volksraad and went to Johannesburg or Kimberley on business. Many of his constituents refused to be reconciled to this view which their representative took of his duties, and it was an open question whether De Wet would have been re-elected. Not that he would have cared, for he was never a man who strove for power and consideration. Nor had the tortuous paths of politics any attraction for him. He did not understand them, perhaps refused to understand them. He may not have shone in the Volksraad, but he was always a man of strong and doughty character.

LIEUT. THOMPSON (Holland). CAPT. ALLUM (Norway) CAPT. DEMANGE (France).

CAPT. REICHMAN (United States of America). COL. GURKO (Russia). MR. FISCHER (Orange Free State). LIEUT. DUVAL (France).

MILITARY *ATTACHÉS* AND THEIR ADJUTANT, MR. FISCHER. It was difficult for the *attachés* to keep up with the Boer Commandoes, because of the latter's mobility; dangerous too, as was proved by the loss of the Netherlands *attaché*, Lieut. Nix, who was mortally wounded at Sanna's Post (1 April 1900). But they were always eager to be present at the interesting Boer incursions and enthusiastic in their praises of Boer tactics.

J. H. DE LA REY,

THE TRANSVAAL GENERAL, FORMERLY MEMBER OF THE FIRST VOLKS-RAAD OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN REPUBLIC FOR LICHTENBURG.

CHAPTER XVI.

GENERAL J. H. DE LA REY.

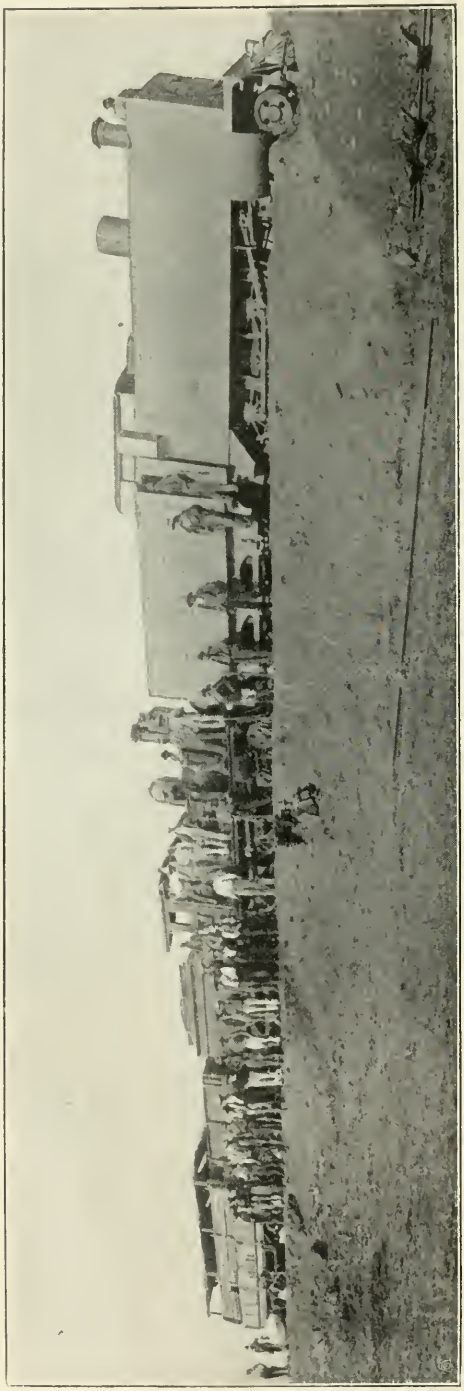
"GENERAL, hadn't we better go and talk somewhere else?"

It was at Magersfontein, on a cool and lovely morning, towards the end of December 1899. General Cronjé and his staff had come to make their morning inspection of Major Albrecht's laager, where I had spent the night as the guest of the Free State Artillery. Oom Piet had climbed Spionkopje with his officers, who stood examining the British camp at Modder River, also known as Two Rivers, through their field-glasses. Oom Koos De la Rey remained talking to me. He wore a white silk necktie round his throat and a large grey wide-awake on his head; in his left hand he held a piece of biltong, in his right hand a formidable-looking knife, with which he cut the sun-dried meat into slices, holding them down on his knife with his thumb and thus conveying them to his mouth. Three or four shells had burst at a hundred paces from us, for the English were wishing us good-morning. I found the place a little *unheimisch*, and, at any rate, was not able to devote as much attention as I could have wished to the conversation. The Transvaal general, on the other hand, was too much engrossed in it to take much notice of the shells falling around us.

We were speaking of the evacuation of the positions at Two Rivers, on the 28th of November 1899, when General De la Rey had commanded the position which had been most vigorously bombarded by the English. Evening fell, and, for the first time since his advance to the relief of Kimberley, the enemy had been unable to force the burghers to retire. The English were falling back, when suddenly General Cronjé, who commanded the combined Republican forces, gave the incomprehensible order to evacuate the position. Furiously, De la Rey exclaimed:

"But don't you see we've kept the field?"

Cronjé, stubborn as ever, stood to



ARMOURED TRAIN CAPTURED AT KRAAIPAN: 12 October 1899. This was the first capture made by the Boers, on the first day after the declaration of war. The armoured train was on its way to Mafeking, coming from the north. As soon as General De la Rey got wind of this, he had the sleepers removed and so derailed the train. The English surrendered after a short resistance, as a load of dynamite on the train itself was exploded by the fire of the Boers.

his opinion. The Fauresmith commando had been driven from its positions and this, to his mind, made a longer stand at Two Rivers unpractical. The orders of the general commanding-in-chief were executed; but when, next morning at day-break, two of the Boer guards visited the abandoned positions, there was no Englishman in sight.

"My son was killed there," General De la Rey resumed, "but his loss did not cost me so many tears as the abandonment of the Two Rivers positions. Had we remained there, the English would have been compelled to fall back upon Great River; for there is not enough water for so many men and beasts between Modder River Station and the Orange River. Once we had got them back so far, we could easily have effected a junction with our forces under Grobler and Hendrik Schoeman at Colesberg."

This subject made Oom Koos so sad and affected him so greatly that he paid no attention to the shells bursting around us.

The morning and the conversation will remain in my memory all my life long. Melancholy sounded in his voice: I read sorrow in his honest eyes. It made me shiver to hear him say:

"My son was killed there, but his loss did not cost me so many tears as the abandonment of the Two Rivers positions."

It was the first time I had heard the cause of liberty raised in such sacred earnest above everything, even above a

father's love for his child; and those words always returned to my memory when, afterwards, I learnt how De la Rey had defended his positions to the last. On each occasion I felt within myself how much pain, how many scalding tears those retreats must have cost him.

One who saw the general but a short while ago has told me that his hair and beard have turned quite white. I can easily imagine it; but it was not necessary for him to add that his spirit remained unbroken. I knew that. I knew Oom Koos. He was the most energetic of all the Transvaal leaders. He was at the same time the most irreconcilable. He would have grimly defended his independence to the death. He was the De Wet of the South African Republic and can boast of having achieved the first success in this war and also the last great Boer victory. On the 12th of October 1899, at Kraaipan, he derailed and captured the armoured train and took Captain Nesbitt, V.C., and his 30 men prisoners; and, on the 7th of March 1902, at Tweebosch, he captured General Lord Methuen and his force.

Wherever things were going badly, De la Rey was sent forthwith. When the Boer commandoes on the Western frontier, south of Kimberley, were refusing to act together, De la Rey went down to restore harmony and effect the advance towards Great River. Unfortunately, while he was on his way to Mafeking, the Boers were driven from their positions at Belmont, on the 23rd of November 1899, and, two days later, on the 25th, they had to yield before superior forces at Rooilaagte, or Graspan, although on this occasion De la Rey took part in the battle. I have already described above to what good purpose he fought at Two Rivers.

Gradually, mutual confidence among the burghers was restored. If General Cronjé, however, had succeeded in carrying out his plans, the Battle of Magersfontein would certainly have been lost as well. Oom Piet, who could never give up his peculiar preference for po-

TRANSVAAL ARTILLERY WITH HOWITZERS AT THE SIEGE OF MAFEKING
None but Boers served these howitzers. The precision of their aim was much admired by the foreign officers who saw them in action.

MAJOR ALBRECHT.

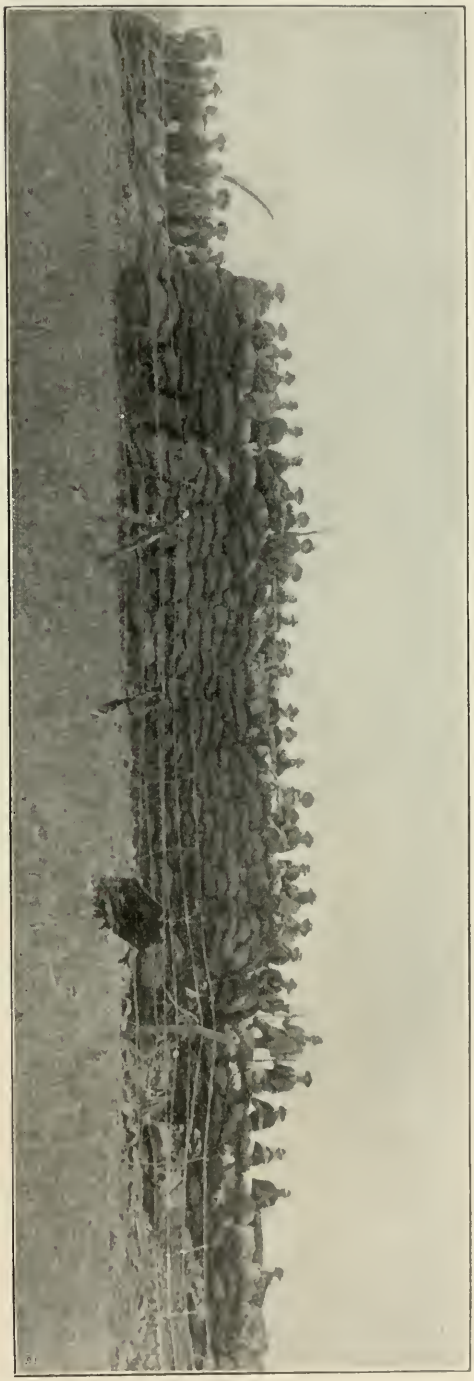
MAJOR ALBRECHT, the commandant of the Free State Artillery, the man who turned his two hundred men into a model corps. By birth a German, after taking part in the Franco-Prussian War of 1870-71, Major Albrecht was charged by the Free State with the formation of a corps of artillery-men. He acquitted himself of his task with true German thoroughness: his corps was an example of bravery, strict performance of duty, and capacity. Major Albrecht was taken prisoner in General Cronjé's surrender at Paardenberg, on the 27th of February 1900.

sitions on the kopjes, in spite of the fatal results of these positions experienced by the Boers at Belmont and Rooilaagte, had again had trenches dug in the mountain-side. General De la Rey, however, brought all his influence and persuasive power to bear upon the council of war to have ditches dug at some distance from the mountain. His advice was taken and, in consequence, the English chance of hitting their aim became so much the smaller. Oom Piet, however, refused to be reconciled to these tactics, until the bombardment before the Battle of Magersfontein made their use as clear to him as day. The whole day, from noon till after sun-down, the English searched the kopjes from top to bottom with 48 guns. The result was that five burghers were slightly wounded.

Oom Piet's trenches lay full of splintered shells and rocks. In Oom Koos's positions, where the Transvaalers were sheltered, one shell only had fallen; while the Boers in those ditches had not been troubled by the broken pieces of rock, which usually cause more men to be killed and wounded than the shells themselves.

Meanwhile, General Schoeman was allowing himself to be turned out of his finest positions at Colesberg and running every chance of being surrounded. De la Rey was sent down to aid him, and soon all the lost positions were recovered.

Still, he was allowed no rest. On the 15th of February 1900, Magersfontein was evacuated. Kimberley was relieved and Cronjé surrounded on the



BOER FORT BEFORE MAFEKING. The little town of Mafeking is situated on an open plain; the ground only undulates slightly at the side where a Kaffir village stands. The Boers, having no other means of protecting themselves against the fire of the English, built themselves a tall rampart of sand-bags.

16th. Oom Koos received orders to display his talents again. He was delayed, however, at Bloemfontein, and Cronjé had surrendered before De la Rey, with his best commandoes, was able to reach him.

At Driefontein, near Abraham's Kraal, on the 10th of March 1900, the enemy came in touch with the combined forces of the two friends, De Wet and De la Rey; and, although panic had set in, the latter succeeded in keeping his burghers together. The Johannesburg and Pretoria Police made a gallant stand. De la Rey was everywhere. He inspired his men, as usual; but the superiority of numbers was too great, and at last, when the British bayonets gleamed at a short distance and the dark circle of the surrounding troops came ever menacingly nearer, the Boers fled. Oom Koos had given the order to retreat. His keen glance had taken in the situation, and he saw that this was no time for hesitation. The occasion was too pressing.

This watchfulness, this care never to overlook a trifle which might prove fatal were De la Rey's characteristic qualities. They served him in attack, they were of use to him in defence. The weak point in a position, a cordon, a line struck him as it were by instinct. At Two Rivers, he was surrounded, with 1,600 men, but scarcely had he perceived the danger threatening him, when he at once saw the place where he could break through, and swiftly executed the manœuvre which cost him hardly a life.

Another quality that distinguished him as a general was his knowledge of men. When he gave a difficult or important order, he knew the man whom he entrusted with it. When it became necessary to undertake a decisive and undaunted attack, he selected the bravest of his fighting men, and there was no danger of the plan miscarrying through any case of individual cowardice, as so often happens with undisciplined forces. But then De la Rey kept a sharp eye on his burghers. Should he catch one of them wavering, he would at once drive him on, or contemptuously send him away; and, when necessary, he led the attack at their head.

His orders were short, but to the point. At Two Rivers, the entire escort of Major Albrecht's Free State Artillery ran away. The major had no one to dispatch with news of his critical position; but De la Rey had noticed it. He saw that the English were advancing towards the kopje where the guns stood, sent for his brother and said, simply:

"Take three hundred men and bring in the guns."

The guns were saved; but of the whole force under the orders of Oom Koos, probably no other man would have been able to execute this command.

De la Rey hates sitting still: to him, work, action are a necessity. General Cronjé, who, after the Battle of Magersfontein, spent nearly two months in inactivity, was a mystery to him. Oom Piet had to listen to many a hard truth from his lips; but De la Rey could never move him to action. No one was more disappointed with Cronjé's much-praised strategy than Oom Koos, who was really glad when he was sent from Magersfontein to Colesberg, where work awaited him. He was not the man to stand under other generals, even though he knew how to obey. He was too energetic, too pushing for others. He himself was always more thorough than his superiors. He was quite able to act independently. His commandoes, we know, were the best clad and best fed of them all. This is no matter for surprise: they lacked neither food nor clothes so long as the English imported them. Oom Koos took care that his commandoes captured new supplies as they required them.

This was one of the reasons why his burghers remained so undauntedly in

the field, in spite of cold and privations. Another reason, of course, was their confidence in Oom Koos's tactics; and a third was to be found in his personal character. He has a violent temper: that is not to be denied. The dark eyes of his characteristic head clearly point to his passionateness. And yet he was not impetuous. He never hurried where important questions were concerned. And he is as honest as the day. He did not keep his opinion to himself, but told it roundly, whether flattering or offensive. He despised cowards and liars with all his heart, and, when he flew out at them, made them feel small and humiliated. He made no bones of punishing a coward with his cartridge-belt or sjambok. Liars and cowards stood in terror of him; yet he turned many a poltroon into a hero.

Oom Koos was never sullen and surly like Cronje. He is affable, but serious. He has not Louis Botha's attractive smile; but, by the bed-side of the sick and wounded, his dark eyes would express all his sympathy. And the same man who had sat weeping by that bed-side would sign a traitor's death-sentence with features riged as iron.

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In the First Volksraad, Oom Koos sat as Member for Lichtenburg. He was very regular in his attendance; spoke often, but not too often; was liable to terrible fits of temper; and was afraid of nobody. He respected President Kruger as a statesman, but used to criticize him severely as an administrator; and, on such occasions, he would sometimes say more than was seemly in the mouth of one of the representatives of the people towards the grey Head of the South African Republic. But, like most passionate people, he was always the first frankly to ask for pardon, and he can boast of having made very few enemies.

GENERAL J. KEMP.

BEN VILJOEN,

THE TRANSVAAL GENERAL, FORMERLY MEMBER OF TE SECOND VOLKSRAAD OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN REPUBLIC FOR THE WITWATERSRAND GOLD FIELDS (JOHANNESBURG, etc.).

CHAPTER XVII.

GENERAL BEN VILJOEN.

FROM policeman to general. That is Ben Viljoen's career.

Not so very many years ago, the man destined to be called upon to be Assistant Commandant General had been a policeman at Roodepoort, near Krugersdorp. But he always felt an impulse for higher things, and soon there began to appear in *Land en Volk*, at Pretoria, a series of *causeries* on the Volksraad signed "Klein Joggom." Our representatives sometimes grew angry at the jokes which Little Joggom made at their expense, but they were obliged to admit that his gossip was often amusing. Various nicknames which he gave to the members became popular. These *causeries* were his first steps on the slippery path of politics. At that time he was still a decided Joubertite.

Humorous journalism alone was not enough to satisfy Ben Viljoen's ambition; he wanted to be something more than a mere tattler, and he founded a paper of his own at Krugersdorp, which he called *Ons Volk*. He had already resigned his billet as a guardian of the peace. He determined to live by his pen alone. His little paper succeeded, for no one can write such pleasant Africander as Ben Viljoen. Gradually he became *the* man in Krugersdorp. The burghers elected him a field cornet and, later, commandant of the corps of Mounted Volunteers which he had levied. In spite of all these distinctions, he did not look upon himself as a man of importance: he remained a wag, with an imperturbable good temper, who made friends with all the world.

As an officer, he learnt to know Joubert better, and repeatedly attacked him in his paper. He had no patience with Joubert's administration, which seemed to him too complicated. After the Jameson Raid, Ben became a Krugerite, and when, at the last presidential election, the proprietors, in the face of his vehement and excited protests, sold *Ons Volk* to the Schalk Burgerites, Ben would not own himself beaten, but at once began to support

Kruger's candidature with another paper, the *Voortrekker*, and enjoyed the satisfaction of seeing that *Ons Volk* was unable to hold its own against its new competitor.

The member of the Second Volksraad for Johannesburg was to retire. Ben Viljoen was nominated as the candidate of the anti-capitalists and elected.

Ben now became dignified. He dressed himself, in accordance with the rules of the Raad, in black from top to toe, and for his own pleasure and adornment bought a grey top hat. This conventional attire suited him quite as well as his police or cavalry uniform, for he is a fine-looking man. His is not, however, the regular Africander type. He is slender, with clear-cut features, a dapper moustache, clean-shaven cheeks and chin, and hair cut in the English fashion. The ladies think him charming; his colleagues in the Raad thought him one of the best of fellows.

And so Ben became dignified. He no longer took part in all sorts of uproarious jokes, and he devoted himself with his usual energy to his new duties, while happily retaining his sense of humour and his genial conversational powers. In the Volksraad, he showed himself a good speaker and an opponent of half measures.

I heard, at the time, from an authoritative source that, in one of the secret sittings of the Volksraad before the war, Ben had a violent difference with Mr. R. K. Loveday, then Member for Barberton, which ended in Ben's being ordered by the Speaker to apologize to his colleague. Ben apologized for the words he had used, but not for the tendency of his remarks. He had spoken with conviction and declared that he would stick to his guns. I do not know whether the story is true, but I believe it, first, because I have

BATTLE ON THE TUGELA. DEFENCE OF VAALKRANS: 5 February 1900. Ben Viljoen's commando defended the position with great pluck. There was a hand-to-hand fight, but, in spite of their great numbers, the British were unable to capture a single gun. All admiration is due to the Boers for their determined resistance, and to the heroism displayed by General Ben Viljoen, who brought off a gun when the artillerymen who served it had all been shot down.

TRANSVAAL MAUSER BANDOLEER WAISTCOAT, worn by the Boers, who used to ornament them with the numbers and badges of the British regiments. There is a monogram of the South African Republic on the pocket in the centre. The police who formed the regular army wore this monogram on their shoulder-pieces. The arms in the centre of the last row are those of the Orange Free State.

no doubt of the truthfulness of my informant, who was in a position to know, and, secondly, because I know Ben's excitable but upright character.

In fact, I was surprised to hear later that, as commandant of the Krugersdorpers, he dealt very calmly with his people, preferring to argue with them rather than storm at them.

Moreover, he never lost his cheerful temper and never became despondent. He showed himself to be indefatigable, implacable and young, strong and tough.

In the early part of the war, the conditions were not favourable to Ben's distinguishing himself. At Elandslaagte (21 October 1899), he succeeded in extricating his commando in safety; although, at first sight, it seemed strange that he was the only one to perform the feat.

At Ladysmith, the English never attacked his camp, but contented themselves with bombarding him from time to time.

General Joubert, who saw that Spion Kop was an important point of defence, sent Viljoen down to the Tugela, in November 1899, to occupy the hill. He remained encamped on the kop until the 10th of January 1900, without being troubled by the British. Then he received orders to occupy the Vaal Krans, and scarcely had he left Spion Kop before the English stormed it (23-24 January 1900).

At last, on the 5th of February 1900, the English attacked his position, but with so great a force that he was unable to hold the Vaal Krans. By

his personal courage he saved a Maxim-Nordenfeldt gun from the hands of the enemy. This crack feat compelled the admiration of the British and inspired one of Mr. Winston Churchill's finest letters in the *Morning Post*.

On this occasion, Ben experienced the poisonous effects of the lyddite shells. He obtained sick leave, and, on returning to commando, took part in the engagement at Pietershill (27 February 1900), marched to Van Tonder's Nek, repelled an attack of the Natal Volunteers, and occupied Laing's Nek in the general retreat.

On the 28th of May 1900, he played a prominent part in the fight at Klip River, near Johannesburg, and persuaded the Boers to make their unexpected stand against the mighty British army. After the battle he rode into Johannesburg at night, remained there an hour without off-saddling, and rode on, not quite so merry, but as full of good courage and as high-spirited as ever.

Ben is a man who takes a joyful view of life, but, at the same time, he is serious enough not to become indifferent when things come to the worst. A cheerful mood reigned in his camp, and his tent was the source which fed the general sociability and good-fellowship.

The English soldiers had a sort of fearful admiration for Ben Viljoen. They had read such horrors about him in the Jingo papers that they imagined the most terrible things. In the British camp at Ladysmith, he appears to have been regarded as one who combined every attribute of savagery in his own person. Ben was heartily amused at the tales concerning himself which

D. J. E. NEL M. J. ERASMUS BEN PRINSLOO CAPTAIN VILJOEN RICCHIARDI

GROUP OF BOER COMMANDANTS ON THE KLIP RIVER, NEAR JOHANNESBURG. This picture was taken just before the great battle on 28 May 1900, when all the forces united under Lord Roberts were needed to capture the positions held by 2,000 Boers. Lord Roberts succeeded, but only after he had encountered the most determined resistance. His losses were very heavy. Johannesburg was occupied by him on the 31st of May.

reached him from time to time, but he did nothing to keep up his reputation, was never rough towards the prisoners and, on the contrary, treated them as well as he could.

Whenever British prisoners were brought into camp, their first question was:

"Is Joubert here and where is that man Viljoen?"

And then, when they saw "that man Viljoen," they refused to believe it was he. They had imagined someone very different: a rough, uncivilized man, who murdered every Briton that fell into his hands.

One day a telegraphist and a correspondent, who had escaped from Ladysmith, were brought into his camp. They had wandered about for nights together without seeing a chance of getting through the Republican lines. They did not dare surrender: they feared lest they should be shot on the spot by "the barbarous Boers." At last they fell into the enemy's hands. Viljoen was informed of their capture. He refused to have them brought before him: the poor beggars must be tired; and, producing two bottles of beer and a couple of tins of meat, he said:

"Here, give them that, and let them have a good night's rest."

It was his own ration that he had sent them.

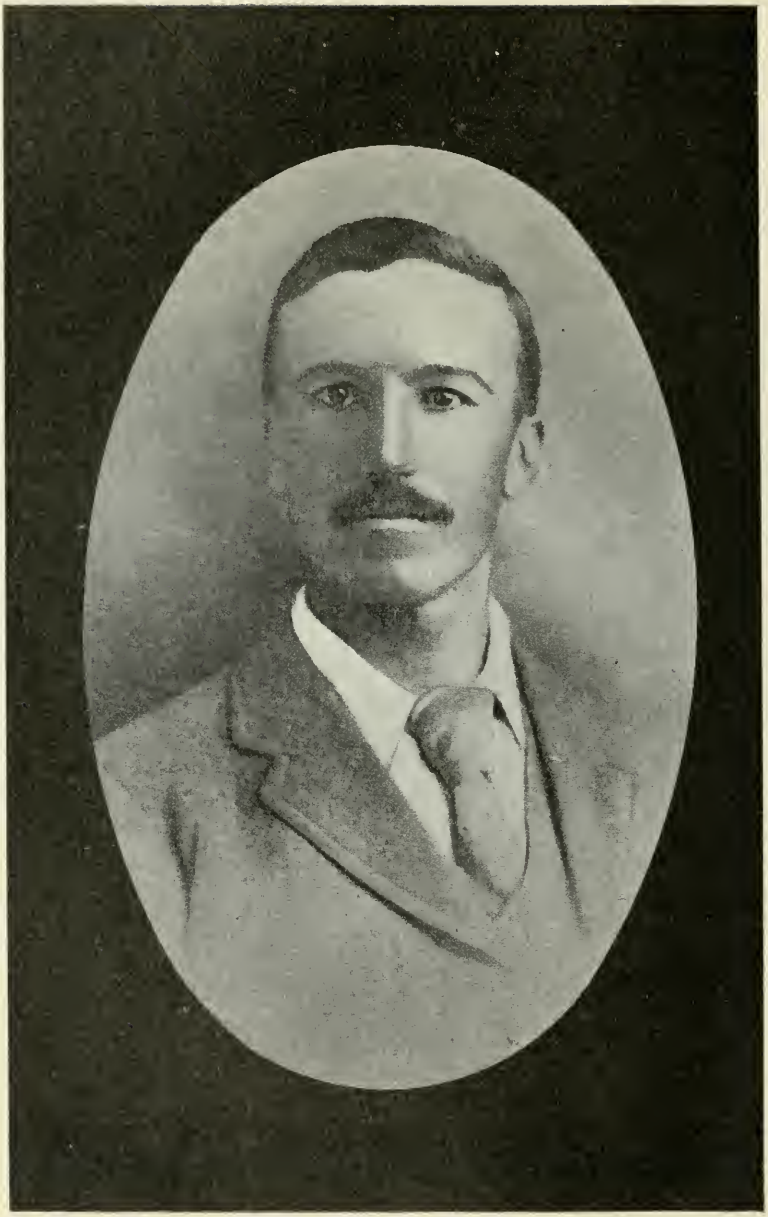
An English prisoner once said to Ben:

"General, they used to call you a devil in our camp."

"Well," answered Ben, "that reputation will do me no harm: you fellows will run away quicker from a devil than an angel."

Tommy laughed and thought the Boer general right, although the latter, with his pleasant, smiling face, looked anything but diabolical. It was a characteristic answer of Viljoen, the smart journalist, numbers of whose pithy Africander maxims are in circulation. The words which he uttered shortly before the outbreak of the war, "God and the Mauser," became the battle-cry of the Boers.

BEN VILJOEN'S HEAD-QUARTERS. Under shelter of these protecting hills, round about Ladysmith, the Boers pitched their camp. The guns, striking terror into the hearts of the besieged, were placed at different points surrounding the town; and the burghers made every preparation for a sortie on the part of the garrison.



THE LATE CAPTAIN DANIE THERON,
COMMANDER OF THERON'S SCOUTS.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE LATE CAPTAIN DANIE THERON.

THE eyes and ears of General De Wet, and the boldest of all the Boer combatants: that's what Danie Theron was.

He was short and slender, youthful, almost boyish, in appearance, a little awkward in his movements, but proud and daring in his manner. He was a crack horseman, a magnificent swimmer, an excellent cyclist, an untiring runner, the toughest and most persevering of men. Among his comrades he was the jovial talker who loved a good joke and loved a good song. On active service and in the field, he was the leader who was able to make his followers do anything by his example and a single word of encouragement. In peace, he was an attorney, at Krugersdorp; and, in the late war, was promoted to captain of a corps of scouts.

Theron's Scouts were the torment of the British's army. They knew its numbers and its movements with astonishing accuracy. They swarmed round the men in khaki like flies, with this difference, that, whereas the latter decrease in numbers in winter, the saucy scouts became ever more numerous. At night, they rode beside the British patrols, and, by day, hovered about the enemy's camps in endless disguises. They talked English or Africander, Scotch, Irish or Welsh, as the occasion demanded. They were Boers bringing their produce to market, or British soldiers loitering amid their comrades in arms. They ventured close up to every position, and dared attack every force when necessary. They sold their lives dearly, but preferred to preserve them, if the speed of their horses and the sureness of their aim could save them. They were tricky and venturesome, and enjoyed rare good luck. To lure an English patrol into an ambush was their delight; cleverly to protect themselves against a snare was their second nature. They were the best where all were good, ever the first in danger, ever the last to retire. Their

BOER CYCLIST. The Cyclist Corps consisted of young men of the better classes. Their superior education had not made them weaklings. They were in perfect training. Not only were they able to keep their seat all day long, but they were ready to carry their bicycles on their backs wherever the roads were impassable. Rivers did not trouble them: lifting their bicycles with strong arms well out of the water, they would swim across the widest streams. Wind, rain, heat, nothing came amiss to them. At the word of command, taking no heed of the British fire, they were ready to dash through the British lines and back again.

special duty was the covering of a retreat; and they alone were at all times ready to attack. They combined in themselves all the innate fighting qualities of the Boer, without his over-cautiousness. There was no room for cowards or blockheads in Theron's Scouts. Danie wanted men on whom he could rely, and it was considered an honour to belong to his band.

The British officers were in despair: all attempts to outwit Danie failed! His scouts were hardly ever to be captured, and to keep anything concealed from them was quite as impossible. The enemy knew Danie well and was too well aware of the powerful and indispensable help which he proved to the slim De Wet. After the incident of Honingspruit, on the 6th of June 1900, I heard English officers exclaim:

"If only we could lay hands on Theron!"

Surely this was the most flattering compliment that Danie could hope to be paid.

When the war began to seem inevitable, towards the end of September 1899, Danie Theron called, in the newspapers, for a cyclist corps, which would serve to carry reports and dispatches and perform scouting work. At first, he derived little satisfaction from his call. The Boers thought that the intention was to escape from danger! But, so soon as the cyclist service was organized and the burghers saw that no rivers or heavy roads, no hostile patrols, no bullets of the enemy could stop the dispatch-riders, they began to respect the corps.

At Ladysmith and on the Tugela, Theron soon made a name for himself. General Joubert used to call for Danie all day long. From early morn till late at night, Theron was in the saddle. His poor horse led a terribly fatiguing life with him, who was tougher than any Boer pony. Many is the animal that dropped dead under him on his marvellous rides: one day there were three of them, but that was Danie's record. And, very late at night, when it was time to sleep, he would come back to laager and, with his cheeky, drawling voice, say:

"Boys, I've got one more dispatch to take, right across the enemy's fire. Two boys must go with me."

The "boys" would pretend to sleep: they thought they had done enough for one day.

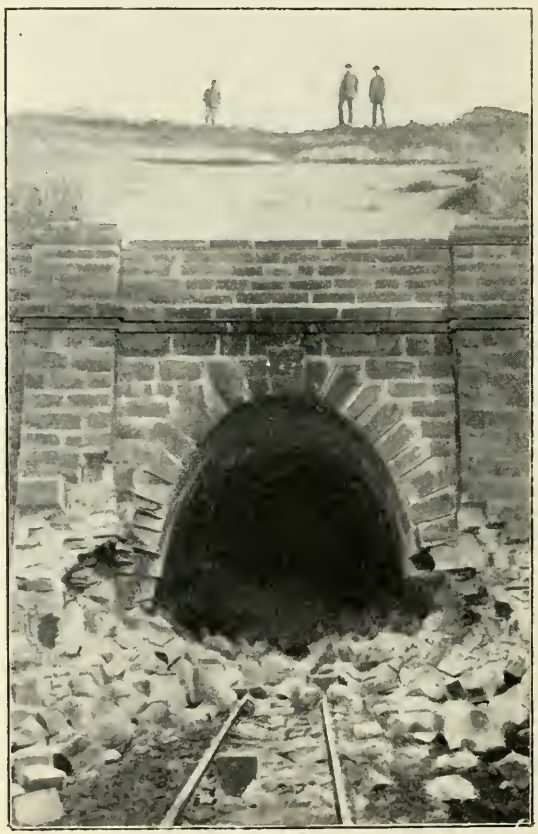
DANIE THERON'S SCOUTS ON THE LOOK-OUT.

"All right, I'll go alone,' growled Danie to himself, not in the least upset, only a trifle indifferent.

But this his lads would think a bit too bad, and three or four of them would jump up together, crying:

"I'll go with ye, Danie!"

That pleased him. He was content with ever so little compliance. He invariably kept the most risky and arduous enterprises for himself; that was as it should be, he thought: a commandant must do his own hardest work.



TUNNEL NEAR LAING'S NEK WRECKED BY THE BOERS. South view.

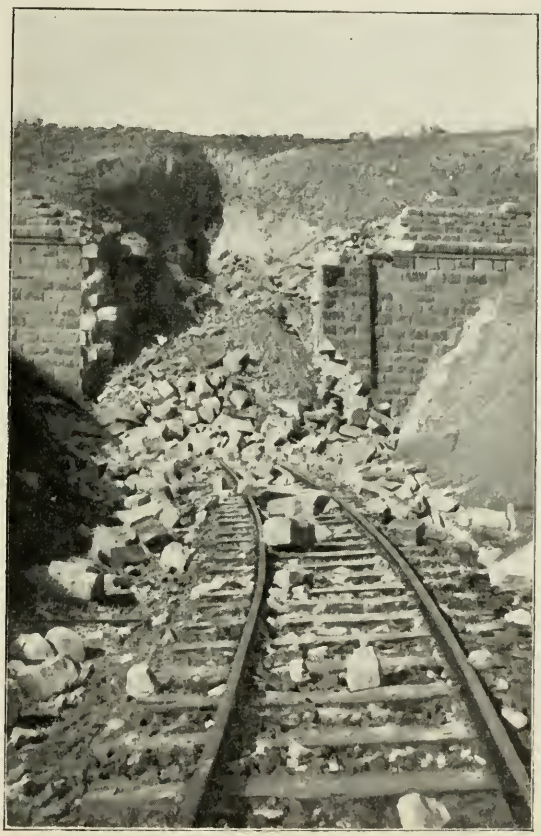
And to the men under him he behaved as none other did. On a certain day, one of them complained that his riding-breeches were worn out and that the commissariat would have no new clothes for a couple of days. Danie gave a glance at his own legs, resplendent in a brand-new pair, which he had bought for himself at Krugersdorp the day before he went on commando. Then he went off to his tent, pulled an old pair of breeches out of his chest, which he had really thrown aside as too bad for further wear, put them on, and gave his dispatch-rider the new pair, which Danie had worn for the first time that day.

This incident is typical of Danie's character. He was as good-natured as he was undaunted. Repeatedly he would gallop back to a just abandoned position to fetch away a wounded comrade. Shells might shriek and burst round him: Danie remained calm and imperturbable, speaking words of consolation to the wounded man.

No wonder that his men idolized him, were always ready to follow him, and would willingly have given their lives for him. Yet he continued the same cool and immutable Danie, who said so little when the time for action came. He was always simple and unaffected, however much his superiors praised him, and seemed utterly blind to his own merits. That is why it was that he first became known among all the commandoes when he had performed his famous ride with secret dispatches to Cronjé's invested laager at Paardenberg (18-27 February 1900).

Meanwhile, the British spying service, combined with frequent treachery, had taught General De Wet the value of

accurate information. In the council of war held at Poplar Grove on the 1st of March 1900, Oom Chrisjan proposed to form a scouting-corps which would be entrusted exclusively with the collection of necessary facts. Danie Theron's courage, intrepidity and daring, of which he had given so many signs during his ride to Paardenberg, were so recent in their memory that the council unanimously selected him as the leader of the corps, with the rank of captain. The Governmentapproved fully of the formation of the corps, which was at first to number one hundred men, each of whom was to have two horses at his disposal.



TUNNEL NEAR LAING'S NEK WRECKED BY THE BOERS. North View.

The corps was complete in a very short time, and the leader assumed command of his hundred followers. The work which these scouts had undertaken was, in the highest degree, dangerous, and very soon the less mettlesome amongst them withdrew and returned to their commandoes. Danie tried his men one by one. He took a different companion with him on each of his adventurous expeditions, watched his methods carefully, and, so soon as he saw that the man was too chicken-hearted or too slow-witted, explained to him that he could not continue to use him. In this way, Theron gathered round him a corps of picked men, of whom he had every right to be proud. Not a town was occupied by the English, but one or more scouts were left behind to observe the manner in which the place was garrisoned. No less than eight of them were standing in immediate proximity to Lord Roberts when the British Field Marshal made his speech in the market-square at Pretoria, after his entry into the Transvaal capital on the 5th of June 1900; nor was it until some three days later that our friends left the city by ox-waggons, along the race-course, amply supplied with valuable information.

And, notwithstanding all this cunning, all this courage and intrepidity displayed by his subordinates, Danie continued to remain the craftiest, the most gallant, the most undaunted and the most enterprising of them all. This gave him a natural ascendancy over his men; for to order them about and "play the *baas*" was never his way.

DANIE THERON'S SCOUTS: AT DINNER. The meals of the scouts were of the simplest. Mobility was their first consideration. Their knapsacks contained provisions for several days. Attached to the saddle were a mug and a coffee-pot. Dried cow-dung served for fuel. As long as they had an ample supply of coffee and tobacco, they were contented.

At Krugersdorp, Theron had been known as a jolly companion, always ready for a practical joke, friends with everybody, on the best of terms with Africanders and English alike, but hating an unjust man with an inveterate hatred. For this reason, he grew to loathe such men as Moneypenny, the Editor of the Johannesburg *Star*, who had come to South Africa, without knowing the country, its circumstances or its inhabitants, only to support the principles of the Rhodes party. A man who, in this way, deliberately set himself up at Johannesburg to insult the Africander was bound to drive Danie's passions to boiling point. Had Moneypenny been an honest Englishman, with ideas diametrically opposed to Theron's own, assuredly Danie would have had no difficulty in controlling his rage, and the Editor of the Johannesburg *Star* would have escaped his thrashing.

Danie was a furious opponent of the Transvaal concessions. Not long before the war, he wrote an elaborate argument in the *Volksstem*, in which, with his innate vehemence, he raised his voice against the decision of the First Volksraad in the matter of the dynamite monopoly, and, if the war had not broken out, he would certainly have endeavoured to set a movement on foot to obtain the revision of that resolution. Not that his efforts would have stood any chance of success, for the majority in the Volksraad was too large, and the decision itself the result of too earnest a consideration; but Danie had once and for all thrown himself on the side opposed to the dynamite monopoly, and no fear of being accused of English Jingo sympathies would have affected him, when once his convictions led him to protest.

Danie Theron was a Cape Colonist by birth, wrote and talked Dutch as easily as English, was a fluent speaker, and too young to be a Conservative. But, certainly, to be a Progressive and to tamper with the enemies of the Africanders were not synonymous in his case, although in the South African Republic the two things were nearly

always named in one breath; often most unjustly.

When it was resolved that General De Wet should remain in the Free State to harass the British lines of communication, Danie Theron was appointed to second him, and new commanders were chosen for the several divisions of the famous scouting-corps. How splendidly Danie acquitted himself of his task and what brave assistance he lent his leader is shown by the glorious feats-at-arms of the valiant De Wet, who could speak with pride of Theron's "half Englishmen," as Oom Chrisjan used to call the scouting-corps, which consisted in the main of young men, born in Cape Colony, who had become burghers through residence in the Republic. Poor Theron was fated not to see the end of the war. He fell near Krugersdorp (August 1901). Captain Celliers succeeded him as commander of Theron's Scouts.

DANIE THERON'S SCOUTS: RESTING. Their repose is a well-earned one, for their work has been heavy. They know no fear and sell their lives dearly. But they may take their rest with perfect confidence in the vigilance of the sentry: they need fear no surprise from the enemy.

JUDGE J. B. M. HERTZOG,
THE FREE STATE GENERAL.

CHAPTER XIX.

JUDGE J. B. M. HERTZOG.

A man of sterling character, an honest, upright Africander, an indefatigable worker, a man of great capacity, of rare swiftness in action and, to the last, of unimpaired faith in the triumph of the republican arms.

General though he were, he was long addressed only by the title of Judge; no one thought of calling him anything else. For that matter, he looked more like a scholar than a soldier, with his dark eyes beaming and glittering behind his gold-rimmed spectacles.

Those who knew him in Holland, where he completed his legal training in 1892, tell me that he used to be of a calm and placid temperament. I, who have known him on commando, cannot readily picture him in that light. He must have changed greatly in these ten years. In Holland, too, they pretend that he was tall and massive. But, among the giants in South Africa, he is classed as a man of middle height. He is straight of shoulder, a little angular, but lithe and quick of movement. His dark complexion, with the black beard and moustache, point to a vehement temperament. There is grit in his character. The dark eyes flicker up suddenly behind his glasses, and then it is time to make one's self scarce, for he permits nothing to frighten him: no display of strength, no broad, burly figure, no bold attitude. The biggest burgher, who stands a foot higher than he, was terrified, once "the judge" started, and many a Free Stater who had neglected his duty felt the nervous muscular force of this slender man.

"But he is therefore a *banja* fine fellow," one and all agreed.

He deserved this estimate, for there are few who did as much as he in this war. When it was necessary, he fought. When there was no fighting to be done, he was here, there and everywhere to settle the commissariat arrangements. When he had finished this

task, he would take part in a council of war, and his colleagues not only listened to him as a jurist: his opinions on strategy were of equal value; for, like so many Africanders, he is a born strategist. His judgment always gave proofs of his clear insight into every matter, while the gigantic quantity of work which he performed bore witness to his extraordinary and untiring diligence.

Despite his knowledge and training, he was always prepared to listen to the views of others, even if those were far from possessing his superior gifts. He strove to improve his knowledge in every direction, whether from one of the Boer commandants, or the military *attachés*, or the foreign officers fighting on the side of the Boers.

All agree with one voice as to his personal charm, his extensive learning and his lofty principles, which latter he so rigidly observes.

Judge Hertzog was ubiquitous. With wonderful rapidity, he crossed the whole country on his splendid horses: when one steed needed rest, another was used. No harnessing or saddling was ever done fast enough to please him. His Kaffir, who had acquired an uncommon dexterity in this employment, was always being urged to display still greater speed, while the *baas* himself lent a hand. Then boy and *baas* leapt into cart or saddle with an agility upon which no acrobat could have improved, and dashed on ahead at a rate at which any other would have stood aghast.

There was no great chance, therefore, of Hertzog's falling into the British hands. He was the man of men for guerilla tactics, in which swiftness of mobilization plays so great a part, and he knew how to communicate this love of rapid movement to his burghers without their perceiving it themselves.

President Steijn consulted Hertzog on all matters of importance when Mr. A. Fischer had left for Europe. The Free State jurist was constantly galloping or steaming to and fro between his commando and the seat of government, and, wherever he might be, he was the heart and soul of everything:

"Is Judge Hertzog here?" would be heard from morn till night.

His advice was asked on every subject, from the weightiest questions of State to the most trivial family matters of the burghers. A Boer would come and complain to him with as great an air of importance of the injustice of the commissary in refusing to renew his pass as would a general of the neglect of one of his subordinate commandants. Judge Hertzog was sure to know of a solution of the difficulty, or, at least, it would be strange indeed if the judge were unable find one. True, he would sometimes fly into a terrible temper if a burgher came troubling him about some trifle; but his temper would go the instant the man had fled. He declared that he had no time to get angry. But it was no use coming to him with excuses to obtain leave from commando, and the burghers very soon learnt to drop all such questions. Any poor beggar, however, who was really in want of something was welcome and certain of assistance; if the aid could not be granted officially, Judge Hertzog was never short of a couple of pounds to give it himself.

It is astounding to think where he obtained his knowledge of bread and local laws, of shoes and military positions. And none could settle a question so quickly as he. He is an uncommon mortal, who became furiously angry with sluggards or men who wished, worked, held principles, did everything by halves.

He was as valiant as the bravest, but, when he thought it better for the cause of the country that he should not fight,

he feared no reproach of cowardice in order to do other work of a more useful character. At Magersfontein, on the 11th of December 1899, throughout the great battle, he rode about behind the positions, driving back the faint of heart who were abandoning their posts. He had learnt at Belmont, Rooilaagte (Graspan), and Two Rivers (Modder River) how infectious flight is, and was determined to ensure as far as possible that every burgher should do his duty. The Battle of Magersfontein was won, and the judge contributed more towards the victory than if he had lain all day in the trenches, Mauser in hand. The cowards, of course, urged that it was easy for him to drive them back while he himself kept out of danger: he took no notice of their remarks and continued to act as he thought necessary.

Judge Hertzog accompanied the expedition to Kenhardt, Prieska and Upington, in November 1899, at the express request of President Steijn, and was made judge of the districts occupied; but they had hardly started before he returned, as the British troops were threatening Magersfontein for the second time. Together with General W. Kolbe, in whose laager he found himself, he was strongly opposed to allowing a portion of the cavalry, which had broken through at Rondafelsdrift, to enter Kimberley undisturbed. His example stimulated the burghers to new and energetic efforts; Kolbe's laager was hastily reinforced; the British mounted troops were beaten back; and General Du Toit was enabled to bring his Long Tom, which was erected near the Water Works, into a position of safety.

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Judge Hertzog is one of the few persons in South Africa who have taken degrees both in England and Holland. He himself is an Africander and one of the best type: a noble character, who was as firmly determined as the President to fight to the bitter end. He belongs to the Fauresmith District, and his wife, who remained behind at Bloemfontein, full of pride that her husband was still under arms, was taken, together with her eight-year-old son, to Port Elizabeth and immured in the women's camp, where the child died of the privations which he endured.

I respect this judge, whose training did not unfit him for the hard life of the battle-field. I respect this man, who cheerfully left wife and child, hearth and home, to lead, in the service of his country and his people, an existence of privations unknown to him, of wretchedness never imagined.

And how unbroken his spirit remained is proved by his admirable inroad into Cape Colony in December 1900, at the head of his commando, and his operations there. As I have already said, this nervous, pithy, dark-complexioned lawyer is a man of sterling character.

TRANSVAAL MAXIM GUN.

J. C. SMUTS,

FORMERLY ATTORNEY-GENERAL AND ASSISTANT COMMANDANT GENERAL OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN REPUBLIC.

CHAPTER XX.

J. C. SMUTS.

IT was after Dr. Leijds retired as State Secretary and departed for Europe as Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of the South African Republic. The Volksraad and Government were at their wits' end. A new State Secretary had to be appointed by the First Volksraad; but those best fitted for this position refused. Abraham Fischer, of Bloemfontein, was the favourite. The Transvaal people did their utmost to induce Fischer to accept the candidature, and he would certainly have been elected:

"If he had any conditions, they could be granted; and, if any objections, they could be removed."

The Free State people looked upon all this with regret and persuaded Fischer to remain. And he remained where he was, for the Free State and his position there were, in fact, too dear to him that he should care to charge himself with the ungrateful and difficult office of State Secretary of the South African Republic. When Fischer refused, the Transvaal Government really not did know whom to approach. Should they ask Dr. H. J. Coster, who had been State Attorney in '96? They went to see him. He would not think of it. Some suggested Danie Wolmarans, and the Opposition immediately agreed to this suggestion; for then, at least, Danie, with his prodigious influence, would disappear from the Volksraad. But Danie was no lawyer and this was an essential qualification. A few clever minds then turned to Jan Smuts.

"Who is Jan Smuts?" most men asked.

Well, Jan Smuts was a young lawyer from Cape Colony, who was writing brilliant articles in *Ons Land* on the crisis in the Supreme Court in the South African Republic, when Chief Justice Kotzé had been relieved from his duties. Jan Smuts was a true young Africander, extraordinarily clever, who had finished his legal training in England brilliantly. He had set up as a lawyer in Johannesburg, but, in spite of his cleverness, the Rand

capitalists disliked him: he was too much of a patriot for their taste. As for his candidature for the position of State Secretary, his friends did what they could; but his youth was an insuperable objection. He was only twenty-eight years old, and the constitution of the South African Republic required a State Secretary to be thirty at least. Eventually, the Transvaal had the good fortune to secure Judge Reitz, the former President of the Sister Republic of the Orange Free State, to fill that position; and Smuts became State Attorney.

Even the most importunate were now reconciled. A Transvaaler, President Kruger; a Free Stater, State Secretary Reitz; and a Cape Colonist, State Attorney Smuts: these were now the leaders of the Government. It is true that the State Attorney was not an immediate member of Government; but, as he was also an adviser in matters of State, his influence upon the Government was very considerable. Both the Cape Colonists and the people of the Free State were much pleased with the choice: a fact requiring no argument.

Smuts performed his work with all the activity appertaining to his youth. The careers of the different State Attorneys of the South African Republic have been rich in interesting experiences; but that of the last State Attorney has excelled all others in this respect. He accompanied President Kruger on his journey to Bloemfontein, in June 1899, and took part in the conferences with Sir Alfred Milner. It was he who had the well-known conference with Mr. Conyngham Greene, the British Agent at Pretoria, from which Smuts, on his side, understood that the British Government would be satisfied if the Outlanders were granted full burgher rights after five years' residence: an assurance that raised expectations in official circles in the Transvaal which were never realized.

Smuts drew up the famous memorandum in which he sketched, in the form of a report to his Government, the points of the conversation between himself and the British Agent and the course which it had assumed. He advised immediate publication so soon as the evasive answer of the British Government reached Pretoria, on the 28th of August 1898. The President however, who had grown old in diplomacy, warned the young functionary to remain calm and drew his attention to the fact that the proposed publication might possibly induce the British Government to break off all negociations.

Smuts was convinced by this solid argument and postponed the publication of his memorandums. However, his youthful blood boiled with indignation and he needed all his self-control to refrain from speaking his mind on what had happened. The love for his country, which might be imperilled by any rash action on his part, overcame his indignation, and Smuts remained silent until his turn to speak came. In the meantime, he set himself to work on the *Century of Wrong*, the plan of which had been drafted by the State Secretary, who also gave instructions as to the tendency of the book. He worked with indefatigable activity and devoted his few hours of leisure to the compilation of this pamphlet.

The last English Blue-book that appeared before the war suddenly put an end to the confidence which Smuts had hitherto entertained in the British Agent. The young State Attorney was at least able to read, in this Blue-book, that even Mr. Conyngham Greene was not always to be relied upon to give a faithful rendering of a conversation, and, from that moment, he firmly refused to be present at any of the many visits which the British Representative paid to Government Buildings at Pretoria.

State Attorney Smuts has undoubtedly done very much for the South African Republic, and always with the

VIEWS OF CAPE TOWN.

greatest devotion, strength of mind, inspiration and gladness. But it cannot therefore be said that all that he did was well done: he was too much lacking in experience to be, as yet, a diplomatist. He still placed too much confidence in people: he had too eager a belief in everybody's word. All the good and bad qualities of youth were united in him: impetuous efficiency, an indefatigable delight in his work, a too hasty trust in success, and the noblest optimism. But opposed to these stood his want of practical experience. His official negociations with the British Agent were certainly based upon the best intentions, but whether they were exactly formal is another question.

His lack of official severity, which latter is the characteristic of riper statesmen, appears in a *Century of Wrong*, both in his chapter on the Cape of Good Hope and in his vigorous assertion that Dingaan was instigated by the English, in 1838, to murder Piet Retief and his men: an assertion which is contradicted by historians of standing, such as Theal and Van Oordt, and which must naturally diminish the value of Smuts' arguments throughout the book in the eyes of those who are enemies of his country. But patriotism and indignation seethed within him. What he lacked, as yet, was quiet earnestness. He had not yet learnt how to retain his equanimity in all circumstances nor how to work on quietly when wrath filled his heart.

As State Attorney, it was also his business to draft projects of laws and to defend and explain those projects in the Volksraad. One of these laws, the so-called Law against Prostitution, bears witness to his lack of practice. By this law, the accused had to prove his innocence, while the prosecution was called upon to bring forward hardly any proof of the offence. Even landlords were held responsible for the acts of their tenants. Smuts drafted this law: the doubtful honour belongs for the most part to him. It cannot, however, be denied that the evil had assumed such proportions at Johannesburg that a rigorous intervention had become a matter of urgent necessity. And the State Attorney of the South African Republic was certainly not the first man to fail in finding the means by which this social evil was to be fought.

But, apart from all this, Smuts showed himself, in his official career, to to be a young Africander of promising talents. His intentions and endeavours were all of the most sacred character, the purest and the most sincerely Africander; and his unstained loyalty to his country, his immaculate and enthusiastic patriotism were the inward forces that prompted him to great deeds. And, had his career moved over a smoother path, Smuts would have become an important figure in the midst of the young Africander nation. His character, his knowledge, his clear brain, his unshaken will pointed to this with irrefutable evidence. The office of State Secretary of the South African Republic was waiting for him when once the ripeness of years to come had brought him experience. But the smoother path towards that height remained closed to Smuts. He had to participate in the bitter sufferings and the tenacious struggle of his compatriots. And, in these sufferings, in this struggle, Jan Smuts showed himself great. Amid all privations, all hard trials, it was he again who excelled as the man predestined to become one of the leaders of his country. With enthusiasm he took up his Mauser, to defend the good right of the Africanders, which he so often pleaded with the pen, and, if fate required, to seal it with his blood. His patriotism it was that made him one of the bravest and ablest generals of the Transvaal, the great support of De la Rey.

And, as a general, Smuts certainly retained that conscientiousness and

joviality which made him such a sympathetic figure in time of peace. The lean and slender stature denotes his force and his tenacity; the clear eyes and the decisive knit of the brows are tokens of his energy and power of will. In appearance, he seems to be younger than he really is, with his clean-shaven face, his fair complexion, the adolescence made even more striking by his leanness.

But, even though Smuts the lawyer was, for a time, dissolved in Smuts the soldier, his incisive pen was not doomed to inefficiency. His reports to Presidents Steijn and Kruger concerning the misery endured and the results inflicted by this painful war proved in a marked manner that that pen could still move the whole world to rage against the execrable actions committed during the war. Jan Smuts taught us that a new Century of Wrong had commenced for the Africanders: but, from behind the heavy wall of the British army, he shouted to us, with austere emphasis:

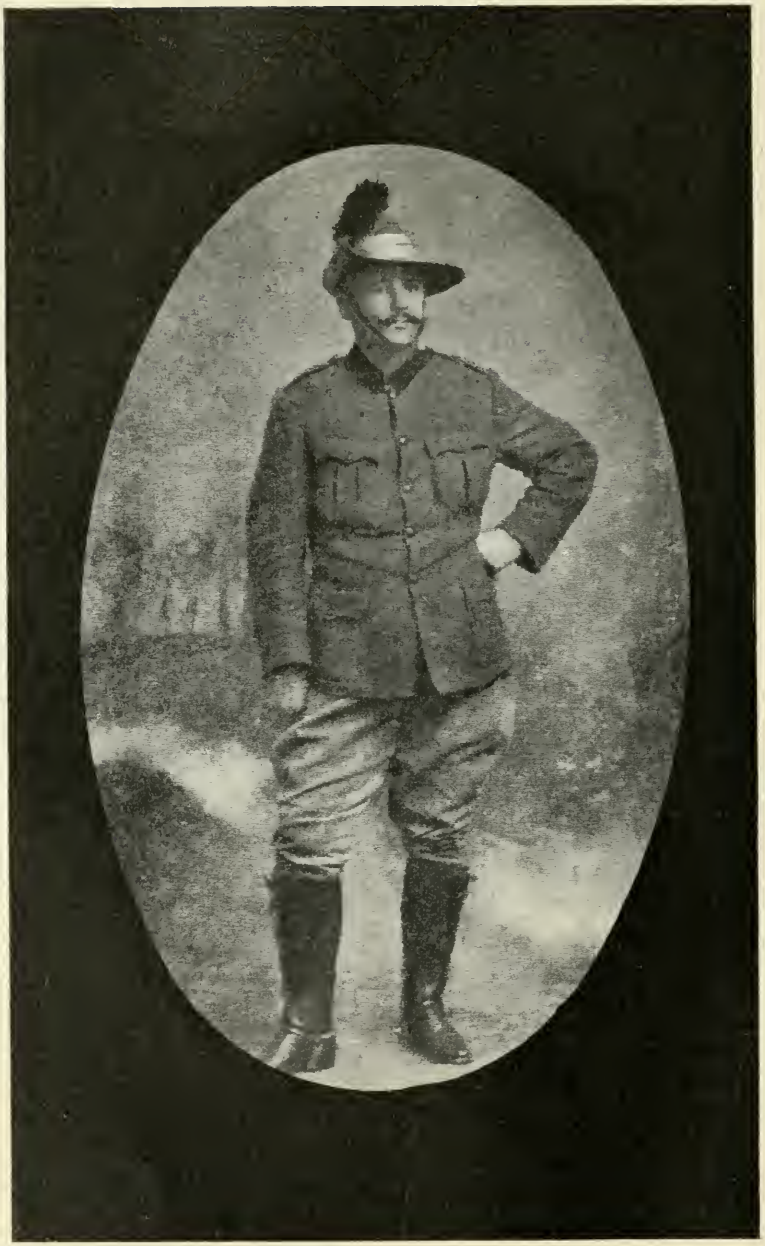
"We will endeavour to realize a peace for the whole of South Africa which will be worthy of the precious sacrifices that have been made".

Truly, those were the words of a young patriot, of a young hero of Young Africa. Such language, in such desperate circumstances, marked the resolution of his character and marked the man he was.

To this young idealist, to him who knew so well the sufferings of the Africanders since the earliest days, it must have been a bitter disillusionment to draw up the protocol of peace, which was signed on the 31st of May 1902. Persuasive power and seizing arguments must have been necessary to convince him of the uselessness of further resistance. Jan Smuts was not the man to hesitate as long as there were still some thousands of men on the veldt: Jan Smuts who, in August 1901, passed with 200 Boers from the Potchefstroom District in the Transvaal across the block-house lines of the British military posts, who pushed forward to the centre of Cape Colony and there maintained himself. There were other reasons that convinced Jan Smuts, and these are to be found in the resolution in which the representatives of the commandoes at Vereeniging explain why they were compelled to put an end to the war.

Jan Smuts, however, is too energetic, too diligent and assiduous a man to remain inactive. His destiny, his influence amongst the Africanders, his thorough knowledge of persons and affairs have increased: Jan Smuts has been through a hard school, through which the ancestors of the Africanders passed before him. I have no doubt but that he will make the best use of his knowledge for the sake of his people and his country.

COMMANDANT FOUCHÉ OF THE COLONY.



GENERAL S. G. MARITZ.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE THREE BEST-KNOWN COMMANDERS IN THE COLONY.

I.

GENERAL S. G. MARITZ.

Assistant Commandant General Smuts's late deputy-general is a young man, short of build, but powerful as a bull. His physical strength is something out of the common. He is said, during the war, to have felled an enemy with a single blow of his fist, so that the man died the following day.

Maritz is young to have been a general: he is barely twenty-five; but he does not lack seriousness. His comrades say that he seldom laughs, that he is a taciturn man, but braver then the bravest. Maritz was born in Cape Colony, but had lived for many years in the Transvaal, where he was a distributor of passes to the natives and where he became a fully enfranchised burgher at the time of the Jameson Raid. Like all young Boer officers, Maritz began his career as a common soldier. He at once distinguished himself by his daring:

"Maritz says little, but does much," his officers used to declare.

In February 1901, he entered Cape Colony under De Wet; but, with many other little bands, was cut off from the main body and remained in the Colony under Commandant Malan, who, in April 1901, in accordance with instructions from the Free State, sent him to the north-western districts. He started from Graaf Reinet and travelled right across the Colony with eight men, galloping, crawling, creeping, feeling his way through the British lines, but always getting through. He shrank from no obstacle and, at last, reached Prieska, where, for the first time, he was able to display his unequalled intrepidity. The eight men who had performed the whole journey with him formed the nucleus of his commando. There was nothing that he dared not undertake

with them. They would never leave him in the lurch and they knew that Maritz never hesitated to attack. At Blauwijzer, on his way to the North-West, he had ventured to engage 60 English horsemen: at Brandvlei, with ten men, he had fought a strong British patrol: and he had nearly always left the field a winner. His little commando constantly increased in size. He had no arms: but he obtained them from his English prisoners. The eight men grew into twenty and eventually into a hundred. They were all young fellows, who knew no fear. They included the five Free Staters who had escaped from Ceylon and returned to the commando over St. Petersburg and Amsterdam; they included Andries De Wet, who disliked the applause which he received in Germany when lecturing for the Boer cause and who eventually returned to Cape Colony to take up his rifle again for his people. Among Maritz' men was de Kersanson, the French nobleman, a nephew of Count de Villebois-Mareuil.

These were the men whom the silent, brave Maritz had under him; and, with 75 of such men, he dared to pass through the whole of the North-West of Cape Colony to Cape Town and join the other commandoes in the neigbourhood. It was he who captured the remount depot at Bergstad, at ten hours' ride from Table Bay. It was he who penetrated with his commando to within five hours of Cape Town and, on the 1st of October 1901, captured the Cyclists' Corps. Nothing came, in the end, of the attack on Cape Town; but Maritz returned to the North-West of the Colony with an exceptionally rich booty in horses, cattle and mules.

He was now a general: Assistant Commandant General Smuts had promoted him. His first act in his new capacity was to lay siege to Ookiep, in April 1902. The news of the conclusion of peace came soon after. Maritz' men were jubilant. They were certain that this peace meant the preservation of the independence of the two Republics. It fell to General Smuts to dispel this happy dream, and many of the undaunted fellows wept: Maritz among them. He and some of his faithful followers refused to lay down their arms: had they not nearly always been the victors? And so they crossed the frontier of German South-West Africa and came to Europe.

What will their future be? They do not know; they do not ask: time will show. But it was too much to ask of Maritz that he should own himself beaten: of Maritz, who was thrice wounded in the war: of Maritz, the doughty knight without fear and without reproach.

II.

THE LATE COMMANDANT G. J. SCHEEPERS.

I met poor Scheepers at Bloemfontein in December 1899. It was a scorching day. The heat shimmered over the sand in the broad market-place, which lay completely deserted. I was sitting out on the verandah of the Free State Hotel, drowsily dozing with heat and boredom. Then, suddenly, a young man came stepping across the square, solitary in the wide spaciousness of the market-place. He came up to the hotel and went past me with a short military salute. A moment later, we were sitting talking on the verandah. The young man was Scheepers. He was a telegraphist in the Free State Artillery.

I asked him if he did not find life on commando difficult.

"Difficult? That life is not difficult. I expect we shall get it *banja* more difficult one of these days."

MARITZ' SCOUTS ON THE LOOK-OUT.

Then I saw that Scheepers did not belong to the optimists who were convinced that the days of Magersfontein, Colenso and Stormberg would last:

"Our people are too fond of going home."

Scheepers grew excited. His large dark eyes flashed fire and he uttered words which one would not have expected from this young fellow, with the laughter-loving eyes and mouth, who gave so great an impression of the love and strength of life. And, suddenly, our talk was interrupted by the arrival of another young man.

THE LATE COMMANDANT G. J. SCHEEPERS.

Scheepers sprang up and went to meet him. He became a different person. They both laughed until the market-place and the houses rang again with their merriment; and the clear, gay, lusty voices sounded long in my ears.

Scheepers was right to pronounce a bitter judgment on the leave-takers. He himself remained in the field when adversity came and "life became *banja* difficult." As De Wet's adjutant, he passed through Oom Chrisjan's famous military school, and with success; for he learnt, with cunning adroitness, always to escape the threatened surrounding movements and to obtain advantages against the enemy.

In December 1900, he invaded the Colony at the same time as Kretzinger and Judge Hertzog. He soon received his own commando. It numbered only 40 men; but he was able, on the 31st of August 1901, to report to De Wet that he now had 240 men under his orders. They never suffered want. All the corn which the English had commandeered and accummulated at Graaf Reinet, Aberdeen and Willowmore was captured by Scheepers in May 1901; and this supply fed him and his men through the whole of the winter of that year.

His report to De Wet, of the 31st of August 1901, fell into the hands of the English. In this report he set forth his plan of campaign for the coming summer. He intended to go west, in the direction of Oudshoorn and Cape Town. The enemy was, therefore, duly warned, but was unable to spoil his plans. No commando penetrated so far into Cape Colony as his.

And his commando was a picked corps. He maintained iron discipline. There were so many who were eager to join him that he was able to reject all but the most active and resolute. His men were always well-dressed and well-fed and behaved in exemplary fashion as each new village was occupied. Eventually even the *Cape Times* was compelled to admit that the 750 men who, in the end, fought under Scheepers consisted in the main of well-to-do Cape Colonists, owners of landed property.

Scheepers fell ill on commando and, at last, on the 10th of October 1901, was captured by the enemy at a farmhouse near Kopjeskraal, where he had been left behind. Ill as he was, he had led his commando till the last. When the pursuing column was so close

upon his heels that there was a danger of his falling into the enemy's hands, he sprang with his sick body from his cart and escaped on horseback.

Scheepers' trial lasted long: it had to be constantly adjourned because he was too ill to attend. He defended himself personally against all the accusations brought against him. English soldiers gave evidence of his humane treatment. But Scheepers, the poor sick Scheepers, was shot on the 18th of Januari 1902. He died as he had fought, a hero.

III.

GENERAL G. H. KRETZINGER.

Kretzinger also entered Cape Colony on the 16th of December 1900, with 150 men. His commando was soon the leading one and he was promoted to Assistant Chief Commandant in the Colony. Swiftly, one after the other, he inflicted a number of serious reverses on the English. Lord Kitchener dispatched his best generals against the twenty-eight-year-old Africander. Now Kretzinger began to be "cornered," and "hard pressed," and "cut off," and "surrounded," and so on. But he always escaped; nor did he permit these military performances to interfere with the pleasures of daily life. All the English soldiers could not prevent him from playing foot-ball or riding with the Colonial young ladies.

GENERAL G. H. KRETZINGER.

At last, on the 15th of August 1901, General French drove him back across the Orange River and occupied all the drifts; but Kretzinger made his way into the Colony again in December 1901. He crossed the railway at De Aar and, on the 16th of December 1901, when endeavouring to save a wounded comrade at Hanover Road, fell heavily wounded into the hands of the English. Like Scheepers, he was nursed up in order to undergo his trial by court-martial; but, more fortunate than Scheepers, he was acquitted in April 1902.

And yet the accusations against Kretzinger were of a more serious character. In August 1901, he wrote to General French that he would shoot any black who had served in the British Army as a combatant or spy that fell into his hands: and, on the 13th of July 1901, he had issued a proclamation in which he threatened all Kaffirs who rendered services to the British Army with condign punishment, a threat which told heavily, in those days, against a Boer officer: so heavily that the British Colonial Secretary expressed his indignation against it in the House of Commons on the 8th of August 1901.

Nevertheless, Kretzinger was acquitted; but he had felt the pistol at his breast.

A TYPICAL BOER GIRL.

CHAPTER XXII.

SOUTH AFRICAN WIVES AND DAUGHTERS.

THE influence of the South African women in this war has been modest and discreet. When the world's press spoke of the deeds of the Boers, but few words were devoted to the mighty share taken by the African women in this gigantic struggle of the small Boer people against the most powerful nation that the world contains.

The call of some of them to their sisters to take over the men's duties and perfom police service met with but little echo. Not that our women are lacking in courage, but they felt that their strength lay elsewhere and that, when man and wife fulfilled their respective duties, there was enough to do for both, and each would have as great a share as the other in the arduous struggle for the independence so dear to them.

Not every woman has shown herself a heroine in this war, as little as every man has shown himself a hero. There are women, alas! who entreated their husbands to remain at home, immediately after the appearance of Lord Roberts' first proclamation of the 31st of May 1900, in which the Boers were called upon to lay down their arms, lest they should be treated as rebels and lose their homes and chattels. But in sharp contrast with these stood the cases in which the women urged the men to courage and perseverance, when the latter were marching away with the knowledge that presently the enemy would approach their houses, drive away all their cattle, and rob their wives and children of roof and home!

I will mention only one of many striking instances of this heroism on the part of the women. It was on the 11th of March 1900. The news had penetrated to General Kolbe's farms, about six hours' distance from Bloemfontein, that the English were marching on the capital and that our burghers had been forced, after a stubborn resistance, to abandon their positions

WILLEM KOLBE,
THE FREE STATE GENERAL.

at Driepan. It was a rich homestead; the house was elegantly and tastefully furnished; the fields were tilled with the aid of all the latest inventions which this age of progress offers. The oxen and horses were sleek and fat, and the whole place lay basking in the beaming rays of the sun, as though, war and the enemy were far away. Soon fugitives from the different Boer homesteads began to hurry along the road, on horseback and in all sorts of conveyances. Now and again, one of these would allow himself a moment to "climb down" and relate to the four women all the terrible things that he had heard on the way. These four women were General Kolbe's mother-in-law, a doughty old woman; the gallant Boer's wife; his sister-in-law, the wife of Field Cornet Pretorius; and the latter's young unmarried sister. No pleadings, no tales of terror were able to persuade the woman to leave the homestead. They were determined to remain, come what might.

The stream of fugitives continued. Gradually, a few groups of armed burghers began to mingle with the long array of Cape carts, and, towards evening, General Willem Kolbe himself appeared before his house. He was a comparatively old man: his hair and beard were lavishly streaked with grey; but the clear eye still glowed with youthful, fire, and the elasticity with which he sprang from his horse was a convincing proof of the vigour which, despite his years, he retained.

General Kolbe had been in command of the Free Staters who invested Kimberley. His tent was in the Bloemfontein laager, and, from the kop behind which this camp lay, many a shell was sent which frustrated the sorties of the garrison. He was a kind-hearted man. His burghers loved their general, who was always so friendly with them and still kept his power over them. There was always something special to be found in his tent; it was the *El Dorado* of journalists, who were allowed to see important letters or the latest English papers, all captured from Kaffirs who had tried to smuggle these important things into Kimberley in order to provide Mr. Rhodes with a little distraction. The natives, however, fell into the hands of the Boer pickets and Mr. Rhodes lost his reading, which was a pity for him and for the friends who had wished to cheer him with it.

When two thousand mounted men of the force which, at Rondafelsdrift, was marching round the Magersfontein position rode on to Kimberley, Cronjé simply gave orders to allow the colum to enter the town. This order, however, did not meet the views of Kolbe and Judge Hertzog, who resolved to turn back the enemy. The encounter took place, and ended to the advantage of the Free Staaters. The enemy's cavalry was beaten back, and did not enter Kimberley: at least, not then.

Thanks to his vigorous action, General Du Toit of the Transvaal Army had been enabled to bring his Long Tom from Ottoskopje and send it to Boshof.

The general had not been home since the beginning of the war, and even now his stay was to be but a short one. But, when a burgher set out, he did so with the conviction that he would not see his wife and child again before the end of the fighting, and then only if God spared his life. The old general knew that the war could last long, very long yet, and that the parting would be painful and bitter. He knew also that presently the English would come and, in his absence, rob his dear ones of all they possessed. He felt how cruel their fate would be, when they were driven to wander roofless, shelterless. Yet, however great his love for his womenfolk, his duty called him away. His to protect his country and to leave the protection of his nearest and dearest

to Almighty God. The few hours which he was able to spend at home he had to devote to putting together a few things which he would require on commando and which could no longer be sent to him from home. All busied themselves eagerly with the necessary packing, and, although every heart was oppressed, no tears were shed. There was a choking in the throat, it is true, but all, with the greatest heroism, brought for wife and child. Above all, however, rose the feeling for independence which alone made that parting possible.

The general mounted his horse, his Mauser slung over his shoulder, his bandoleer newly filled. A linen sack full of cartridges lay across the saddle. The attendant carried a reserve Mauser.

A last pressure of the hand, a last farewell, and soon the clatter of the horses' hoofs was lost in the stillness of the

A TRANSVAAL AMBULANCE.

the greatest sacrifice to bear that dear independence can exact. A couple of hours' sleep after the parting meal, to which little honour was done, and, before break of day, the general's horse and that of his trusty little Kaffir attendant stood saddled before the door. The leave-taking was short. The kisses exchanged contained a world of sorrow, of gratitude for life enjoyed, of love

night. The women listened to the last to the dying sound, and all they said was:

"If we only win!"

Only an hour or two elapsed before the British mounted troops trotted briskly up to the house and surrounded it on every side. Their commander rode up to the front door, where the young girl appeared just at the moment

MRS. LOUIS BOTHA.

when he was preparing to enter the passage, horse and all. The girl's tall figure rose up and, without faltering, she pushed the big Irish hunter back, so that it reared on its hind legs and almost threw its rider. The soldiers stood dumfoundered at this coolness, and their amazement increased when their homes. And so we are prepared to expect every thing from you; and yet we are not afraid."

A moment later, General Tucker and his staff rode up to the house, and his first question was whether there were any arms there. General Kolbe had taken the Mausers with him, but

MRS. BERRETT.

MRS. BERRETT WAS THREE MONTHS ON COMMANDO AND WAS WOUNDED AT THE BATTLE OF SPION KOP: 23-25 January 1900.

they heard that only four women and a child inhabited this house.

"But aren't you afraid?" one of them asked. "How do you know what you have to expect?"

"Yes," was the undaunted reply. "You people come to this country to murder our fathers, brothers and husbands for the sake of our gold and diamonds. You burn our farms and drive the women and children from one revolver of small calibre was left behind. The girl, however, asked for leave to be allowed to keep this, in order at least to be able to keep the Kaffirs on the farm in restraint.

"Do you know how to fire it?" asked the officer, mockingly.

"Every African woman knows how to manage a gun and a horse," was the proud retort. "Shall I show you?"

But the officer was afraid of the

THE FATHER AND THE BRIDEGROOM LEAVING FOR THE WAR.

ominously-glittering eyes, and thought the weapon safer in his own hands than in the girl's.

That day and the two next, General Tucker and his ten thousand men bivouacked on Kolbe's farm. The soldiers were tired and hungry and begged for a piece of bread. What the women had to give they gave to the poor Tommies. When, however, later, the officers ordered them to bake bread against good payment, they roundly refused to work as servants for their enemies, and no threats were able to move them.

The day was spent in pitching camp, and towards evening a storm broke with tropical violence. The wind howled over the broad plains and made the canvas flap again. The downpour soaked the ground; the wretched sentries shivered in the damp.

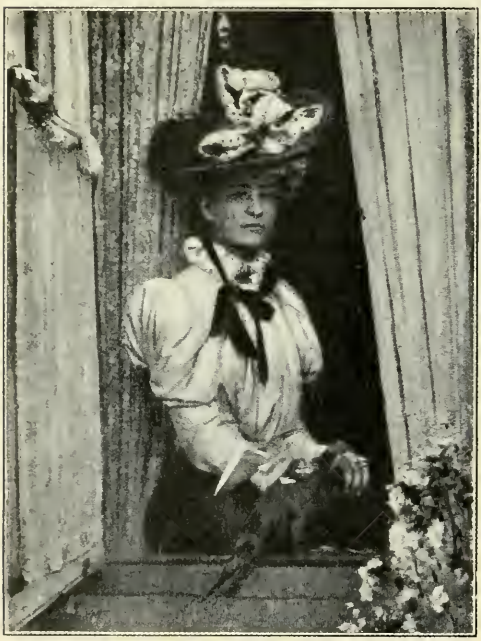
A short, loud knocking was heard at the front door of the house. The general and his staff came to ask for leave to take their dinner indoors. The request could not be declined; but the women refused to sit down with their arch-enemies. Chairs were brought into the hall and a candle placed on the table. Here the officers were allowed to wait till the women had finished their evening meal. The British general and his officers spent an hour in this way in that inhospitable house. Then one of the women came to say that the general's servant could lay the table, and soon the warriors were seated at the board. Champagne and whisky flowed in abundance; and, in spite of the fact that they were in the thick of war, there was no lack of toothsome dishes prepared by the general's cook.

The hours passed, the general had already retired to rest, but the other gentlemen seemed to have no idea of rising. They could not be allowed to remain in the house for the night. But who would have the courage to go to tell them so? The young girl stepped bravely into the passage, but hesitated at the dining-room door. Twice she laid her hand on the knob. The laughter inside rose ever more loudly. Her heart

beat high in her breast. How would the officers receive her? Suddenly she summoned all her courage, and, throwing open the door, in a voice without a perceptible tremor, said, firmly:

"We are used to go to bed early; may I ask whether the gentlemen prefer to go out by the front or back door, so that I may lock one of the two?"

Some of the officers would not hear



MRS. LUCAS MEIJER. She is only 25 years of age and was the brave general's second wife. When Ladysmith was relieved, and the fortunes of war went against the Boers, Mrs Meijer joined her husband, but he would not allow her to encounter the fatigues and dangers of the war, and sent her home again.

of going away, but the general's aide-de-camp remarked:

"Gentlemen, if the ladies want to go to bed, we must not detain them."

At the same time, he set the good example of getting up; and the rest followed the captain out into the inhospitable weather.

Scarcely had the sun risen above the horizon on the following morning, before a fresh knocking came at the door, and a message was brought from the general ordering that all the milk from the cows was to be kept for him. Refusals and protests were of no avail; the order must be obeyed. On the third day, however, the news came from one of the British ambulances that they were short of milk for the sick and wounded, and, without a moment's hesitation, the mother sent out all that morning's milk, while the daughter informed the general that he could have no milk because the wounded needed it more than he, who wanted for nothing.

Soon the bivouacking-time was over, and the troops were ordered to march for Bloemfontein, which had meanwhile, on the 13th of March 1900, been occupied by the English. One horse, however, had to be obtained before the march could be resumed. By the general's command, one of the officers went to Kolbe's house to buy a horse. Mrs. Pretorius, however, the old mother, refused to part with the animal to the enemy:

"I should look upon it as treachery to sell a horse to assist the English in continuing this unjust war."

"Then we shall have to commandeer one."

"That I cannot prevent; but sell it, never!" she proudly replied.

The answer was conveyed to the general and impressed him:

"Let the woman keep her horse," he ordered; and the troops marched away full of admiration for so much courage and patriotism.

A few weeks later came the official notice that all General Kolbe's property was confiscated, and, without a tear, the women saw the cattle driven away that constituted their wealth and their pride. An officer who assisted at the scene asked if they were not sorrow-stricken at their heavy loss:

"No," said Mrs. Kolbe, "we can get all this back; but, if we lose our country, we shall have lost it for ever."

"But if your husband had stayed quietly at home, you would have kept all this."

"Yes, and my child would have reproached me in my old age with selling my country for a property that is worth less to us than our independence."

General Kolbe's house was long guarded by the English, who stood in admiring dread of the stout courage of these unique women, whose only protection was their undauntedness. They were proud to think that the Boer general was still in the field and the young girl's affianced husband serving under him as a common burgher.

"You need not come home before we have won," were her parting words to him. "And, if you do return before, you need not show yourself in my sight."

On a certain day in the early part of July 1900, Mrs. Kolbe and her sister went to Bloemfontein: a British officer had informed them that the general had been taken prisoner and that he would arrive at the capital the next day. Her coming was very sorrowful, but her going much more cheerful, for the news proved to be incorrect. Although she had not seen her husband since March, and although she longed for his return with heart and soul, yet she was glad that he was able to go on fighting for liberty.

What has become of Mrs. Kolbe I do not know. But this I do know, that no misery, no privations, no life in the camps would have been able to break her pride in her husband, who remainded in the field, nor to kill her bright love of her country.

And women like Mrs. Kolbe abounded in both Republics. General De la Rey's wife, when taking leave of her husband, gave him a second son to take with him on commando, instead of the eldest, who had fallen at Two Rivers (Modder River) on the 28th of November 1899:

"Go," she said; "never mind about us: God will care for you and me, as He has done in the past."

The women whom Lord Roberts sent to the Boer lines along the Pretoria and Komati Poort Railway cried to their husbands when, broken with fatigue, they arrived in the laagers:

"Don't trouble about us; we'll look after ourselves. You go on fighting till the last Englishman has been driven out of the country."

Ask those who have been to the camps how steadfast the women were, how firmly prepared to suffer all rather than lose their country.

Many of them were ordered to persuade their husbands to lay down their arms. They refused, were hunted from their houses for that reason, and saw their homes burnt before their eyes. Others had not seen their husbands, who were prisoners of war, for a year or more. But, had the war lasted a year, two years longer, you would not have heard them complain:

"If we only win," they said to themselves.

And, in the camps, or in the ruined homes, ill-protected by a few sheets of zinc, where these brave women dwelt, every evening the psalms resounded solemnly, as the liberty-breathing night-wind blew over the wide, still African veldt:

"For I shall yet praise the Lord for the help of his countenance."

That was the song of consolation of the Africander woman, her song of constant faith, which rang in the ears of the British soldiers when they carried the women to the camps, when the houses shot up in flames.

President Steijn had more than sufficient reason for saying, in a speech delivered just before the second invasion of Cape Colony, in December 1900:

"Our women have gone through the fire of patriotism and not been found wanting. They will suffer patiently, if only we continue the sacred struggle for independence."

The women were hardened by the miseries which they had been made to undergo. Hatred for the enemy waxed continually in their hearts. In the camps, they had time to tell one another of their sufferings, and those narratives stifled the last spark of fond admiration for mighty England that might still have lurked in their bosoms. Their life of suffering and privation was only endurable while they saw that their husbands remained unfaltering in the fight to the last.

And no more significant proof of the spirit of the captive Boer women can be given than that contained in the following letter:

"58 Juta Street, Braamfontein
"(Johannesburg),
"31 *December* 1900.

"To Military Police Officer,
"Johannesburg.

"Dear Sir,

"On Thursday last, I was paid a visit by Mr. P. B. de Wet, late commander of the Federal troops of the Orange-Free-State and lastly dwelling at Durban.

"Considering the visit was a source of annoyance to me and I prefer not to be troubled by such persons (as have sworn the oath of neutrality while their country is still waging war), I have the honor to request you hereby that you'll please give notice to such-like persons to abstain in future from paying any further visits to me.

"I remain
"Your obedient servant.
(*signed*) "C. de Wet,
"Wife of General Christian de Wet.

⁂

I know that, alas, there were also women who spoke differently, thought differently; but I am devoting this chapter only to the brave, noble, patriotic wives and daughters of South Africa, the heroines whose number, fortunately, far exceeded that of the few who betrayed their country and their people, while their husbands were still fighting without flinching, like the heroes of Thermopylæ, for the sacred ideal of liberty.

THE FAMILY OF GENERAL DE WET HELD AS PRISONERS OF WAR AT JOHANNESBURG.

INDEX OF PLACES.

B.A.S. = Basutoland; B.E. = Bechuanaland; B.B. = British Bechuanaland; C. = Cape Colony; G. = German South-West Africa: Gr.E. = Griqualand-East; Gr.W. = Griqualand-West; N. = Natal; O. = Orange Free State; P. = Portuguese East Africa; R. = Rhodesia; T. = Transvaal (South African Republic); Z. = Zululand; M. = Miles; n. = North; n.-w. = North-West; n.-o. = North-East; w. = West; s. = South; s.-w. = South-West; s.-e. = South-East; e. = East; R.-S. = Railway-station.

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WEST-
GRIQUALAND
ORANGE
FREE STATE
BASUTO LAND
KAFFRARIA
COLONY
TRANSKEI
EAST
GRIQUA
LAND
INDIAN OCEAN
Daniels Kuil
Blinklip
Gasip
Ongeluk
Khais
Griqua Town
Campbell
Hebron
Gong Gong
Barkly West
Kimberley
Beaconsfield
Schmidts Drift
Spytfontein
Modder River
Douglas
Thornhill
Graspan
Belmont
Witwater
Jacobsdal
Riet River
Bloemfontein
Brandfort
Winburg
Ficksburg
Ladybrand
Maseru
Thaba Bosigo
Morija
Caledon River
Draakenberg
Bulfontein
Asbestos Mts
Orange River
Hope Town
Prieska
Doornbergsfontein
Grootr Doorn Pan
Modderfontein
Houtkraal
Philipstown
Orange River Station
Petrusville
Potfontein
Beer Vley
Fauresmith
Wepener
Mafeteng
Springfontein
Philippolis
Bushmans Kop
Mohalles Hoek
Bethesda
Outhing
Palmerfontein
Roode Kop
Brandewynskuil
Carnarvon
Britstown
De Aar
Vaalkop
Norvals Pont
Colesberg
Venterstad
Klein Plaats
Knapdaal
Herschel
Lady Grey
Aliwal North
Karn
Clear Water
Kraai River
Barkly East
Albert Junction
Burghersdorp
Jamestown
Floowkraal
Rayner
Dordrecht
Barkly Pass
Gat Bg
Sladgrivier
Pampoenpoort
Hanover
Richmond
Richmond Road
Arundel
Naauwpoort
Zuur Berg
Steynsburg
Stormberg
Junction
Storm
Molteno
Cyfergat
Ladybrand
Bonsawa
Cala
Victoria West
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Pumpkerskraal
Bailys
Drivers Drift
Sterkstroom
Barkly Farm
Labyrinthe
Southeyville
St Albans
Phizantefontein
Slangfontein
Sneuwbergen
Roode Hoogte
Uitvluchtfontein
Compass Bg
Maraisburg
Fish River
Lesseytown
Queenstown
Bolotwa
Tylden
Tsoma
Braakfontein
Wagenaarskraal
Murraysburg
Karreeberg R
Petersburg
Cradock
Middelburg Rd
Paardekraal
Tarkastad
Komastone
Whittlesea
St Marks
Nelspoort
Graaff Reinet
Achter Sneeuwberg
Adendorp
Klipdrift
Aberdeen
Beaufort West
Zout R. Vley
Letjesbosch
Uitkyk
Hartebeestkuil
Aberdeen Rd
Jansenville
Somerset East
Pearston
Zwagershoek
Kendrew
Cookhouse
Blinkwater
Ft Beaufort
Bedford
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Balfour
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Alice
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Kei Road
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Dohne
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Tsomo R
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Kleinpoort
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Emon
Sandflats
Alicedale
Atherstone
Grahamstown
Klaarstroom
Groote Kl. Keneplaats
Groote R
Steytlerville
Tweewaters
Outspan
Oudtshoorn
Calitsdorp
Buffelsklip
Uniondale
Kouga Bge
Kouga R
Glenconnor
Bluecliff
Caerna
Sidbury
Nohoga
Salem
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Olifants
Dysselsdorp
Meiringspoort
Langverwacht
Doornriver
Avontuur
Tweerivier
Hoarlem
Forest Halls
Jagersbosch
Uitenhage
Hankey
Witklip
Port Elizabeth
Blanco
George
Mitchwood
Kruisvalei
Knysna
Humansdorp
Clarkson
Cape St Francis
Mossel Bay
Plettenberg Bay
Scale 1:5000000
Kilometers
English Miles
Danish Miles
Swedish Miles
Norwegian Miles
Russian Versts
Nautical Miles
UITGEVERS-MAATSCHAPPY "NEDERLAND"
'S-GRAVENHAGE — PRETORIA.


GERMAN S.W. AFRICA
Warmbad
NAMAQUALAND
Bushmanland
ATLANTIC OCEAN
WEST GRIQUALAND
ORANGE FREE STATE
BASUTOLAND
EAST GRIQUALAND
TRANSKEI
CAPE COLONY
Fraserburg
Carnarvon
Prieska
Hopetown
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Colesberg
Aliwal North
Middelburg
Graaff Reinet
Aberdeen
Beaufort West
Victoria West
Prince Albert
Oudtshoorn
George
Knysna
Port Elizabeth
Cape Town
Cape of Good Hope
SOUTH INDIAN OCEAN
Scale 1:3000000

UITGEVERS-MAATSCHAPPIJ · NEDERLAND
S GRAVENHAGE—PRETORIA


Scale 1 3,000,000
Kilometers
English Miles
Danish Miles
Swedish Miles
Norwegian Miles
Russian Versts
Nautical Miles
MATABELELAND
Lotsani
Shoshong
Khama
Kaffirs
Linchwe
Palla
BECHUANALAND
(PROTECTORATE)
Nwaani
Bakathala
Kaffirs
Molopole
Kaffirs
Mochudi
Crocodile R.
Sechele
Gaberones
Crocodile Poort
Ramoulsa
Kunya
Marico
SOUTH
Leyds
Derdepoort
Lobatsi
Crocodile Poort
Zeerust
Elands-R.
Olifants
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Wepener
Orange River Station
Luckhoff
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Helvetia
Petrusville
Philippolis
Springfontein
Smithfield
Zastron
Hohitkraal
Philipstown
Bethulie
Rouxville
De Aar
Norvals Pont
Colesberg
Aliwal North
Venterstad
Albert Junction
Burgersdorp
Arundel
Stormberg
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